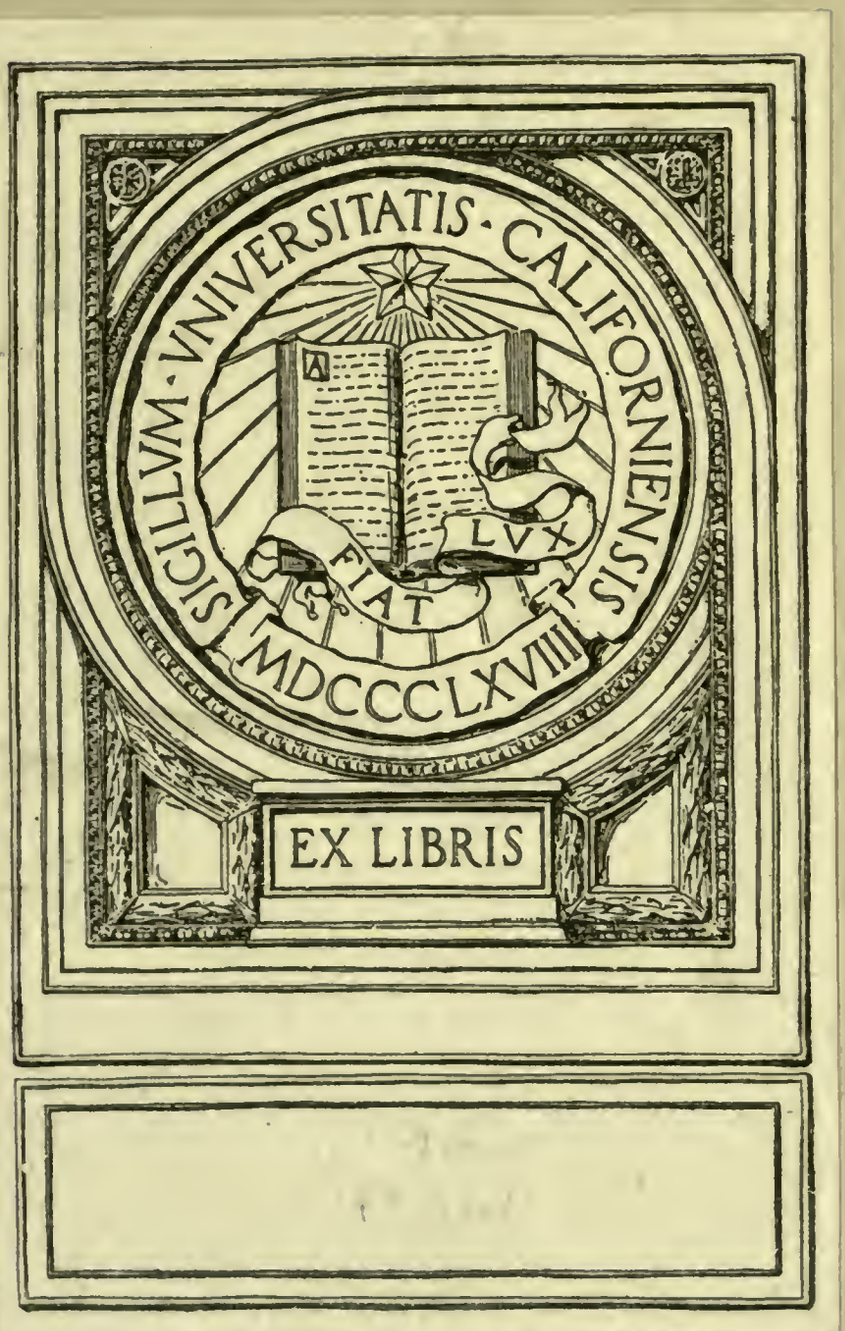

SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
LVX
FIAT
MDCCCLXVIII
EX LIBRIS

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/charleshenrypear00pearrich

CHARLES HENRY PEARSON

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Walter L. Colla, Ph. Sc.

Yours sincerely yours,

Charles H. Pearson

CHARLES HENRY PEARSON

FELLOW OF ORIEL

AND EDUCATION MINISTER IN VICTORIA

MEMORIALS

BY

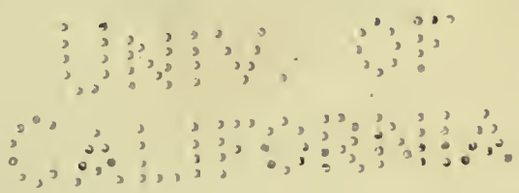
HIMSELF, HIS WIFE, AND HIS FRIENDS

EDITED BY

WILLIAM STEBBING

HON. FELLOW OF WORCESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD

WITH A PORTRAIT



LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

NEW YORK AND BOMBAY

1900

All rights reserved

DA565
P25A3

TO VIAU
ARMORIAD

PREFACE

THE MEMOIRS of CHARLES HENRY PEARSON are chiefly autobiographical. Where they are not they have been compiled from the recollections of intimate University acquaintances, and as intimate political colleagues. The Editor cannot claim to rank in either class, though he was for a time, as a Lecturer in History, Mr. Pearson's colleague at King's College. His work has been mainly that of selection and arrangement; particularly in respect of the Australian career, which indeed he could not have even attempted to handle without the large and sympathetic assistance obtained by Mrs. PEARSON from Sir HENRY WRIXON, the Hon. ALFRED DEAKIN, and Mr. THOMAS BRODRIBB.

With all the aid afforded by these and other Victorian as well as English friends, whose names speak sufficiently for them, added to the devoted diligence of Mrs. Pearson herself in the accumulation during long years of materials, he has not found his task an easy one; and the result would not have been worth much if he had. Certainly

252625

he does not pretend to have performed it with an approach to complete success. The best he can say for himself is that, having begun with reluctance, in compliance with requests he could not disregard, he has in the process of accomplishment been affected with a real admiration, which he hopes the readers of the volume will share, for a character of singular charm, in its combination of simplicity and variety—for the career of a student who was always something of a statesman, of a statesman who never ceased to be a student.

W. STEBBING.

It was not until Mr. Pearson had passed away that I read 'The Story of My Life,' the narrative of which breaks off abruptly as he begins his new life, full of energy and hope, in the sunny land he loved. Old friends who read the narrative begged me to print it; but they also wished to hear the whole, to enable them, so they said, to unravel some of the knots that puzzled them.

Whilst feeling it a sacred duty to publish his story, in order that others who loved him, or were interested in him, might have the opportunity of reading it, I have felt scruples whether he would have liked the inner sanctuary of his life and being to be invaded. Singularly retiring and modest, to the world at large he appeared cold and inscrutable. His deep and passionate

nature, loyal and trusting almost to a fault, was divined only by the few. In some of his poetry he has revealed his inner self, and perhaps in some of his written, but unpublished, works; but these, owing to limited space, it is not possible to insert, otherwise the Editor's task would have been an easier one.

As Mr. Pearson never shrank from sacrificing himself for the good of others, I trust that I am right in believing that he would have acquiesced in this publicity of his inner life, since it will, I hope and think, prove of comfort and use to those readers who strive, as he did, to act upon his favourite motto, 'To thine own self be true.'

Mr. Thomas Brodribb, better known as Major Brodribb, Mr. Pearson's valued friend and secretary, most kindly supplied the materials for the important account of his work as Minister of Education. Sir Henry Wrixon, Attorney-General, and the Hon. Mr. Deakin, the present Victorian Delegate for Colonial Federation, warmly responded to my request, and gave many details of his public life. But the masses of correspondence and writings to be sifted were enormous. The difficulty of joining and weaving together the threads of life spent in two hemispheres seemed insuperable. One friend pleaded weak eyesight, another ill-health. At my earnest request, Mr. William Stebbing most generously undertook the task.

I thank him from my heart for the great kindness and patience he has shown in its accomplishment, and for the invaluable skill and judgment he has brought to bear upon it.

I know that Mr. Pearson would much value the kindly words and memories recorded by his old friends —'friends,' as he says, 'who have remained staunch to him through life'—and I trust that they will recognise and welcome, as I do, this picture so sympathetically drawn by Mr. STEBBING of their fellow-worker and friend.

EDITH L. PEARSON.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER PAGE

PREFACE v

I. AT HOME 1

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

II. FAMILY AND CHILDHOOD 9

III. RUGBY 13

IV. KING'S COLLEGE 30

V. ORIEL COLLEGE 47

VI. EXETER COLLEGE 62

VII. MEDICINE 76

VIII. LECTURES AND LITERATURE 86

IX. TRAVEL AND SOCIETY 97

X. POLAND TO SOUTH AUSTRALIA 109

XI. LOOKING ABOUT 125

XII. HIS FRIENDS 142

REV. A. G. BUTLER, RIGHT HON. G. J. GOSCHEN, M.P., LESLIE STEPHEN, J. H. BRIDGES, M.B., REV. J. FRANCK BRIGHT, D.D., HON. G. C. BRODRICK, VERY REV. DEAN FREMANTLE, RIGHT HON. J. BRYCE, M.P., D.C.L., REV. C. HENRY DANIEL, RIGHT HON. SIR E. M. GRANT DUFF, G.C.S.I., PROFESSOR HENRY SIDGWICK, LITT.D.

XIII. SHEEP FARMING 190

XIV. HEAD MASTER AND REFORMER 206

CHAPTER PAGE

XV. MINISTER OF EDUCATION 225

XVI. OUT OF OFFICE. 241

XVII. STATESMAN, ORATOR, AND FRIEND . . 247

XVIII. HIS MELBOURNE HOME. 264

XIX. THE RETURN 285

XX. THE BOOK, AND THE END 296

NOTES.—A TUGEND BUND—RUSSIAN RACE AND CHARACTER (A LETTER FROM MR. MEREDITH TOWNSEND)—'SHORT ANSWER TO MR. FREEMAN'—MR. PEARSON AND FREE TRADE—EDUCATION REPORT, 1878—LETTERS FROM SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY AND MRS. PEARSON 311

DISTINCTIONS AND OFFICES

Scholarship, Exeter College, Oxford, 1850.

First Class in Literis Humanioribus, Michaelmas 1852. B.A. Oxford.

Fellowship, Oriel College, Easter 1854. M.A. Oxford.

Lectureship, English Language and Literature, King's College, London, 1855.

Professorship, Modern History, King's College, 1855.

Fellowship, King's College, 1855.

Sacred Verse Prize, Oxford ('Death of Jacob'), 1857.

Editorship, *National Review*, July 1862 to July 1863.

Lectureship, Liverpool and Manchester, Spring 1868.

Lectureship, History, Trinity College, Cambridge, October 1869–70.

Lectureship, History, University of Melbourne, 1873.

M.A. University of Melbourne.

Headmastership, Presbyterian Ladies' College, Melbourne, 1874.

Commissioner to report on the best and most economical way to establish Free Education in Victoria, 1877–78.

Member for Castlemaine, Legislative Assembly of Victoria, June 7, 1878.

Commissioner to England, December 1878–79.

Minister in Mr. Berry's Administration, without Portfolio, August 3, 1880, to July 9, 1881.

Member for East Bourke Boroughs, 1883.

Minister of Public Instruction in Gillies-Deakin Administration, February 18, 1886, to November 1890.

Officier d'Instruction Publique, France.

LL.D. St. Andrews University, Scotland, 1889.

Secretary to Agent-General of Victoria, 1892–94.

PRINTED WORKS

Russia. By a Recent Traveller. (From *Continental Review.*) W. F. Graham, 1A Bedford Street, W.C. 1859.

Insurrection in Poland. By a Recent Traveller. (From *Spectator.*) J. Campbell, 1 Wellington Street, W.C. 1863.

The Early and Middle Ages of England. Bell and Daldy, 1861.

History of England during the Early and Middle Ages. Bell and Daldy, 1868.

Short Answer to Mr. Freeman. 1868.

Historical Maps of England during the First Thirteen Centuries. Bell and Daldy, 1870 (3rd edit. 1888).

The Canoness: a Tale in Verse of the Time of the First French Revolution. Deighton, and Bell and Daldy, 1871.

History of England in the Fourteenth Century. Rivington, 1876.

English Grammar. (Jointly with Professor Strong.) Samuel Mullen, Melbourne, 1876 (2nd edit. 1877).

Juvenal. (Jointly with Professor Strong.) Clarendon Press, 1887.

Political Opinions on some Subjects of the Day. Melbourne, 1877.

Biographical Sketch of Henry John Stephen Smith. (For private circulation.) Clarendon Press. H. Hart, printer to University. 1894.

National Life and Character: a Forecast. Macmillan. 1893.

Reviews and Critical Essays. Edited by Professor Strong. Methuen, 1896.

Contributions to *Spectator*, *Saturday Review*, *Continental Review*, *National Review*, *Fortnightly Review*, *North British Review*, *Speaker*, *Guardian*, *Westminster Gazette*, *The Age* (Melbourne daily), *The Leader* (Melbourne weekly).

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

MEMORIALS

OF

CHARLES HENRY PEARSON

CHAPTER I

AT HOME

Charles Henry Pearson was born on September 7, 1830, at the Church Missionary College, Islington, of which his father, the Rev. John Norman Pearson, was at the time Principal. His boyhood was passed between that and Tunbridge Wells, where, from 1839 to 1853, his father was Vicar of Holy Trinity Church. Not many particulars of his early years have been preserved. Had his eldest brother, John, who rose to distinction at the Chancery Bar, and was appointed a Justice of the High Court in 1882, survived, he could have supplied details now wanting of the first stages in Charles's intellectual development; but he died in May 1886. The death in March 1897 of a sister, two years his senior, Charlotte, known by her family and friends as Carlotta, who knew most of his inner child-life, snapped another and yet more important link. Before, however, she died, she had been persuaded to put down stray memories. Few as they are, they are sufficiently vivid to indicate a childhood of rare promise.

She recollected him as a handsome boy with large blue eyes, slightly deaf, and consequently with an appearance of absent-mindedness; timid, and afraid of the dark, though morally brave; gentle and quiet, the good boy of the nursery, yet capable of outbursts of violent temper, which later in life he resolutely repressed.

The household discipline, from her account, seems to have been austere. Charles's mother was religious, upright, conscientious, and refined, and an excellent housekeeper. She was very pretty in youth. Even in age she was admired abroad as 'la belle Anglaise,' though she had borne thirteen children. Eight of these she reared. In effecting that, on moderate means, and with such success that all grew up refined, cultivated, and honourable, and that several rose to high distinction, she wrought, like many other English clergymen's wives, something like a miracle. But the toil and care tended to wear her out. No great supply of elasticity remained for the infusion of warmth and gaiety into the atmosphere of home. The want can scarcely have been supplied by the father, himself something of an invalid, and of a rather sombre temper, though, like his wife, admirable in conduct, and in the sense of duty to his children, 'taking,' as his son Francis has recorded, 'extraordinary pains in bringing them up as far as possible to his own exalted standard.'

He soon discerned the powers of his fourth son, Charles, and acting himself as his tutor, carefully, even rigorously, fostered them. By the rules of the house Latin had to be commenced on a boy's sixth birthday. On this anniversary Charles accordingly began his classical studies. Little provision was made for juvenile amusements and pastimes. It was a contracted regimen for an imaginative boy. Indelible traces were left by it on his mind and character.

His temperament rebelled against the copious religious diet, yet was tinctured by it. Thought and diction alike captivated his fancy. He was heard, when no more than six, trying at night to conjure away a sharp physical pain by continued ejaculations: 'Oh wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' His child-letters to his mother, signed 'Your dutiful and affectionate son,' indicate how strictly the obligation of religious introspection had been inculcated. He had been directed to specify his 'most particular faults.' After ranking in one epistle 'too much troublesomeness and quarrelsomeness' foremost, he gives the palm in another, after due deliberation, to 'disobedience,' as of 'more consequence' still.

Nevertheless he contrived, as intelligent childhood will, to extract mental nutriment and entertainment from uncongenial circumstances. Letters from him at the age of ten or eleven, which have been preserved by his family, show that his training was not incompatible with gaiety of temper. Here is one dated March 1840:

'Dearest Charlotte,—I am now going to write to you and to tell you all the remarkable events which have taken place since your absence. Imprimis, Mrs. Smith has departed hence, and Miss Delves has taken her place. 2. A most alarming circumstance has lately occurred, which will freeze your blood with horror. Last Monday night, at about eleven o'clock, Maynard having been smoking his pipe, went forth to enjoy the evening air, when lo! he beheld—a bold villain, who having parted from three others, climbed over the gate (which was barred) and went up first to the back entrance, and then to the front door, which he tried to break open. But Maynard had watched his proceedings and followed, not with a

brand or lance, for the days of chivalry are clean gone, but with a—poker. However, the villain heard him, abandoned his enterprise, and rushed away through Mr. Marsden's field, with Maynard at his heel, roaring out lustily "Stop thief!" But the thief was deaf to his vociferations and did not stop till he had gained a place of safety. On hearing this alarming news Eliza nearly fainted, Susan turned as white as a towel, and Elizabeth could get no sleep till 5 o'clock in the morning, she was so panic-struck. Papa has now got some pistols, and a dog is coming to-morrow to guard against such visitors. For myself and the 2 children we snored as loud as if nothing was the matter. 3rdly. The dining-room and drawing-room are now papered, but I am sorry to say the 1st has a violent scarlet fever, and the 2nd is in a galloping consumption. Papa has had a sounding-board put up over the pulpit. He, all the family except myself and little Timothy are quite well, we 2 having divers complaints which are now in a state of convalescence. 4thly. Hatty has sent us all presents—to Alleyne, Æsop's Fables; to Theodore a little picture book; and to myself an indian-rubber novelty. I should have written you a poetical epistle, only the muse fell asleep on Mt. Parnassus, and Pegasus was eating some oats in the stable, and I could not make him stir an inch.

'I must now, my dearest Charlotte, bid a tender adieu.'

Another, of September 23, 1841, to his mother, who seems to have been away from home, indicates that he could count after all upon maternal sympathy with a clever child's fun:

'As the muse has refused to inspire me (or perhaps some malicious demon has stolen my lyre clandestinely),

and Pegasus is lame, whilst Esculapius grins, and looks on from his shrine at Epidaurus without being moved by pity or offering to cure him by his divine art, rather than defraud you of an epistle which I have long determined to inscribe to you, I invoke Hermes, and express my sentiments in such prose as I can best write, wishing in vain for the powerful eloquence of a Cicero or Demosthenes, or, to come to later times, I sigh uselessly for the lofty and patriotic sentiments of a Pitt or Fox. But as I do not intend this letter to be a vocabulary of complaints, I come to the news. 1st. I have received 2 letters—one from Chrissy and one from John. In his letter Chrissy seems to consider his place a Paradise. He concludes with "Strongly advise papa to send you here, it is a capital place for getting on, and it would be pleasanter for you to come where your cousins (N.B.—Charles and Edward are coming to Mr. W.'s) and brother are. Have you heard of John's having a dose of mud from a cab horse? I send you his imprecations. May it (the horse) die an ignominious death; may it then be cut up with a blunt knife and devoured by turnspits and other curs; may the cab break down and the driver be precipitated into an open sewer; and O may I be there to see it!

'Mr. Gladwin says that the pony for a shilling an hour will not do, as it has only one leg, the others being pokers, but that he can get another; I have broken 2 swords with him, but ours are not yet come. The weather has here suddenly changed from good to bad, but I hope you do not feel it at Matlock. I have found a cane which (non cognito domino) I intend to keep. I have written 3 letters, one to John, one to Charlotte, and one to Chrissy. I have bought a piece of Indian rubber for 2*d*. Hatty is now better, but still very weak; all the rest

(including myself) are well. Do you know that Mrs. Wilgress has removed to Tunbridge that her son may have the benefit of Proprietary school there? Mr. Knox is the master. Will you write me a speedy answer to this epistle, with an account of Matlock, its environs (cum multis aliis, quae nunc perscribere longum est); also how Mr. Gladwin is to act with respect to the pony, and where we are to ride, as he does not like the common? And now I conclude this epistle, trusting that Hermes has so far favoured us as to make us intelligible to you (at least in the greater part of our letter).'

His father's library furnished an unfailing source of interest. Though in the mass theological, it had its assortment of solid secular literature. Not an extraordinarily precocious boy, as soon as he read easily, at something over five years of age, Charles had browsed within it hither and thither. He devoured whatever volumes came in his way. At six he had turned author, composing and printing in Roman characters a book of fables. Though he did not neglect prose composition, he revelled in poetry. The recollections which, however dimmed by little less than a lifetime's separation, of a surviving brother, the Rev. Christopher Ridley Pearson, six years his senior, entirely corroborate Miss Pearson's notes, dwell upon the child's passion for verse. Mr. Christopher Pearson remembers him as 'naturally of a proud temper, quite incapable of an untruth or a mean action—chivalrous indeed—brave, manly, and decided, full of wit and humour,' and 'always a poet.' When little more than eight years old he composed a Christmas Day hymn of merit. At an age somewhat more advanced he was the poet on the staff of a family magazine, the 'Pearsonian,' of which Mr. Christopher Pearson was editor. Before he

was ten he had learned the whole of 'The Lady of the Lake' by heart, and taught his brother of four, Theodore, to recite passages with a solemn lisp. He mourned in verse the death in 1842 of this child, whom he fervently loved. It is the more interesting to have the testimony of playmates to the boy's poetic aptitude, that it was a faculty which never forsook him. Much of his verse which has been preserved fully entitles him to the name of poet.

Ancient history was part of his task work in the schoolroom. Out of hours he managed to make it a diversion. With him for ringleader its heroes were turned to the purposes of outdoor games, and of al fresco dramas acted by himself and his young companions.

This is the child as he impressed two of his fellow-children. The view agrees essentially with that of the man in the child, of the child in the man, of a mind and its growth during twenty-eight fruitful years, as drawn by himself.

The 'Story of My Life' owes its existence to Mrs. Pearson's request that her husband should place on record some account of his youth and travels, and of his acquaintance with men of mark. It was begun in Victoria, but was continued and revised on his return to England. A few weeks only before his death he told Mrs. Pearson that 'he had done as she wished.' Unfortunately the narrative ends, and abruptly, with the second and definite migration to Australia. But it may well be believed that he fixed the period deliberately. His abandonment of Europe would seem to him to close a stage in his being. Doubtless he exaggerated the intensity of the break for his own inner self. Throughout he

remained essentially the same that he had always been. In circumstances, however, so utterly changed, he might naturally feel with peculiar strength an obligation, to himself as much as to others, to chronicle before the recollection had faded, and appraise a past which at least externally belonged for him to ancient, even dead, history. He would have shrunk from an attempt to summon before his tribunal persons and events that he could not acquit or condemn without being sensible of something of the heat of a partisan. With no positive plan for using the results, but equally without a thought of inhibiting publication, he could tranquilly review and reflect the course of the first, not the latter, half of a life's friendships, pursuits, and ambitions. Contemplating as from another sphere, he wrote for the most part with judicial serenity, almost coldness and passionlessness. Now and again the calm is interrupted by an emotion of affectionate admiration of a contemporary or a colleague. Occasionally, it must be admitted, a sharp note of resentment for personal and undeserved depreciation or neglect is audible. Probably he was himself scarcely aware how sharply his pen could bite. But it can safely be asserted that no collection of reminiscences ever required less expurgation.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

CHAPTER II

FAMILY AND CHILDHOOD

My father's family claims connection with ancestors who migrated in the sixteenth century from Lincolnshire into East Yorkshire, and were proctors and small gentry in the seventeenth century. The eldest branch of this family, to which Major Pierson the defender of Jersey belonged, died out in the direct male line towards the end of the last century. One offshoot, I believe, is established in Cheshire, and another is continued in the Dean of Salisbury's descendants. My great-grandfather, John Pearson, a citizen of York, married a Miss Atlay, whose brother was one of Wesley's early friends and coadjutors. The late Bishop of Hereford, Dr. Atlay, is of this family. My grandfather, John Pearson, born in 1758, having studied medicine at Leeds under the eminent surgeon W. Hey, came up to London to St. George's Hospital, attracted favourable notice by his talent and industry, and was elected surgeon of the Lock Hospital while yet quite a young man. He rose to have one of the largest practices in London, and some time before his death twice refused a baronetcy which he was offered through Lord Wellesley's influence. He would have accepted it if my father had cared for it; but my father thought his means

would be insufficient to support the title, as he was not to be made what is known as an 'eldest son.'

My grandfather was as well known in the religious as in the medical world. He belonged to what was known as the Clapham sect, was one of the founders of the Bible Society, and was intimate with Wilberforce, Zachary Macaulay, and the whole connection of Stephens, Venns, Thorntons, and Babingtons. He contributed a Life of Hey (which I believe has some merit) to medical literature, and wrote an inquiry into the Port Royal miracle of the Holy Thorn for the 'Christian Observer.' His view was that the miracle might be accounted for on natural grounds. He married a Miss Sarah Norman, of Lewisham, through whom we quarter the Norman arms. She was cousin to the well-known Admiral Greig, whose descendant has been Minister of Finance in Russia. One of the Greigs was the first husband of the illustrious Mary Somerville.

My grandfather had a large family, seventeen children in all, of whom seven survived him. My father, who was born in 1737, was the eldest son, and suffered in consequence, being brought up with an asceticism and sternness in which the traditions of the old school and the influences of Calvinism were unpleasantly blended. Later on this rule was relaxed for the younger children, as my grandfather became more of a man of the world and more indulgent with age. My father, a shy timid man, was too old to profit by the change. He was a scholar of Trinity, and was expected to be Chancellor's Medallist in the generation of Sedgwick, Bishop Blomfield, and Whewell. His failure disheartened him. Though he worked so far as to get the Hulsean Prize a little later, he never seriously attempted to retrieve his academical

reputation, but subsided upon ordinary clerical work. One of his first curacies, if not the first, was at Albury, in Surrey, where my aunt, Mrs. Baring Wall, then occupied the house which has since been associated with the name of Henry Drummond. Mrs. Wall herself, at a later time, was the most influential patroness of Edward Irving. From her house my father married her niece, Harriet Puller.

My mother's family has the peculiarity that for two centuries or more it has never been continued by more than a single male. It claims descent on the female side from Sir William Noy, who advised the levy of ship money, and from the famous Lord Clarendon. Another intermarriage made Mr. Blaauw, the antiquarian and descendant of the Dutch geographer Blaauw, my mother's first cousin. Of my mother's brothers, one was a Fellow of Merton, and another, on his way to India, was in 1800 killed at sea in the 'City of Kent,' in an action with a French privateer commanded by Surcouf. This led to the appointment he vacated being given to his brother, Henry Puller, who died at Rungpore at the age of thirty-one, so universally regretted and beloved by the natives that they erected a monument to him. A fourth brother, Richard, was in business, and another, Sir Christopher Puller, was Chief Justice of Bengal, where he died, and is affectionately commemorated in Heber's Journal. His son Christopher Puller was for a time Member for Hertfordshire, but did not live to justify the expectations that had been formed from his high character and ability.

After his marriage in 1815 my father first moved to Ockley, and then to Elvetham, a small village in Hampshire, from which he came up to Islington as Principal of the Church Missionary College. I was born there in 1830, and can remember how we were at so short a

distance from the country that as children we were able to walk out into green fields. In 1839 my father was nominated incumbent of Trinity Church, Tunbridge Wells. He was a frequent sufferer from gout, and thought, I believe, that the change would be beneficial to his health. The patron, Sir Charles Hardinge, wished to procure the services of a good preacher for a church that depended on pew-rents. My father remained fourteen years at Tunbridge Wells.

Unfortunately for myself I was a quiet docile boy, who gave no trouble at home and some promise of distinction in after-life. Accordingly I was kept from school for the first twelve years of my life. During these years I had scarcely any companionship except when my brother Christopher and my sister Carlotta were at home for the holidays. Alleyne, in consequence of his weak health, was generally at the seaside under medical care. The training was bad for me, morally and intellectually. Though my father was too well read to be a Calvinist, he and my mother were both influenced by the tone of the Evangelical school. The most innocent amusements—from dancing to the theatre—were proscribed, and our dissipation was to attend a Bible Society or a Missionary meeting. It was well for me that my grandfather had made a great collection of Jansenist theology. As I was allowed to read any book written in French I soon learnt to prefer Nicole to Baxter and Howe.

CHAPTER III

RUGBY

In 1843 I went to Rugby. The classical training I had received from my father was so good that I was youngest but one in a class of more than sixty, and came out head of it in examination, though this, as it happened, was more chance than merit. Unluckily, my father transferred me for six months to Tonbridge Grammar School, which had just passed under a new head-master, and where it was thought I might later on get one of the Exhibitions of 100*l.* a year to Oxford. Tonbridge did me no good. I was head of the Fifth Class at thirteen, kept my place easily till just at the end, and contracted habits of idleness. Neither did I do better at Rugby when I returned there. I was again put in a class for which I was too good, and when I ought to have moved up was kept back by my deficiencies in arithmetic and Euclid. English public schools are, I believe, bad enough now, but they have been immensely improved from Rugby in its palmy days. In reality, we learned nothing but Latin and Greek, and those very imperfectly. I had a fatal facility for Latin verse, and could string together sixty hexameters in an hour without a flagrant fault, and without a positive merit. It cost me severe labour afterwards to correct this fluid style, and if our masters had not been over-tasked by the great size of their divisions—numbering from 40 to 70—I should no doubt have been pulled up and put on a better track. As it was I was

rather commended in school for my exercises, and got a cheap reputation among my schoolfellows, many of whom I helped in this kind of work. I remember one for whom I had written a 'vulgus,' as we called it, of six or eight lines, inquiring if there were any false quantities or false concords in it. 'Not one,' I replied rather indignantly. 'Then I must put some in,' was the answer, 'or old Buckle will know that it isn't my doing.' Translation was rather better taught than composition. Other subjects could hardly be said to be taught at all.

It was a year after the death of Dr. Arnold. The school had not suffered in numbers, for it was known that Tait was an admirable successor; and Arnold's influence was still paramount among masters and boys. To one who looks back dispassionately, it sometimes seems as if the doctor had been extravagantly over-praised. The world at large believes, or used to believe, that he swept away the exclusiveness of a classical training, and to a great extent substituted modern studies, such as History, French, and German. Now all this must be taken with a good deal of allowance. In the first place Arnold was in no sense the originator of the doctrine that a boy's studies might be leavened with a little useful knowledge. Edgeworth had preceded him in this, as theory; and the Hills of Bruce Castle had carried it into practice much more thoroughly than was done in the Rugby I knew. I cannot remember any attempt to teach history. In French and German each we had one short lesson a week. I had learnt French at home sufficiently for all school wants. The tacit assumption was that the boys learnt these languages under special masters, and the real fact was that about half of them did, and came in sufficiently prepared.

As the lessons were calculated for these more advanced pupils they were necessarily over the heads of the others, who accordingly used cribs or got some more learned neighbour to translate the piece for them. I well remember how the present Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Goschen), who came home more German than English from a preparatory school in Meiningen, used to be surrounded by a group of boys as soon as he showed himself in the school quad before German lesson, and to be invited to give a swift and sound rendering of the day's task. I cannot think that any one learnt much under this system. Three years after I had left Rugby I found myself obliged to spend a few weeks in a small German town, and I resolved to master the language. I found that I had to begin it again from the very alphabet, though nominally I had been translating Schiller at school.

Perhaps, however, the best proof how superficial our studies were is the fact that they had not the slightest influence in lessening the contempt which as British boys we felt for the masters who taught us. In an unwary moment Dr. Tait once requested the master of Modern Languages to take charge of the lower fifth form, the classical master of which was ill. He was a highly educated Russ-German from the Baltic Provinces, with a good address and not personally unpopular. But the fact that any one but an English classical scholar should presume to question English boys about the dead languages seems to have impressed the whole form as an intolerable insult. There had been no concert, but from the moment Mr. G. entered the room and announced that he had been asked to hear us the lesson, there was such a riot that it could only be paralleled in an election meeting. After nearly an hour of ineffectual attempts to

restore order the intruder sent for Dr. Tait and reported his complete failure.

The doctor, of course, punished us all round very deservedly, but we were never again subjected to learn the noble dead languages with a scholar who had deliberately abased himself to teach modern tongues. What I most regret, however, is the badness of the mathematical teaching at Rugby. Our so-called lessons in class were practically examinations in work we ought to have done by ourselves, but which was never explained to us, and often not done. For a time I had some private tuition, but it was in a class, and the master only cared to get me through my next examination. I had just enough comprehension of the subject to be able to invent imperfect processes of my own, and was too impatient ever thoroughly to master the proper methods. On the whole I fear it cannot be said that useful knowledge was in great repute in the Rugby of 1843.

Two criticisms passed upon me by different masters will explain pretty well how much of my time at Rugby was spent. 'I never go into the playground,' said Cotton, 'whether before second lesson or third lesson or at any time, but I find you in the Island [our gymnasium] playing football.' 'If I ever have to ask a question outside the lesson,' said Charles Mayor, 'I can count upon you for an answer.'

In fact I was disgracefully idle so far as school work was concerned, but neither physically nor intellectually indolent. I read every book in the school library—Spenser's 'Faëry Queen' among the rest—and I took a fair place at football and gymnastics, though I was never more than a bad cricketer. Later on my doctor told me that I owed my recovery from illness to the store of

health I had laid in at Rugby, which I am afraid points a bad moral.

The second respect in which Arnold was thought to have inaugurated a new era was in the moral influence he exercised over his scholars. I am not prepared to deny his influence in this direction, but I doubt if it was exclusively good. In the first place he had a dangerous propensity to impel his pupils into Holy Orders. In two important cases this had distinctly bad results. One old scholar, who obeyed the impulse and found himself strangled in a white tie, took to free-thought and became head of that early Positivist Church of which it was said that it consisted of 'three persons and no God.' Another, who had promised better things, wanting the strength to break free from orthodoxy, became a formalist, and ended his days as a torpid Church dignitary. I cannot doubt that Clough, almost the ablest of Arnold's pupils, though he escaped ordination, owed much of his morbid scrupulosity to the Rugby influence. These, however, are extreme instances. On the other hand, it is, I think, undoubted that Arnold's pupils lived in an atmosphere of priggishness. They were taught to be always feeling their moral muscles, always careful about their schoolfellows' morality, and always mindful of the high mission which they took with them into the world as Rugby boys. The precepts were more weighty than boys could assimilate without incessant pretentiousness, and before long Rugby was known at Oxford as 'the disagreeable school.' Its reputation in the Army was, I believe, even worse. Now it may well be that Oxford undergraduates and regimental messes are not infallible judges of a desirable tone. Parents no doubt saw another side to the controversy—that the Rugby men were honourably

careful not to run into debt, to gamble, or to indulge in the different forms of social immorality that were not severely reprehended in young men at college forty years ago. The simple fact, however, is that Rugby men were no better than the best set from any good public school—Eton, Harrow, or Winchester. The difference was that the Rugbeians were self-consciously moral, and this difference was to their disadvantage as men of the world. Again, in the rare instances where a Rugby man renounced the idea of his apostolate, and lapsed upon fast courses, he incurred something of the odium that attaches to the backsliding 'professor' of a religious community. The fault lay in education that had been pretentious and over-strained.

In one respect Arnold was unfortunate through no fault of his own. It is a common delusion that a first-rate head-master can make the clever boy a genius, and transform the dullard into an average member of society. The fact is that no teaching can take the place of natural endowment, and that a boy's schoolmates have much more influence over his character than any single teacher or than the whole collective staff. It so happened that the Rugby of Arnold's time was one of lean kine. His son Matthew and Clough and Arthur Stanley are the three of his pupils who really achieved eminence; Tom Hughes and Hodson, of Hodson's Horse, are known creditably by their work; and Henry Smith made himself the greatest of living English mathematicians by striking into a line for which Rugby was no preparation. Now this cannot be called a large list for fourteen years of scholastic activity, and Eton has repeatedly furnished more brilliant lists for a shorter period; while Rugby itself, under one of its very worst head-masters, turned out

a whole muster-roll of distinguished men, such as Goschen, Lord Justice Bowen, and Professor Sidgwick. At the same time, in making this criticism, I feel it only fair to notice that a school like Rugby, chiefly recruited from the sons of not over-wealthy professional men, is heavily weighted in England in the competition with schools like Eton and Harrow. Rank and wealth tell for something like two-thirds in the struggle for success in the old country. Half Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry were Eton men. They had gone to Eton because it is the aristocratic school; they got into Parliament because their wealth enabled them to dispense with professional work, and because their birth recommended them to constituencies. It is probably fair to say that men like Ward Hunt would never have risen above the ranks if they had had to make their own fortunes. The one Rugby man who has really distinguished himself in Parliament is Mr. Goschen. He was bound to forge to the front, anyhow; but, though his little work on the 'Theory of Exchange' did him invaluable service when he first stood for the City of London, it is certain he would not have been elected if he had been only a struggling man instead of, as he was, the second partner in a house that stood in the very first class for commission business. Even so, his early promotion, which he has abundantly justified, was resented for a time with personal virulence by men of his own party, who would cheerfully have deferred to him if he had belonged to a county family. Even in the case of Dean Stanley I have heard it said, and I think truly, that if he had not been connected with the peerage he would have been hunted out of the Church of England instead of being allowed to end his days as a dean and a favourite at Court.

Among my own contemporaries, those whose names are at all currently known were Waddington, Lawrence, John Conington, William Arnold, and, as aforesaid, Goschen. Waddington became completely identified with France and with public life, but in Rugby he was a typical English schoolboy of the best kind, solid and energetic, and it was supposed that such distinction as he won would be connected with scholarship. He announced an intention, which I fancy he to some extent carried out, of exploring Cilicia for Greek inscriptions, and so grand a purpose rather amused his schoolfellows. I believe that so far as he was not English he was German by his relationships, but his father had established himself at Rouen as a manufacturer, and this led to Waddington adopting a French nationality. Lawrence is now best remembered by his first work, 'Guy Livingstone'; and perhaps this has been saved from oblivion by Bret Harte's parody of it, 'Guy Heavystern.' For some years this and other novels by Lawrence were the delight of milliners' apprentices and of fast undergraduates. It was the day when Kingsley was preaching the gospel of what T. C. Sandars in the 'Saturday Review' aptly denominated 'muscular Christianity.' Lawrence cleverly parodied this by an evangel of muscular paganism, his heroes being generally athletic savages who combined the morals of the Regency with a veneer which was purely original. 'Cock-eyed Lawrence,' as he was irreverently called at Rugby, was much what his books would lead a reader to suppose. He was distinctly clever, and achieved a prize poem of more than average excellence; he was a good leaper, and above the mark in football and cricket; and he gave himself precocious airs of men-of-the-worldliness. I have often smiled over a story of Guy Livingstone's early life, which repre-

sents him as flirting with the head-master's wife at a dinner party to the manifest discomposure of the head-master. I remember hearing that incident discussed at the time, but it impressed onlookers differently, and the verdict was that Lawrence had made an awful fool of himself.

William Arnold, also a novelist, was a man of incomparably higher type, though his premature death hindered him from taking a good place in literature. What induced him to become a soldier I never knew; but he joined the Indian Army, and soon found himself in a most uncongenial atmosphere. He had more than a full share of the Rugby moral purpose. Some of the officers of his regiment were no better than their kind often were: fond of cards and races, fond of brandy-and-soda, fond of talking irreverently about women, and absolutely uninterested in the higher culture or the regeneration of society, or even in the scientific theory of their professional work. It was dangerous to turn a man with the literary instinct loose among such Philistines; and Arnold, after enduring for some time, broke out in a novel called 'Oakleigh,' which may still be referred to with interest as a picture of military society in India before the Mutiny. Unfortunately the likenesses were only too unmistakable, and Arnold was of course boycotted in his mess. He applied for a civil appointment, and was lucky enough to obtain the offer of an inspectorship of schools, which would give him a great increase of income. He could not accept this without the consent of his regiment, and the regiment promptly refused, intending, I suppose, to worry him altogether out of the Service. Fortunately, he had one devoted friend, an officer in the Artillery, who had been the hero of 'Oakleigh.' This gentleman promptly wrote to Arnold's colonel denouncing the conduct of the

regiment as disgraceful, and challenging the colonel and—I have been assured—the mess generally. Those were days when duelling was not quite unknown in India, but it was of course impossible to accept a Quixotic challenge of this kind. The circumstance led, however, to a review of the first decision, and Arnold was allowed to become Inspector of Schools, following the family destiny, which assigned this employment to four out of five of Dr. Arnold's sons. Unhappily he did not live long to profit by his improved fortunes. His son Mr. Arnold-Forster, who was adopted by his uncle in marriage and took his name, appears to be carrying on the family tradition for ability.

Of Tait's masters only three have been known outside the school precincts—Bonamy Price; Cotton, who died Bishop of Calcutta; and Congreve, the founder of Positivism. Of these Price was incomparably the ablest, and his services to the school ought to have been requited by the head-mastership. I have heard that he once stood: was objected to as a layman; offered to take orders if he was promised the headship, and was then rejected because this offer appeared irreverent or to savour of Simon Magus. It would be eminently consistent with English formalism that men should be tempted to take orders by knowing that all academical and scholastic preferment was reserved for clerics, and yet that the open avowal of this motive should be treated as a grave impropriety.

Nevertheless, I am not sure that Price was essentially fitted for the headship of a school, though he had more ability than would go to the making of half a dozen successful heads. He was too impulsive and erratic to have inspired confidence as an administrator. But as a

teacher he was superb, keeping his class in absolute control, and putting so much fire and vivacity into the wearisome details of grammar and philosophy that the dry bones seemed to arise and live under his voice. Whatever scholarship was learned at Rugby in those days was picked up in the Twenty, a sort of lower sixth over which Price presided. His very manner was part of his charm. Too restless to sit still for five minutes together, he used to prowl up and down the classroom, keeping every scholar under a separate and hawk-like scrutiny, and gesticulating in a way that we would have laughed at if we dared, as he mingled question and explanation with vivid objurgation. His impetuosity was so great that his sentences often ended in an incoherent jumble of words. No one, by-the bye, would have been more astonished to hear this account of him than himself; for, as I discovered in after-life, he believed that he had a particularly quiet, suave manner. He told me a story how he brought the present Lord Derby—a casual of a few months only at Rugby—to his bearings. Stanley, it seems, coming from Eton, where he had been treated more respectfully, demurred to being set to construe and construe again till he found out his own mistakes, and Price remembered himself as speaking with all the good nature that he really had, and infinitely more patience than he ever possessed: '"My dear Stanley," said I, in my quietest tones;' and the story ended with a description of a sulky youth irresistibly charmed into good temper; while the fact undoubtedly was, that a dangerous mutineer was cowed and reduced to absolute submission. Still, despotic as Price very properly was in the classroom, he was neither a bully nor a tyrant, and was deservedly loved by his old pupils for his genuine and unfailing kindliness. I should

be slow to call any man too good for his work, especially when that work is education, and when he is unrivalled in his performance of it; but I cannot help thinking that Price might have done a wider service to letters if he had gained a University professorship while he was in the prime of life, instead of when he was nearly seventy.

Perhaps I am giving the Rugby teaching a larger place than it deserves. M. Taine has told us, what every English master knows, that the playground is really more important than the classroom. The classroom attempts to train the mind, and does it very badly, because England refuses to profit by the experience of the Continent, and sacrifices everything to that proficiency in the dead languages which tells at Oxford and Cambridge. The playground, which boys regard only as the means of turning out good cricket and football teams, is yet directly and indirectly invaluable in its effects upon character. It teaches manliness and subordination, loyalty and veracity. The moral tone of the Rugby classroom was good, and rather above than below the average. It was thought disreputable to lie. None the less, a good deal of cheating was connived at. The stupid boy got marks by learning from a crib, or had his verses done for him. In the playground everything was straight. Both the classroom and playground do something to cure 'the English malady,' as the Americans call shyness. The boy who is trained to construe or play in public soon finds that he must think more of his work than of the lookers-on. The playground, however, in which there is no master to moderate, gives the sterner and more efficient training, and a good football player speedily discards much of the innate timidity to which the bravest men have pleaded guilty.

Mr. Hughes, who is the standard authority upon

Rugby, has printed in the sixth edition of 'Tom Brown' a letter in which a rather querulous correspondent doubts 'whether small children should play with big ones,' and says that a timid and nervous boy's play-hours 'are occupied in fagging, in a horrid funk of cricket balls and football, and the violent sport of creatures who, to him, are giants.' I can only say that I never knew such a case, and think it cannot be very common. Of course a boy who has no power of endurance, and who has no brightness of manner to make him popular, is better at home or with a private tutor. My experience was that we disliked fagging at cricket and football, for the obvious reason that when we fagged for the sixth at cricket we were not allowed a turn at the wickets, and when we fagged for football on Big-side we had to be spectators simply of the big boys' fun. Still, if a small boy had average luck he was not fagged in cricket so often as to interfere very much with his own games, and I think it did him good to long-stop for a swipe bowler or stand point to a hard hitter. The fagging at football was far less endurable, but the belief in my time was that it was a device of the masters to keep the whole school in the playground, and save themselves the trouble of the supervision which would have been needed if we had scattered over the country. Certainly, as far as the boys were concerned, its effect was to screen the younger ones from almost all possibility of harm. Now and again, when the ball came into bounds, a small boy might be knocked over in the rush, but to say that his dreams would be haunted by so remote a chance seems to me extremely wild. On the other hand, he was never safer from being bullied than when fagging at football. Anything that created a scene was sure to collect a crowd, and in no public school that I

know of is bullying approved, or even tolerated by public opinion, except where it is sanctioned by primitive usage and is not a case of individual tyranny.

I am of course aware that my own experience at Rugby does not apply to every school, or to every period of the same school. Tom Hughes, I believe, knew Rugby in rougher days than fell to my lot. Even in my time there were survivals of brutal usage and occasional outbursts of savagery. At some of the houses there was a disgusting practice that all new boys were to sing a song in the hall at the end of the half-year, and that those who broke down hopelessly were to swallow a dose of salt water stirred round with a tallow candle. This practice, however, was abolished while I was at the school. The bullies were never, in my own experience, big boys high up in the school. They were invariably boys too old for the forms they were in, who found themselves very much stronger than their classmates generally, and who either tried to fag the younger ones illegitimately or were sulky at being outstripped by them. The time for bullying was generally in the evening, and the place one of the small studies which were assigned us for work. That is, the bully chose the time and place when he was least likely to be interfered with. Much again depended upon the boy whether he was a victim or not. I remember in the first form I was in there was a boy of rare promise. He came out head of the class, though he was far away the youngest in it, and might have seemed especially liable to bullying, as he was a 'swat'—that is, a conscientious worker—and a 'town lout'—that is, living with his widowed mother in the town, and not—as gentlemen were supposed to do—in a boarding-house. I believe that boy was never touched or spoken to except in kindness, thanks to a

certain quiet charm of manner which he possessed. I imagine things are now changed very much for the better all over England. The big dull louts, whom I have indicated as the worst offenders, are now practically kept out of our public schools by a rule that every one of a certain age must be in a corresponding form. Eton has for a long time past been creditably distinguished by its gentle manners, and even in Winchester—the home of 'tunding'—public criticism is said to have effected a very complete change.

The real advantage of the English public-school system—apart from the influences of the playground—is perhaps to be found in the fact that it discourages overwork. So long as a boy acquires the habit of application, the less he is set to learn before he is fifteen the better. Our working hours in Rugby were far fewer than we should have had at a private school, and the strain of attention was infinitely less than a private tutor would have enforced. We were four short hours in class three days in the week, and two short hours the other two days. In France, where cramming is now carried to a more dangerous extent than I believe in any other country, the work exacted is twice as severe. Of course we were supposed to prepare lessons out of school; but I think from two to three hours of steady work would take an average boy through with credit. I am quite aware that the English middle class is losing ground all over the world from its ignorance of modern languages and of elementary science. I have been told also—and believe—that the German, besides being better equipped with knowledge, has a superiority from his greater command of 'sitting-flesh'—that is, from his ability to remain perched on a stool during any number of hours. Still, I

incline to think that if the English boy were allowed to learn useful knowledge instead of Greek and Latin, he would be all the better for not sacrificing a single hour that is now given to the playground. Health, muscle, the readiness to face danger, and the capacity to endure toil are as valuable qualities in their way as 'sitting-flesh.' While the Germans are undoubtedly superseding the English to some extent as clerks, I do not think they have yet come near them as adventurers, explorers, or organisers. Talleyrand is said to have described the English public-school system as 'the best in the world, and very bad.' That verdict I think is still true. If, however, some new reformer would apply himself to teaching a single modern language as thoroughly as Latin is taught, would discard Greek, and would introduce a leavening of mechanics, I believe the great foundations which absorb the upper forty thousand of English society might be as good for training the mind as they are for forming the character. Slight, however, as this change may seem, England does not appear to be within fifty years of it.

Happily for me, my stay at Rugby came to a premature close. When I got into the fifth class I passed under the hands of Cotton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta; and my new master was a martinet and precisian. He knew me by report as able to do well, but idle, and determined to bring me under control by punishments. Mere severity, however richly deserved, was quite ineffective with such a temperament as mine. After a short time I reconciled myself to the idea that I should be sent away, and took up an attitude of dogged opposition, rather desiring to precipitate a crisis. The masters, one and all, treated me with the most perfect fairness, and I was not sent away in the technical sense; only removed

by my father at the request of the head-master in May 1846.

My father was bitterly disappointed at the termination of my Rugby career. He would I think have given me up as impracticable if my brother John had not suggested that I was too young to be despaired of. By his advice I was sent as a private pupil to the Rev. Arthur Macleane, who was then living at Guildford. I only remained four months with him (August to December 1846), but the time was happily passed, and, on the whole, usefully. I did not get on very well with my tutor, but we never really quarrelled, and it did me great good to be thrown into his family circle of a young wife and children. When he left Guildford to become Principal of Brighton College he was very anxious that I should go with him, but I disliked the idea, feeling sure that in a new school I should be placed too high up for my own good. The reason was admitted to be a sound one by my father and brother, and I was finally sent, at Easter 1847, to King's College, London.

CHAPTER IV

KING'S COLLEGE

THERE could scarcely be a greater contrast than between King's College as I knew it in 1847–9 and Rugby. The college itself was, and I believe still is, a vast assemblage of very different departments. Theological students, medical students, engineers, students preparing for degrees in arts, and, at a later time, military students, were all included in the college proper. There was also a school in connection with it which at one period had as many as 500 scholars. The department I joined was the one of preparation for degrees—that of general literature and science so-called. We numbered while I was there something like 150, about half of whom were to go on to Oxford and Cambridge, while the other half were being 'finished' and would proceed at once to the counting-house or the office. So far there was no great difference between this department and Rugby. The divergences, however, were great. Nine out of ten students at King's College lived with their parents or with friends, so that the influence of the boarding-house was practically unknown. No student was admitted under sixteen, and for this, and for the first reason, there was of course no fagging. There was no playground, and practically no athleticism. Here and there a student belonged to a suburban cricket club, and now and again a college cricket club or boat club sprang up into a precarious

existence. These clubs, however, were too unimportant to exercise any influence upon the general tone of the college. The lectures were so arranged that classics and mathematics took up from 10 to 1, and history and English literature from 1.15 to 3.15; but a student might miss any single subject, or get double instruction in any, if he desired it, and this freedom was liberally made use of. Its effect, of course, was that students gave themselves up to the studies that suited their natural bent.

To King's College I owe everything that can be derived from a place of education. I think the system was thoroughly good; I am sure it suited me. In place of the Puritanism of my home and the mechanical discipline of Rugby, I found a rule of the largest liberty compatible with common order. We were allowed to choose our own lectures, with the consent of our guardians; punishments were almost unknown; and the assumption throughout was that we were to be influenced through our own sense of honour and duty. It was agreeable to this spirit of liberty that corporal punishments were quite unknown, and other punishments almost entirely so. Such discipline as there was rested upon the tact and masterfulness of the lecturer and the good feeling and sense of honour of the students. Of two distinguished men Professor Maurice kept order badly, though I do not know that the signs of it were worse than remiss attendances and a disposition to riotous applause. Professor Brewer, on the other hand, had his classes completely in hand, and you might have heard a pin drop while he was speaking. If a pupil was inattentive or lazy, Brewer drove him summarily out of the class; the dread of this was a very strong motive for work, partly because dismissal from lecture would lead

to awkward questions at home, and partly because we all knew Brewer to be an incomparable teacher.

It will be seen from what has been said that King's College was a very exceptional place for English boys. That there was no playground attached to it must be regarded as a great misfortune, though, of course, students who came at sixteen were pretty certain to have been at schools where the training of cricket and football was enjoyed. As there was no playground, it was certainly an advantage that so many of the students lived with their families. Big boys, debarred healthy exercise and thrown upon the London streets for amusement, would have been likely in many cases to come to grief. As it was, the moral tone of the college was exceptionally good. It was considered bad form to be idle, and disgraceful to tell a lie. Though a good deal of this spirit was attributable to home influences, I believe it was mostly due to the tradition of the place, which had been created by Principal and professors. Dr. Jelf, the chief for more than twenty years, was a gentleman of the old school, who was incapable of supposing that any one would lie to him, and indisposed to track any but the most obvious charge home. It was an accepted maxim that no one could tell a lie to the Principal, because he always believed what was said. Though the temptations to equivocate with the staff were infinitely more numerous, the general rule held good here also, that after a few months at the college every student, finding that he was treated as a gentleman, acted up to the gentleman's code of honour. When we went afterwards to Oxford and Cambridge we were most of us disgusted at the reckless manner in which illness was shammed or lies told to the tutors. We had in fact outgrown the public-school

ethics to which University discipline was adapted. In another respect King's College was above the moral standard even of Rugby. Foul language and coarse wit were absolutely repressed by public opinion. I do not of course say that there were no offenders in these respects; but, speaking for a period of fourteen years, I know that the conversation of the common-room was absolutely pure, and that men suspected of lax talk or immoral practices were obliged to form little outside cliques by themselves.

King's College is generally regarded as a home of Anglicanism, and was founded as an offset to University College. It was the occasion of the Duke of Wellington's duel with Lord Winchilsea—Lord Winchilsea, when the Duke abandoned his opposition to Catholic emancipation, suggesting that it was probably intended to turn King's College into a seminary for Jesuits. The Duke came triumphantly out of his duel; but King's College never recovered financially from Lord Winchilsea's monstrous attack. The Conservatives of the day with one accord refused to pay up the subscriptions which they had promised, and the college accordingly started under a load of debt. It has probably been more efficient and more liberal than it would have been if it had been richly endowed. Looking over the list of old students I see the names of such well-known Liberals as Thorold Rogers, Charles Kingsley, Frederic Harrison, Fitz-James and Leslie Stephen, Professor Fawcett and Professor Clifford. The side of theology is almost as conspicuously represented by Dean Plumptre and Canon Liddon, Dr. Farrar, Bishop Barry, and Dr. Wace. We had morning chapel and theological lectures, and the influence of two of our teachers, Maurice and Brewer,

was distinctly more religious in tone—though religion was never obtruded—than any I have known anywhere else. Therefore, that the college and school should have turned out so many thinkers of the broadest type is, I conceive, absolute evidence that the teaching was not sectarian, and presumptive evidence that it left its recipients disposed to occupy themselves with other important subjects of thought.

Judged by English tests, the teaching at King's College was sufficiently good. We got a fair share of University honours. The results moreover were generally better at the end of the University course than at the beginning, while Harrow, which used about that time to send up brilliant competitors for scholarships, found its men habitually breaking down in the class-list. Still there are some evils inherent in the system of lectures to rather young students. The men are left very much to themselves, and their weak points are not as clearly detected as in a public-school classroom. The willing and able students are allowed very commonly to monopolise the lecturer's attention. Beyond this, as King's College was not endowed, and as it was impossible to charge high fees, the staff was lamentably inadequate to the work. On the classical side this showed itself in a neglect of composition. Greek and Latin verse are to my mind very worthless accomplishments, but a youth who could not produce them up to a certain standard was heavily handicapped in the English universities forty years ago. The mathematical teaching was, I believe, more effective than the classical. As we turned out two Senior Wranglers in the early years of the college, our reputation in this respect stood rather high; but good judges have told me that our men always erred on the side

of going over too much ground. A distinguished colonist, Mr. Justice Wilberforce Stephen, who went up from King's College to be a brilliant success at Cambridge, spoke to me, I remember, very strongly about the deficiencies of his King's College training. On the whole, I think, considering the excellence of some of the teachers, and the exceptionally hard work they always got out of the men, the system must be set down as a faulty one from the standpoint of University examinations. What we really owed to King's College were its influences upon character. Still, I am disposed to think that with a larger staff, which would have permitted a better subdivision of students, the college might have been so improved as to give a really good intellectual training. As long, however, as classes of forty and fifty are tolerated —and in my day they were common, and even larger ones were not unknown—so long is it perfectly certain that the best results cannot be attained.

These considerations do not apply to the same extent to such subjects as modern history and English literature. These in my day were both taught by Professor Maurice. He was in many respects the most remarkable man King's College ever had upon its staff; and his influence over his pupils in after-life was sometimes considerable. I have spoken of him as failing to command the full attention of his auditors. This may partly have been because we regarded modern learning as a superfluity, that would do us no good at the Universities, and that we could easily pick up for ourselves if we needed it in after-life. I think, however, the chief reasons were that Maurice lectured a little over our heads; that his delivery, though impressive, was rather monotonous; and that he was a little too forbearing when he ought to have been vigorous and

imperative. There was certainly no conscious or unconscious desire to slight or to annoy him. He was popular and respected. Still, at one time the inattention displayed at his lectures was so marked that Professor Brewer, with characteristic loyalty, came in to sit as a student and take notes, as a sign of the value he attached to Maurice's thoughts. It was very much Brewer's private influence with the leading students that changed the tone of the History Lecture room. For myself, I must confess with humiliation that though I was interested in the subjects taught, and took the highest prize in history, I never really valued Maurice's teaching at the time. It seemed to me vague and made up of sonorous words and meaningless generalities. I still think that Maurice was not in his true element as a teacher of boys. As a man speaking to men, he showed repeatedly that he had a rare power of stimulating thought. But his real strength was in his personal magnetism. When I once knew him, which I first did by his coming to see me at Oxford, I felt what I believe all his disciples felt—that he was not as other men; and the impression only deepened with time. Many years later, he breakfasted with me one morning at Cambridge to meet some friends from the country. One of them, a lady, said to me afterwards: 'I have been brought up all my life to look upon Professor Maurice with perfect horror. To-day I could hardly take my eyes off him. I never saw so beautiful a face. It is that of an angel.' The face was only the very inadequate expression of a mind of great thoughtfulness and a character of singular nobility.

It will easily be understood that our life at King's College—restricted as it was to the lecture-room and to a few minutes' intercourse in the common-room—was not

as rich in picturesque incident as the life of an ordinary public school is. Our very amusements were of a serious type. The Debating Society, which met once a week, was perhaps the most popular. I suppose the exercise of extempore speaking did us good; but, as well as I can remember, the debates never reached the level of what I have heard at the Eton Debating Society, perhaps because we did not adopt the Eton limitation of speeches to five minutes. The present Dean Farrar was our best debater at the time I left the college. As for our views, they were mostly between High Conservative and Liberal Conservative, Edward Dicey being, I think, our nearest approach to a Liberal. There was once some talk of establishing a magazine for college and school. The representatives of the school on our provisional committee were Frederic Harrison, Professor Irving, and Fleay, who has since taken high rank as a Shakespearian critic. I was one of the representatives of the college, but oddly enough cannot remember who were associated with me. Fitz-James Stephen had left the college and Edwin Arnold had not yet joined it, but besides Edward Dicey and Leslie Stephen, whom I have mentioned, we had two students who have since then won their spurs in literature: Henry Kingsley, the first novelist who made Australian life a theme of romance, and D. C. Lathbury, who is wel known in London journalism, having been editor or joint-editor of the 'Economist' and the High Church 'Guardian.' However, we were none of us destined to break ground in a magazine of our own founding. It was thought necessary to obtain leave from the Principal before we issued it; and Dr. Jelf discouraged the idea courteously but decisively. I do not remember that he absolutely forbade it; but as we were not strong in funds,

and perhaps not very confident of our literary powers, we allowed our chief's disapproval to settle the matter for us.

There was one exception to the general level uniformity of our King's College lives. Even a school in a great city cannot fail to be affected at exceptional times by the stir of politics; and 1848 was a year of tumultuous hopes and great events. I remember dining out with a relative about two days before the Revolution in Paris came off, and meeting a Radical M.P. who good-naturedly talked to me. This gentleman, he told me, had intended to assist at the great political banquet projected by Odilon Barrot and the other Reform leaders; and he was perhaps a little disappointed that it had been put off by an arrangement with the Ministry. 'It really seems,' he said, 'as if political parties were getting too sensible now for anything like trouble of the old kind to be possible.' Two evenings later, my brother John came into my room and told me that a revolution had broken out in Paris, and that Louis Philippe had fled. It is matter of history how the ferment produced by these events spread over Europe. England was at that time in a state of industrial depression. Existing industries had been more or less disorganised by Free Trade; and new industries had not had time to establish themselves. With the prospect of general trouble in Europe the depression in trade was intensified. The Chartists—at that time a name of terror in England, almost as the Nihilists are in Russia—took advantage of the opportunity to organise. History is now able to do justice to these men. They were mostly hard-working, honest men; they were chiefly influenced by real need, such as ought not to exist in a rich country; and they desired nothing but what was constitutional and practicable. Of the six points of the Charter, four

have passed into law in Victoria: Manhood Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, Payment of Members, and Abolition of the Property Qualification for Members. A fifth—the Constitution of Equal Electoral Districts—has been approximated to in England and Australia. The sixth, Annual Parliaments, will, I hope, never be attempted.

Where the Chartists blundered was in tolerating untrustworthy leaders, and in following the advice of these men. One of their prominent men for a moment, who was put forward to speak in the first meeting in Trafalgar Square, was a certain Mr. G. P. Reynolds, the author of an unsavoury publication, 'The Mysteries of London.' Feargus O'Connor, though a man of infinitely higher stamp than Reynolds, was absolutely without balance, and, as events showed, without nerve in critical moments. O'Connor is responsible for the proposal that the people should go in a body to Parliament House and present a monster petition for the adoption of the reforms they desired. It is a matter of history that such a petition was drawn up and actually received nearly two million signatures, a large proportion of which were not genuine. At this distance of time there can be no breach of loyalty to old fellow-students if I publish the fact that a number of our body who lived south of the Thames used to sign morning and evening under different names, as they crossed Waterloo Bridge. They looked upon the petition as a huge joke, and used to boast how often they signed and how they varied their signatures. I fancy few of them realised at the time that London was in danger of what the French call a bad quarter of an hour if O'Connor's programme had been actually carried out. When, however, April 10 drew near, and it was known that all the discontented in London were to march through

the streets and rendezvous at Kennington Common, London society from men to schoolboys awoke to the gravity of the situation.

I have no doubt that the danger was very real. The mass of the Chartists, I firmly believe, were as honest and law-abiding as any body of men in the community. Many of them were half-starved Spitalfields weavers, who said frankly that they wanted nothing but the certainty of so much work as would keep body and soul together. It was known, however, that there were many Continental refugees who wished to establish the Red Republic in England; and far more dangerous even than these, there was the criminal population of the slums and rookeries. Under these circumstances, all the men who had anything at stake flocked to the police courts to be sworn in as special constables. The Parisians never quite forgave Prince Louis Napoleon for having served with a constable's staff in Cavendish Square; it was for years a weapon of the Opposition to speak of him as 'the policeman.' I confess myself to doubting whether the special constables, scattered about as they were without leaders or organisation, could have been very useful in case of serious trouble. But the moral effect of two hundred thousand men uniting to defend order against five-and-twenty thousand at most who threatened it, was absolutely overwhelming. The Chartists, who honestly thought that they were the people, found themselves outnumbered. Meanwhile, what had really foiled them had been the admirable arrangements of the Duke of Wellington. Having allowed them to march undisturbed to their place of meeting south of the Thames, he guarded the bridges by which alone Parliament could be approached, so that the Chartists could only cross them in single file, and

were instantly forced to 'move on' when they got to the other side. Above all, the troops in London were carefully kept out of view, so as to cause no irritation. Somerset House, for instance, was half filled with Guardsmen, who could have been drawn up in the square it encloses at a moment's notice, but whose presence was not even suspected by the outside world. London north of the Thames appeared to be left to itself, to the special constables, and to rather fewer than the ordinary police, most of whom were with Sir Richard Mayne on the south side. Even the special constables were kept out of sight as much as possible. The survivors of that day may remember with pleasure that not a single act of violence or insult, not a single offensive word, lies to the charge of those who defended order. The one warlike incident of the day was provoked by a French refugee, who late in the afternoon ascended a pedestal in Trafalgar Square to denounce the half-heartedness of the English people. He was promptly thrashed by a butcher's boy, who only understood enough to know that the English had been called cowards.

So far as I remember, every student in King's College enrolled himself as a special constable with the exception of one philosophical Liberal, who sympathised with the Chartists, though he was not prepared to join them. Most, however, served in the localities where they were living, and only about sixty—of whom I was one—elected to garrison King's College. As I went there in the early morning I met a procession of Chartists in Russell Street, Bloomsbury, on their way to Kennington Common. Stunted and famished-looking men, they marched in perfect order without noise or threats, and seemed anxious to talk with any one who would address them, so as to explain that they meditated no violence. It so happened,

however, that just as I came upon them they were passing an alley of the worst description, probably long since improved away, and the inmates of this—thieves, prostitutes, and loafers—pounced out to salute the processionists with cheers and foul imprecations against the wealthy classes. I have no doubt that tens of thousands of rabble like this were eagerly waiting the news of a collision, and that if the troops or police had been overpowered anywhere a few of the best houses would have been instantly fired and sacked. Happily these people waited in vain for their chance upon that occasion. Except in this particular instance the streets seemed comparatively deserted, and the defenders of order had nothing but an idle day to look back upon at its close. At one moment, indeed, the parish authorities of St. Mary-le-Strand took alarm—I know not why—and sent over to King's College asking that our corps might patrol the Strand. We accordingly marched up and down it once without the slightest interruption, and without being able to guess why we were wanted. Then it was intimated that we might go back again, and we retired to amuse ourselves as we best could within the college buildings. We wound up proceedings by a supper, so that we did not separate to our homes till nine in the evening, and my recollection is that the streets were as quiet then as they had been all day. I have often wondered whether some of the *émeutes* in Paris might not have been suppressed as noiselessly as the Chartist rising of 1848, if Frenchmen could be induced to unite in a body for the support of the police, and if French generals would imitate the silent system of tactics by which the Duke avoided irritating his opponents. Certainly the effect of that day in London was to make mass demonstrations absolutely ridiculous. They were never attempted

again till Mr. Beales revived them and, through the weakness of the Conservative Home Secretary, brought them into fashion.

Personally I paid dearly for my loyalty to the cause of order. Having got wet during the day, I contracted a slight pleurisy, which I neglected in consequence of a scholarship examination coming on. Presently I found myself laid up with an illness which kept me from college for a year, and has more or less crippled me during life. In this way I missed two out of three terms in my third year at the college. Such a loss of time is always serious for a student going up to the University. It is doubly serious when it involves the sacrifice of the most advanced lectures. Perhaps my impressions of the college teaching are in consequence less flattering than they should be. Certainly the last term was one of singular profit to me, for I was admitted into a highly peculiar class of about six, whom Professor Brewer got together on one day during the week. I forget if there was a pretence of doing any work, but our real occupation was to engage him in conversation. He was a man of very versatile ability and very wide knowledge, so that few subjects came amiss to him. As he warmed he handled us in the Socratic method, never failing to send us away with a profitable conviction of our own ignorance. He was indeed a teacher of the Bonamy Price order, with a little less impetuosity of manner, and perhaps with a rather wider range of interests. Both were excellent; but as my acquaintance with Bonamy Price as a teacher was slight and casual, I still look back upon Brewer as incomparable. Certainly Oxford gave me no one as good.

My experience is, that very few boys choose their own walk in life, and that parents are apt to be unreasonably

anxious when their sons display no special aptitude for a particular profession. My father was profoundly irritated at my want of ambition. I had wished while I was at school to go into the Army, a wish my father set aside on religious grounds. Afterwards I was more reasonably anxious to get an Indian Civil Service appointment. Foiled in this by the death of the Director who had habitually befriended our family, I expressed a wish to be a solicitor, showing an absolute indifference to the attractions of a University education. My father was in despair, and he induced my mother to argue with me. I explained to her that I thought a man's worth depended on what a man was and not on what he did, compounding this esoteric doctrine with the practical view that I should in all likelihood make more money as a solicitor than as a barrister. My mother professed herself satisfied that I had good grounds for my choice—and persuaded me to abandon it. Accidentally, the controversy did me good service. As I was to go to the University for my father's pleasure and not for my own, I was able to stipulate that I should go to Oxford and not to Cambridge.

My reason for wishing this was simply that my uncles H. and C. Puller and my cousins C. Puller and W. Blaauw had taken firsts at Oxford, while no member of the family had ever succeeded in taking honours at Cambridge. I regret to say I backed up my arguments by steadily neglecting my mathematical work at King's College, where the teaching was so excellent that in spite of myself I was taken through Euclid and Algebra with fair results, at least as regarded the former. My father was compelled to give way, but left it to me to make my own arrangements for Oxford. I got myself entered at Oriel, my uncle George Babington helping me with a note

from Cæsar Hawkins, the surgeon, to his brother the Provost.

In this uncle, whom I had come to know during my illness, I found a second father. George Gisbourne Babington was the son of Thomas Babington of Rothley, Member for Leicestershire, and also of the Clapham sect, and was the cousin of Lord Macaulay, in whose Life he is commemorated. He was put as a youth to learn surgery with my grandfather, got engaged to my aunt Sarah Anne Pearson, and having married her, was rapidly rising to the first rank in his profession when he ruined his health by neglecting a pleurisy. Obliged to give up regular practice in London, he eked out his income first by practising in the winter at Rome, and afterwards by setting up at Leamington. Towards the end of his life he returned to London, taking no professional work, but busying himself with the directorship of an assurance society. He was a man of singularly subtle intellect and great capacity for acquiring knowledge of the most various kinds. He had taught himself several languages very thoroughly, knowing the grammars of French, German, and Italian as few Englishmen know them, though he could not converse decently in French, and could scarcely speak a sentence of German or Italian correctly. I think his shyness had something to do with this deficiency; he mixed up vocabularies and grammars in the wildest way if he attempted to speak. His favourite studies were military tactics and controversial theology. He could explain all the campaigns of Napoleon; and though himself a moderate free-thinker, he read every work of John Henry Newman, Pusey, Manning, and R. Wilberforce with the keenest interest. Having no children of his own, he almost adopted my sister Carlotta and myself,

directing our studies and counselling us in the more important acts of life. His singular unselfishness was the despair of his poor wife, one of the kindest and most prosaic of God's creatures. She used to declare that he not only refused fees from poor people because they were visibly in want of money, but would neglect to collect them from rich people because they must have many demands on them. Very pardonably she was angry when he came home ill because somebody in the train had wished to have the window open on a raw November day. My sister and I, on the other hand, were the more attracted by this trait, which certainly did not proceed from any want of business capacity. One of George Babington's brothers had died leaving his estate embarrassed. George Babington made himself responsible for the debts, and by good management extricated the property, so that the wife and children had enough to live on. Altogether he was one of the men Taylor has described—

> Who gifted with predominating powers
> Bear yet a temperate will and keep the peace.

Five-and-twenty years after his death I still find myself asking if he would have approved my conduct in some given case, and revering the old man's verdict, as I apprehend it, more than the judgment of my contemporaries.

CHAPTER V

ORIEL COLLEGE

THE Oxford of forty years ago was not altogether easy to enter. It was a rule in the University that no student was to be recognised except as member of a college or hall, and it was a rule of the colleges and halls that every student must spend the first three years of his time within the walls. Consequently the number of admissions was limited; and though it was fairly practicable to get into a bad college, an entry of something like five years was required for Balliol, and two or three years for less distinguished foundations. It so happened that I had not been put down on the books of any college, and my prospects for Oxford were therefore of the worst, when I got letters of recommendation to the Provost of Oriel from his brother, Mr. Cæsar Hawkins, as I have mentioned, and from Dr. Jelf. There was an accidental vacancy, and I was admitted at once. The system of residence has now been relaxed, not without good reason, for the difference between a good college and a bad means the difference between success or failure to all but exceptional men. Oriel, though it ranked fairly high in popular estimation at the time I joined it, was more famous for its past generation of fellows, the heads of the High Church and Broad Church movements, than for the excellence of its teaching. In the University itself its lectures ranked deservedly low. The students,

however, were up to a good average, being largely recruited from the chief public schools. I have sometimes thought that I never knew a place where so much talent was wasted as in the Oriel I remember, and certainly the college performances in the class-list did not give a fair idea of the ability of the men.

Dr. Hawkins, the then Provost, was a man whom I think it is fair to describe as of the highest character, of more than average ability, and of deficient judgment. His chief characteristics were essential manliness and generosity. Orthodox to the core by temperament, and, I imagine, rather Conservative than Liberal, if he had not fallen under Liberal influences as a young man, he held from the bottom of his soul that distinction of any kind was to be allowed free play, and not only tolerated but recognised. He was the friend of Blanco White to the last, after Whately and every other clergyman had thrown him over. He warmly admired Hurrell Froude, whom he placed in private conversation above any of the High Church leaders; and having been divided from Newman by party exigencies, he contrived to be reconciled, and went to visit him at Oscott. He stood manfully by Hampden in public when the whole clerical world assailed him, while he is reported to have told the Premier in private that his selection of Hampden for a bishopric had been a most improper one. When Clough resigned his fellowship, on the ground that he had gone over to Unitarianism, Dr. Hawkins entreated him not to sacrifice his prospects till he had thought his convictions over and was satisfied of their soundness. In politics the Provost voted for Mr. Gladstone to the last, holding that the constituency had no right to dictate opinions to a man of pre-eminent merit. It will be recognised that

the Provost was larger-souled than the Oxford don of popular imagination is conceived. As was only natural in so strong a man, he had the courage of his opinions, and was a resolute assertor of his authority. 'Your Provost,' said an Oxford tutor to me once, 'would make himself obeyed if he were on his deathbed.' It was sometimes charged against him that he was overbearing and tyrannical. Newman has so represented him in 'Loss and Gain,' where he figures as Jenkins, and is described as browbeating a conscientious High Churchman. It may be admitted, I think, that the Provost had no sympathy with irresolute men, always on the boundary line between two opinions, and with a subtlety of vacillation that might easily be confused with shuffling. He was not averse to exposing a trick or a false pretence. This is the worst that can be said of him, and, on the other hand, he could certainly tolerate the most straightforward opposition without either showing temper or feeling rancour. To complete the picture, he was a man of genuine kindness and unobtrusive piety.

Why such a man should have failed as head of a college—and fail he undoubtedly did—is easily explicable. He was an amalgam of incompatible theories. In his contest with Newman he was thoroughly in the right. Newman claimed that the same tutor should instruct his pupils in every given subject: the avowed motive being that Newman desired to establish an absolute ascendency over the minds committed to him. In the wretched condition of Oxford studies at that time it was just possible to find men—and Newman himself was of course one such—who could teach classics, mathematics, ancient history and logic up to the schools' standard. Even then, however, the rule that the same man was to teach every-

thing would have excluded a great many of the best teachers. The practice now is that every man shall confine himself as much as possible to a single subject, which he may thoroughly master. The Provost refused to consent to Newman's proposal, and Newman accordingly 'struck'—with, I think, two other tutors. The loss of such men was very serious; and one of the tutors Dr. Hawkins took to replace them was able to impose an unfortunate condition that he should be kept on for life. Even so, however, the college need not have suffered materially if the Provost, now nearly absolute, had not taken it into his head that the idle and backward men of the college would benefit by being forced to attend the highest lectures. There was nothing Dr. Hawkins enjoyed more, in a small way, than to expatiate on the difference between instruction and education. There was no doubt, he admitted, that men would be better instructed if they were distributed according to progress and capacity; but when they were mixed indiscriminately, what they lost in cram was, he held, gained by the unconscious influence of the higher minds over the lower. The result of this theory put in practice was, that either the better men were sacrificed to the laggards, or the less proficient sat idly looking on while the tutor lectured over their heads. Had the tutors agreed to adopt either course determinately the mischief might have been less than it was. As it was, the staff were disheartened; and the men regarded lectures generally as a farce. What seems specially curious is, that the Provost, who saw so thoroughly that one man could not teach everything, should have persuaded himself that men of the most different calibre could learn from the same teacher.

I hope it will be impossible for the coming generation

thoroughly to understand the badness of the Oxford teaching in my day. Although the High Church movement was rapidly dying out, enough of it remained to leaven a good deal of the instruction given. The purely secular part of the curriculum was almost entirely on the classical side. Now, it is true that what the outside world knows as a classical first is really a first in the 'Humaner Literature,' and includes a smattering of ancient history and of science so called. The science, however, had nothing to do with the discoveries of Newton and Davy and Clerk Maxwell; but meant logic and metaphysics on the lines of the seventeenth century. I have some right to criticise, for I was passionately fond of these studies, and agree with Dr. Arnold that they constituted the backbone of Oxford men. Still, I think it was radically wrong that our text-book in logic for the schools was a miserable compilation by Aldrich, which was an epitome of almost every possible blunder. It was as if geography were taught on the system of Ptolemy, the teachers explaining now and then what results had been superseded by modern science. So, again, with philosophy. We learned the Ethics of Aristotle almost by heart, and it was worth doing; but scarcely a tutor could do anything more than comment on the text, or give us the notes of one or two English—or it might be German—commentators. The Scotch school, the school of Kant, were practically unknown quantities, except, it may be, at Balliol, or to those who—like Lord Carnarvon—were able to retain Dean (then Mr.) Mansel as a private tutor. Nevertheless, the worst result of the Oxford teaching was not so much even its flagrant inadequacy as that it had a superficial completeness, from the skill with which clever men, constantly grinding at it, had reduced it into form. To

have left Oxford hungering for real knowledge would have been beneficial; to leave it—as most of us did—thoroughly self-complacent and believing that the University had taught us very nearly the last word in philosophy, was unmixedly mischievous. The history teaching, though less pretentious, was on rather sounder lines, because Grote and Thirlwall, and even Niebuhr, transmitted through Arnold, supplemented our studies in Thucydides and Livy with greater life and completeness than our philosophical teachers put into Plato and Aristotle.

My first introduction to Oxford peculiarities was when I was sent to be examined for matriculation. The tutor I was assigned to was the gentleman who had assisted to pull the college through its difficulties with Newman. He had enjoyed a high reputation in his day, but had been too hard-worked to keep up his studies, and inclined by temperament to a rather mystical theology. After putting me through classics and mathematics, he took me in Bible history. 'How many men were sent to look for the dead body of Elijah?' 'Fifty.' 'Who were they?' 'Sons of the prophets,' I replied confidently. 'I am not sure that we can say that,' was the rejoinder. 'The Bible only tells us that the sons of the prophets had fifty strong men with them. But these need not have been sons of the prophets. How do we know that Elijah is not in heaven?' 'I don't know, sir; I thought he was there.' 'Oh, no,' said my tutor, looking rather shocked, 'doesn't the Gospel tell us —No man hath ascended into heaven but the Son of Man which is in heaven?'

Now those questions are not an exaggerated specimen of what constituted my tutor's mind—a mind of much cultivation and some prettiness; but preferring to deal always with what was remote and fanciful. I went

through a New Testament lecture with him, and retain nothing from it but a recollection of an elaborate demonstration that the seven beatitudes were anticipated in the seven prismatic colours before the foundations of the earth were laid. If this gentleman had been confined to lecturing on theology and pure scholarship he would not have done much harm; but he claimed the right to have metaphysics and logic assigned him from time to time. The Provost supported this preposterous claim, either on account of their old contract, or because his own peculiar theory of education led him to believe that a tutor would be the better for teaching himself at his pupils' expense.

The other two tutors of Oriel were—it is fair to say—men of very different calibre; not only clever and instructed, as D. undoubtedly was, but with considerable judgment. Unfortunately both were diffident men, and rather depressed by ill-health, so that they wanted the audacity to assert themselves against the established system. They did as most men in their place would have done—gave blameless lectures, corrected exercises, and did something to relieve the better students by exempting them from particular lectures altogether. Still, it is, I think, true, that their teaching was not nearly as good as they could have made it if they had been allowed a free hand, and had not been discouraged by the frequent failures among the heavily-weighted Oriel men. At a later period, when the Provost made me the offer of an Oriel tutorship, the remembrance of this unsatisfactory system determined me to reject it.

Every generation at a college has its character, and the one I knew at Oriel was distinctly clever and Bohemian. Wanting guidance and stimulus from the college

staff it threw itself upon English literature—Emerson and Carlyle, Mill and Grote, Tennyson and Keats. It was a pleasant theory of the college that we all knew one another, and the breakfasts and wines, at which we were constantly meeting, though of course not predominantly intellectual, were so to a much greater extent than is common. Some of the ablest of our number might have done almost anything if they had chosen to work. One, a man of great rhetorical powers, and with a rare gift for knowing a few books well, deliberately decided not to read for the schools because he could not be sure of a first class, and believed that to get a second would injure him at the Bar. His university distinction was confined to speeches at the Union, of which he was President; and he unfortunately did not live to realise the hopes his friends had formed for him by success in the Law Courts. Another of my contemporaries, the most original and suggestive of all our number, miscarried partly through indolence and partly through aiming at transcendental perfection. The indolence showed itself in irregular hours; and the fact that his rooms were the pleasantest social meeting-place for the literary set undoubtedly contributed to delay their owner's preparation for the schools. When, however, he took it up in earnest he was a victim of his own ideal. He spent a whole term over a play of Æschylus, knowing it at the end—Professor Conington declared—more thoroughly than Conington himself. But as he necessarily had only mastered about a fiftieth of his work for Greats, the effort after heroic perfection ended at last in a simple pass. Finally, a possible student of rare promise buried himself in commerce. I do not believe either of these comparative failures would have happened at Balliol, where the tutors directed the undergraduates with supreme

efficiency, and obtained almost complete obedience from all but the very fast.

It may be asked if none of the Oriel men had the strength of mind to withdraw themselves from college influences. Three or four men read quietly, among them King, the present Bishop of Lincoln; but only one succeeded in taking high honours. To be obliged to attend two more or less useless lectures a day is a heavy handicap upon independent work. One man, a little after my time, who was a queer mixture of fast man and philosopher, resolved to give up college lectures, and, as he said, to throw himself into the university system. Unhappily, the university system could scarcely be said to exist at that time. The Professors of Greek and Modern History did not lecture; there was no Professor of Latin; the Professor of Ancient History gave the same lectures year by year; and metaphysics and logic were either not taught, or taught with conspicuous badness. L., however, undauntedly called upon the Professor of Astronomy, and asked permission to attend the course which had been advertised. It was a new thing in Professor Donkin's experience that anyone should wish to study astronomy, and he caught eagerly at the prospect of an auditor. It seemed prudent, however, to inquire how much mathematics L. had read, and L., being a Harrow man, was of course ignorant of everything but arithmetic and Euclid. Donkin easily saw what was intended, and dismissed the candidate for astronomy with a promise to give him a course of lectures as soon as he had mastered algebra, trigonometry, and the calculus. 'But you will hardly be able to begin work with me this term, I think.' 'I think not, sir,' said L., who accordingly went his way with his conscience satisfied.

When it came to the college examination at the end of term—collections, as it was called—L. was, of course, sublimely ignorant of all that had been done; and the tutor naturally reported that he had missed every lecture. L. defended himself on the ground that he had wished 'to throw himself into the university system,' and was told by the Provost that in that case he had better leave the college and go to the university. Now this was a smart repartee, but it was very unfair. It was not possible to belong to the university except by being a member of a college, and, as I have said, one could not even pick one's own college so as to secure a good one. L., however, stayed on at Oriel, and conformed to discipline after a fashion, though he never did anything worthy of his powers, which were really good. He is the hero of another story which deserves to be recorded. It was one of his troubles that he was afflicted with self-consciousness. One day he confided to a friend that he had determined to try getting drunk, as a possible cure. The friend argued against the plan, but attached no particular importance to the matter, and presently forgot all about it. Late that night, as he was at work, he was startled by a noise as of someone stumbling upstairs, and falling against his door. He opened his oak, and L. staggered in and threw himself on a chair, very drunk, and muttering: 'Self-conscious still, self-conscious still!'

From what I have said of Oriel idleness it might be supposed that athletic sports flourished there. This was not quite the case, though the fault was not with the men but with the Provost. In my day the dons, as a rule, were wise enough to see that young men must have some amusement, and were only solicitous that they should work off their steam harmlessly. Billiards were very

properly proscribed. The game is so fascinating as to absorb an extravagant amount of time if an aspirant wishes to succeed in it, and its accompaniments—smoking, drinking, and betting—are scarcely of educational value. Hunting was commonly objected to as expensive and interfering with lectures. This left cricket and boating as the recognised forms of amusement, and of these—both perfectly unexceptionable—boating was that which a tutor generally regarded as distinctly the best. To be in training for an eight implies the keeping of regular hours, and perfect sobriety and wholesomeness of life. Indeed, I remember reading an article in a Catholic magazine which sarcastically declared that an Oxford man's three months of preparation for a race were the only adumbration of that ascetic discipline which the Catholic Church enforces on candidates for Orders. Why, therefore, the Provost should have taken it into his head that boat-racing ought to be discouraged, is not easily explicable. I believe the reason he gave was that the over-exertion necessary in a close contest occasionally led to heart disease; and my impression is that there is good medical evidence against this view. At any rate, what Dr. Hawkins did was to ask two or three of the Eight to dinner on one of the first race-nights. If they accepted, their places in the boats had to be filled by novices, and the boat was sure to be bumped. If they declined, the Provost was as likely as not to send for them and inform them that an invitation from him was a command. In my year, the stroke braved the Provost's indignation, and stuck to his boat; but one or two of the others invited thought it necessary to accept. These tactics were certainly successful in keeping the Oriel boat low, and discouraging the exercise; but they made the Provost needlessly unpopular, and

forced the men to some extent upon other forms of idleness.

Many years later I discovered, to my great amusement, that the Provost believed himself to have been equally successful in putting down hunting by a regulation against it. The simple fact was that hunting was too expensive to be the pastime of more than a few; but anyone who could afford it and cared for it, could go pretty nearly as often as he liked, by reporting himself on the sick-list to escape lectures, and then slipping out of college with his 'pink' artistically covered by the academical gown, which was left at a pastrycook's.

It may reasonably be wondered why such a college as Oriel attracted good men, when it was so miserably mismanaged. The answer must be—first, that there were many worse colleges, and next that the Oriel fellows had been pre-eminent during a generation for their ability. A former Provost, Dr. Eveleigh, had hit upon the idea of throwing the fellowships open to university competition, so far as the statutes would allow. In those days most fellowships were confined to particular counties or bishoprics. Where there was no preference of this sort, it was usual to elect members of the college. The Oriel elections were opened without restriction to the whole University; and for thirty or forty years attracted all the best talent of Oxford. It was recognised that the Oriel fellows did not trouble themselves about the standard of the schools, but took the man whom they conceived to be ablest. Thus they elected J. H. Newman, though he had broken down from nervousness in the schools, and had only taken a third class. It was recognised, also, that the fellows were thoroughly fair; and except when Burgon, afterwards Dean of Chichester, was elected against Goldwin Smith,

their choice was generally approved by the University. Therefore, till the other colleges were enabled or forced by statute to throw their fellowships open, Oriel was more than half Oxford; and a list of the fellows would show some remarkable names. Among the Broad Churchmen who came first were Arnold, Whately, and Hampden; among the High Churchmen, Newman, Hurrell Froude, Pusey, Keble, and Robert Wilberforce, T. Mozley of the 'Times,' Dean Church, Bishop Fraser, and Burgon; while Clough and Matthew Arnold mark the transition to free-thought with a religious tone. The average father of a family, knowing nothing of Oxford practices, assumed either that Oriel had trained these remarkable men, or at least that many of them were in residence and influencing undergraduates. As a fact, after Newman's quarrel with the Provost, the High Churchmen mostly stood apart from the teaching, and at no time were more than a few of the fellows in residence.

The only one who influenced, or attempted to influence, undergraduates, while I was in residence, was the admirable Charles Marriott. He was a man who united the temperament of a mediæval saint to great ability; though his powers never gained recognition, because his miserable health kept him always an invalid. He told me once that he always woke up with fever, after at most two hours' consecutive sleep. As Dean, Marriott was pre-eminently inefficient—the servants set him at defiance. On one occasion, when he was driven to fine the cook for supplying tainted meat, that worthy retaliated at the next dinner by sending up meat that had been killed the same day. Marriott persisted in believing that the poor man had done his best to please. I remember that an undergraduate who was sent for to be lectured for frequent

absences from Chapel walked up impudently to the Dean, shook hands with him, asked after his health, and walked out again, before Marriott had presence of mind to stop him or say a word. So unpractical a man was, of course, unfitted to maintain discipline. On the other hand, he had considerable personal influence over a few of the quieter men. When he was in the pulpit his directness and earnestness gave him an authority such as no other preacher of our day possessed. A sermon against the practice of sending in false statements of illness modified the college use of them for two or three weeks; and one against Sunday parties actually kept several men from 'wining' out that night. Weak of frame as he was, Marriott once saved a boy's life by jumping into the Isis in time of flood, and in winter weather. His end was very sad. Bathing after dinner, he had a paralytic stroke, and this brought on softening of the brain. He died after an illness of years, during which his mind was clouded. On the other hand, his bodily health had so far improved that he had less suffering than in his saner days.

Towards the end of my first year at Oriel I began seriously to reflect on the disadvantages of the college. It was not merely that the teaching was indifferent, but all the social influences were in the direction of idleness. In another respect I was out of harmony with my surroundings. The influence of our teachers at King's College had been severely moral, and the tone of conversation among us virginally pure. The talk at Oriel wines generally became Aristophanic after the first half-hour, and I then used to withdraw quietly. But of course this did not make my position any less an unpleasant one for myself. I consulted two of my seniors, one of them King,

and found that they had withdrawn from society altogether on this account. The only men who were really reading secluded themselves altogether from the general life of the college. This is a heavy price to pay for success in the schools, and I knew that their case was exceptional. Beyond this—as my father was not a rich man—it was an object to me to add to my income by a scholarship. An election was about to be held at Exeter College, and I was qualified to compete, as the scholarships were open to all persons born in the old diocese of Lincoln. I felt some compunction about leaving Oriel, after the way in which Dr. Hawkins had admitted me; but he behaved with thorough kindness, and made no objection to my standing. I was fortunate enough to be elected.

CHAPTER VI

EXETER COLLEGE

Two more dissimilar colleges than Oriel and Exeter could hardly exist in the same University at the same time. Exeter, like Oriel, had a large complement of public-school men, but it seemed to attract only the least brilliant. The men themselves thoroughly recognised this. It was an axiom that no scholarly distinction was to be expected from Exeter, and the explanation current among ourselves was that the college was mainly recruited from the south-western counties. I wish I could have brought this theory under the notice of Charles Kingsley, who has written so many brilliant pages in honour of Devonshire. He would probably have accounted for it by showing that the temperament which inclines to heroism and produces a Ralegh or a Drake has no affinity with scholastic aptitudes. Still, having worse materials to work with than Oriel, Exeter made rather more of them, and ranks tenth among the Oxford colleges on Sir William Hamilton's scale of efficiency, while Oriel was only fourteenth. For my purposes Exeter was a far better place to work in than Oriel. Being a larger college there was no assumption that everybody knew everybody, and the reading set was sufficiently numerous to form a little society by itself. Neither were the fast men of that riotous type which popular legend used to ascribe to all fast undergraduates, and something like which really existed now and then in two

or three disorderly communities. They never attempted to harass their quiet neighbours. They played no freaks, like some Oriel undergraduates, with the college battlements. They were never guilty of burning a valuable statue in the quadrangle, like some vandals at Christ Church, in perfect ignorance, I believe, that marble is convertible into lime. The tone of Exeter was quiet, gentlemanlike and decorous, though a little slow.

The Rector of Exeter, Dr. Richards, though a man little known or talked of, partly, perhaps, because he was an invalid and of very retiring habits, was admirably fitted for his post. He was, in my opinion, one of the best Oxford heads. His fellows, elected on a close foundation, did not supply him with the best material for tutors. Had they been abler than they were they could not have made much of the Exeter undergraduates. Neither do I imagine that Dr. Richards himself cared much for the class-list. What I apprehend he valued was that the tone of the college should be that of gentlemen and Christians; and his singular, almost feminine, tact gave him a great advantage in dealing with young men. A mere suggestion from him that some offence against college discipline was 'not quite in good taste' went a great deal further than a scolding or a gating would have done. The discipline maintained in Exeter, without friction or noise, was, I am inclined to think, about the best in the university. At the same time, Dr. Richards was a man of the most genuine kindliness, identifying himself with the interests of all the men under his care. His successor, who loved society, was more popular in Oxford, but never, I think, attained to the personal consideration which Dr. Richards enjoyed.

The one Exeter man who at that time enjoyed a

reputation outside the college was the Sub-Rector, William Sewell: a man of a type that future generations will find it difficult to conceive, unless they disinter his books, which were once famous. Sewell was a man of genuine religious feeling, of real rhetorical and dialectical talent, and with an eminent share of the student's practical capacity for acquiring knowledge. On the other hand, he had never really mastered any single branch of knowledge, had never been grounded in science, and was deficient in the scientific instinct, wanted the sense of humour, and was possessed with a supreme belief in himself. His first ambition had been to head a party of moderates in the Oxford movement, and there was a moment when he was actually regarded as a possible rival to Newman. Nay, Mark Pattison has told me, that he himself used to sit open-mouthed through Sewell's lectures, catching up his words as the divine utterances of a master. A little later, the Oxford wits took the new professor's measure more accurately, and nicknamed him 'Suculus,' the little pig, because he wouldn't go the whole hog. Sewell's most popular work was a novel ('Hawkstone') in which the villain is a Jesuit, and is eaten by rats. It was one of his curious idiosyncrasies to believe in the ubiquitousness and evil influence of the Jesuits as firmly as a French Radical. A characteristic story was told of him, and professed to be given in his own words, how, as he was once going down a street of Bristol, he stopped short at a butcher's shop, and asked if the owner was aware that his boy had been brought up in the Propaganda College at Rome. 'Bless you, sir,' said the butcher, 'I've known Bill since he was a baby. His parents live in the next lane; and the boy has been in my employ ever since he left school.' 'From that moment'

—Sewell used to conclude—'I knew that that butcher was a Jesuit.' I will not vouch for the story, but it has all the marks of authenticity, for Sewell's suspiciousness of Jesuitism, and also his faith in his own insight, were not easily to be upset.

His most important serious works were two little volumes on 'Christian Politics' and 'Ethics.' Among the teachings of 'Christian Politics' was, that Oxford was a model town, and that the object of Christian statesmanship should be to multiply Oxfords. In the 'Ethics' Sewell expatiated upon the notion of a typical vertebra, which he had picked up from Oken (*a*) or Owen. He identified it with the Cross by describing it as a central column with lateral processes. Thence he proceeded to argue that visible proof of the Crucifixion was scattered up and down throughout creation. It is among my most curious recollections, that Professor Clifford, when he was a student under me at King's College, used to send up essays completely saturated with Sewell's ideas in these two books. Later on, Sewell devoted himself to establishing high-class schools under clerical influence at St. Columba in Ireland, and at Radley near Oxford. Oddly enough, two out of three Radley men whom I have known are advanced free-thinkers; and the third is not orthodox.

Such a man as Sewell could not fail to exercise an important influence over the conservatively-minded and uncritical Exeter men. There was a certain taint of insincerity about him—a tendency to be careless of his means, provided his purpose was good—which was promptly detected; and his manner, which was intended to be winning, was too effusive and caressing for the average undergraduate. On the other hand, he was

respected, as a man who fasted and prayed; and whose fortune and intellect were unreservedly at the service of religion. Notwithstanding some unlucky translations of the 'Agamemnon' and the 'Georgics' into dog-verse, which drew down Conington's critical lash, he was justly regarded to the last as a fair scholar and a man of unusual ability.

It was his boast that he looked upon religion as the great end in life, and that he never lectured on any subject without bringing it round to theology. 'How could we prove to Aristotle out of his own writings'—he once asked us—'that he ought to believe the doctrine of the Trinity?' We looked round at one another in bewilderment. 'Doesn't Aristotle tell us that the happy man must have a friend? And, arguing from the creature to the Creator, don't we perceive that God must have a friend? At first the unity of the Deity seems to be opposed to this; but then we remember that He is Trinity in Unity, three Persons in one God.' 'Yes, sir,' said a critical auditor, after Sewell had rung the changes upon this theme, 'but this argument would only prove the duality of the Deity. Aristotle doesn't say that the happy man need have more than one friend.' 'Yes, that is a very natural remark; and I am glad to see you think about these matters; but when you are older and understand philosophy, you will know that the idea of duality involves that of Trinity.'

On another occasion, Sewell contrived to diverge from some classical text into a justification of the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed. 'I dare say you think it very strange that God should condemn a man to eternal torments; to the worm that never dies, and the fire that is never quenched; to the fellowship of the bad for all

time; to the horrible companionship of his own thoughts: simply because he hasn't believed certain abstruse dogmas, which, perhaps, he couldn't understand, which, perhaps, were presented to him in such a way as to revolt his natural feelings, which, perhaps, he never heard of. But just consider. If anyone writes to us, and misspells our name, or designates us by a title inferior to what we may claim, are we not very angry with him? And, arguing from the creature to the Creator, shall we not suppose that God will be much more angry with those who confound or refuse to recognise His attributes?' 'If the creature's a fool, what must the Creator be?' was Grant Duff's pithy comment upon this argument, when I related it to him.

Goldwin Smith once wrote a Greek poem of 250 hexameters on Oxford men and matters. I have heard Conington—whose memory bordered on the miraculous—repeat this from beginning to end. Some of the lines were a description of Sewell; and though the satire is a little overcharged, the Greek is so good that it ought not to be allowed to perish.

Χοιρίδιος δέ τις ἦν ἐν Βοσπορίοισι σοφιστὴς,
Ψεύστης, ὃς μάλα πολλὰ λέγων, μάλα παῦρά τε εἰδὼς
Ἐξ ἑτέρων θέλγεσκε φρένας. τοί δ' ἐξαπατῶντο,
Αὐτίκα δ' ἀχρεῖον γέλασας μάλα μύρια εἶπε
Ψευδέα, δεινὰ πέλωρα, τὰ κ' οὐ δύο ἄνδρε πίθοιντο
Ἀφραδέες περ ἔοντε, καὶ ἐκ Ῥάδλης γεγάωτε.
Ὡς δ' ὅτε τις χὴν λευκὸς, ὁδῷ ἐπὶ οἰκία ναίων,
Σίζει μαψιδίως, φίλον αὐχένα πρόσθε τάνυσσας,
Φῶτος ἐπεσσύμενος, ὁ δ' ἀρ' οὐκ ἔχετ', οὐδ' ἀλεγίζει.

Annoyed at my contradictions, which I am afraid were not always expressed with becoming reverence, Sewell was injudicious enough to warn me in my second

term of residence at Exeter against holding extreme opinions, with an intimation that the reputation of doing so would affect my prospects of a fellowship. Now my religious orthodoxy at that time was unimpeachable. It is true I used to absent myself from the parade communion that was held once a term because I thought the rule immoral; but I was a communicant at other times. I was, in fact, moderately High Church with scarcely a tinge of free-thinking, even after Sewell's lectures had stimulated me to read whatever he warned us against—Locke, and Jean Paul, and Froude's 'Nemesis of Faith.' Neither were my political opinions very dangerous. I had made my debut at the Union in my second term with a speech on Free Trade, which established my reputation; but in fact my belief in Free Trade was at that time almost my only point of contact with Liberals. In my second year, however, I had come more distinctly under the influence of F. D. Maurice, was a little captivated by Christian Socialism, and had just put up a motion advocating it at the Union. Sewell undoubtedly was shocked by this motion, which had amused the common-rooms and, I believe, frightened or incensed some of the Heads of Houses. In consequence of his warning I took counsel with C. E. Johnston, who said that if I thought my motion true I was bound to persist with it at all hazards. I agreed with him, and we had a spirited little debate, which ended, of course, in the defeat of the communists, of whom the present Lord Beauchamp, then Mr. Lygon, was one. From this time, however, I regarded myself as in the forlorn hope of Oxford Liberalism, took a keener interest in the Union debates, and got to associate more and more with a Union set of out-College men. Henry Boyd was almost the sole

Exeter man with whom I was really intimate till George Miller came into residence in my third year.

I had joined the Union while I was at Oriel. My first speech Lord Robert Cecil (now Lord Salisbury) characterised as one of 'extreme Liberal opinions,' but it led to my being put on the committee by the next president, Knatchbull-Hugessen (since Lord Brabourne). Having knocked about a good deal in the world, I have come to the conviction that English gentlemen are the worst raw material of speakers to be found anywhere. Over-critical for their powers of expression, and just enough educated to be aware that there are two sides of a question, they are perpetually hesitating what to say, and how adequately to express their thought. Therefore the value of a debating society to train young men for Parliament and the Bar can hardly be overrated; and though I do not suppose for a moment that such men as Lord Salisbury and Goschen owed much to the few speeches they made at the Union, I think they would be the first to admit that their training there was of service to them. Beyond this, the Union was of great value in bringing together the literary men of the different colleges, and making them acquainted with one another. It was to them what the University Boat Club and Cricket Club were to the men of athletic eminence. Nor was it altogether without use in originating subjects of thought. The Toryism of Oxford in my day, though very noticeable, was not all-pervading. I see that, in the first term of 1853, we unanimously condemned American slavery, which is more than London society would have done ten years later; we unanimously affirmed primogeniture; and a motion condemning Mr. Gladstone for joining the Whigs was only carried by 110 votes to 104. I should expect to

find primogeniture now less generally accepted as a law of nature in Conservative circles.

My connection with the Union had very nearly been fatal to my success in the schools. In 1851 I was treasurer, and F. Lygon (afterwards Lord Beauchamp), was president. Lygon quarrelled with the bookseller from whom we rented our rooms, and the bookseller revenged himself by raising our rent. The committee determined to side with the president, and as the matter was essentially a financial one, it fell to me to bring forward our proposal for changing to a house of our own. I carried the society with me, and then found myself saddled with the responsibility of financing the new move. So far as I remember, we had no reserve fund of any kind; and the problem, was to provide, within two months, three thousand pounds for our new house; and within six, at least eight hundred more for law expenses and furniture. Dr. Bliss, one of our trustees, advanced the whole of the purchase-money on mortgage, so that this difficulty was easily overcome. For what more we needed we issued a subscription list among old members of the society; and they responded sufficiently to tide us over the worst difficulties. Still, there was an awkward three weeks during which I had to sport oak against the Union duns. The inconvenience of this, however, was nothing to the increased demands which preparation for the coming changes made upon my time. I was obliged to be constantly attending committee meetings, seeing lawyers, or arranging for the fittings of our new house. I soon made up my mind that it would be better to leave Oxford for a term, and explained my position to my college tutor, Mr. Tweed, a gentleman with whom my relations were always of the pleasantest. He arranged

matters for me with the Rector and the rest of the teaching body; and I accordingly went out of residence for the Lent term of 1852. The transference of the Union to its new home was carried out happily in my absence, and has proved a complete success.

To me—though my father was very much dismayed at what I had done—the benefit was very great. I was relieved from college lectures, some of which, such as the course on the Thirty-nine Articles, would have been sheer waste of time; and, living with my brother John in London, I was able to work undisturbed under the guidance of Hyman, a scholar of rare excellence.

Hyman—the son of the painter Haydon's wife by a first husband—was a student of the unworldly, unbusiness-like type, that is becoming every day rarer. He had left Oxford, which would have been his natural home, as he was a fellow of Wadham, in consequence, I believe, of some mild sarcasms upon the warden or the college administration. Whatever Hyman said cannot have been ill-natured, and was probably not very pungent; but it may have been enough to make him feel out of place in the common-room for a time; and he accordingly drifted to London. There his incontestable talent soon procured him a connection with pupils, which might have been a very paying one. For Hyman it did no more in the best years than to put him thoroughly at his ease; because he habitually wasted time with his men by talking and telling good stories, and compensated by giving them an extra half-hour or hour. His library ought to have been very valuable, but he was an incorrigible Bohemian, and would ruin an *editio princeps* in ten volumes by tearing out any page which contained a note that might be useful to a pupil. He never, I think, took exercise; and his one

amusement was a large aviary which he had made out of the back part of his drawing-room. It did not improve the freshness of the atmosphere, as he disliked open windows. In spite of this one drawback, which we used to overcome by opening the windows whenever he went away for a moment, we all enjoyed working with him. Indeed it was difficult not to be infected by his enthusiasm, as he amused us with controversial passages from rival commentators, who had overwhelmed one another with learned Billingsgate. Of course he was not comparable as a teacher with such men as Bonamy Price and Brewer; but for the reasonably large class who can work for themselves, and do not need to be drilled in their daily tasks, it would have been difficult to find a more learned or suggestive companion in work.

When I returned to Oxford, after Easter 1852, I found that the management of the Union had passed into other hands, and that I was now well abreast of my work. Anyhow, I secured a Classical First pretty easily, as I afterwards learned, though against my own expectations, in the Michaelmas term. My best paper was in Latin prose, an accomplishment which I had failed signally to master throughout my career, and which I only succeeded in conquering at the very end of my time.

The pleasantest part of my University life was now beginning. It was in the summer term of 1852 that seven of us united to form a society for intellectual discussion. The idea, I think, originated with George Goschen, of Oriel, and Arthur Butler, of University, the first head-master of Haileybury. Charles Parker, of University, Henry N. Oxenham, of Balliol, George Brodrick, of Balliol, and W. Fremantle, of Balliol, were the other members besides myself. Winstanley,

of University, Henry Cunningham, of Trinity, since an Indian judge, and Stephen, of Queen's, now an Australian schoolmaster, were the other members during my time of residence. Poor Winstanley, whom I had known from when he was a boy of 12 years at Rugby, where he and I were the youngest and first in our class, unfortunately fell under the influence of Positivism, and was stimulated to think beyond his physical powers. Finally, he drowned himself in a fit of despondency, occasioned, I believe, by his appointment as High Sheriff of Leicestershire. Pleasanter friends than these no man could wish for. Our meetings were held, I think, once a month over wine; the procedure being that one of the party read an essay, and the meeting afterwards dissected it. We called ourselves at first the Essay Society, but when an irreverent world of undergraduates nicknamed us the 'Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society,' we adopted an esoteric title of 'The Wise and Good.' In spite of a little good-humoured chaff, our club was popular, and it was thought an honour to belong to it. With some vicissitudes, it lasted on for, I think, about fourteen years, having a yearly dinner in London, which was a very pleasant gathering of old friends, and brought us acquainted with the ablest of the young men.

It was, I think, about the same time that I became member of another society—what the Germans call a Tugend Bund. Our sole condition of membership was that each was to be 'engaged actively in some good work, or sincerely seeking to be so.' Our solitary rule was that we were not to meddle with theology. Our idea in associating was: (1) to emerge out of speculation into action; and (2) to be ready for combined work if an opportunity should offer. The society died noiselessly

before, I believe, any of the members could boast of being actively at work in any way, except preparing for a profession; but I think we have all lived up to the spirit of our rule. Curiously enough, almost all have entered active political life, though anyone who knew us at Oxford would probably have predicted that we should die professors, or heads of houses, or dignitaries of the Church. Secrecy was a rule of our association, and I shall not violate it by divulging the names of the brotherhood (*b*).

I have no doubt, in my own mind, that the only real advantage of Oxford as I knew it was in the opportunities it gave for social intercourse. Not only did I know about all the most distinguished of my contemporaries, but some of the most brilliant dons; in particular, Henry Smith (subsequently Savilian Professor of Geometry), and John Conington, the late Professor of Latin. Both were decided Liberals and brilliant talkers, and both stimulated the young men they mixed with to work for the nobler aims of life. The friends I made in Oxford have been staunch, with scarcely an exception, through life.

Incidentally, the circumstances under which I went up were advantageous to me. My income was so small—my father only allowing me 150*l*. a year—that, during my first year, I used to economise by only eating half rations at dinner, and to the last I never ate meat at breakfast or lunch. I am not sure that this asceticism was not carried too far for my health; it would have been better for me to take some exercise beside walking, and to live more generously. In fact, I broke down with torpid liver towards the end of my second year, and was only restored by a visit to the baths of Marienbad. But

the habit I acquired of keeping my appetite severely under control has been invaluable to me in later life (*c*).

It was also an advantage that I twice accompanied my sister to the German baths in the summers of 1849 and 1851. I got fond of the Continent, taught myself German, some Bohemian, Swedish, and Italian, and was fairly well versed in Schiller, Goethe, Dante, and Tegner before I took my degree. I was trained for the schools upon Kant's logic and ethics. Dante, on the other hand, proved fatal to me in an examination for the Hertford Scholarship, where I translated battlements by 'merulæ,' 'blackbirds,' from a reminiscence of 'merli' in the 'Inferno.' Considering the great tendency of Oxford at that time to believe that there was nothing worth knowing outside the limited circle of university standards, and my own disposition to catch the tone of my associates, I think any studies that transported me into a different region from that of English Philistinism were well worth the time spent on them. Happily, too, I got very little credit for them with the outside world, no one suspecting how hard I worked at German, and my friends generally regarding my divergencies into these exotic studies as highly unwise. Since I left Oxford I have never reverted to my Greek studies, while my facility in understanding modern languages has been a constant source of pleasure and profit to me.

CHAPTER VII

MEDICINE

GETTING a first-class in Oxford in 1852 by no means implied getting a fellowship. There were only two colleges, Oriel and Balliol, in which the fellowships were open, and of these Balliol was too well supplied with good men of its own to invite competition. On the other hand, while still an undergraduate, I was able to compete for an Exeter fellowship. Though I was beaten by Chitty, the Admirable Crichton of our undergraduate world, who I believe had been invited to stand, I was called in and complimented on the excellence of my papers. Altogether, then, I was bound not to lose sight of the chances of a fellowship, and also not to sacrifice my professional prospects to the remote contingency of getting one. By the time I got my First, my mind was fully made up what profession to choose. Admiration for my uncle Babington had long inclined me to the study of medicine. I had no wish for any other profession, except the Indian Civil Service, which was out of the question, at first, for want of interest, and then for want of health. I had scruples about taking Orders, and even more decided doubts—which I have never ceased to entertain—as to the morality of the legal profession. The self-evident fact that the better the advocate is the worse is the chance of justice being done, weighed irresistibly with me, and, without having read Bentham, I had

embraced his conclusions. I had no interest to help me into the English Civil Service, and no wish to remain in Oxford as a college lecturer or tutor. On the other hand, I was keenly anxious to learn something of physical science. Only those who have been trained for years on the dry husks of scholastic logic and metaphysics can appreciate how great may be the intellectual hunger for facts. Everything therefore conspired to drive me into the study of medicine. My father, who wished me to be a barrister, was disappointed, but said he could not argue against my scruples, and gave way.

As it was too late to enter a hospital after I had passed my examinations, I stayed up in Oxford for the next two terms, coaching three or four pupils and studying anatomy and physiology, with H. W. Acland's assistance, and chemistry under Neville Story Maskelyne. Fox, a Balliol man, and the son of a well-known lunacy doctor in Bristol, was my fellow-student. Acland, though a suggestive and elegant lecturer, had no time to give us any real instruction, but turned us loose into the Christ Church Museum, with directions to study the preparations, and with a cupboard full of unarticulated human bones to assist us in practical anatomy. Unluckily, our only text-book was a popular handbook of comparative anatomy, by Agassiz, and this dealt in the most summary manner with the human skeleton. Altogether we learned no more about the bones of the human body in those four months than an ordinary 'grinder' would have taught us in a fortnight; but we learnt something about first principles and analogies, which is not commonly taught in the medical class-room. Our chemical teaching was of the same sort. Maskelyne liked talking to us, and encouraged us to spend long

hours in the laboratory discussing the first principles of chemistry, and now and again took us through an instructive course of analysis. Probably we gained more than we lost under the system, which gave us a good grounding on which we could build afterwards; but we could not have passed the commonest examination paper upon this training. I am bound to add, however, that I at least have always been a slow worker, and must, under any circumstances, have wasted a good deal of time over the beginnings of a new study.

My long vacation of 1853 was spent pleasantly enough in Germany, where I stayed for two or three weeks at Meissen, with G. J. Goschen and Bright (of University), and then accompanied my sister to Teplitz. When I look back on Germany as I knew it, between 1849 and 1853, I am forcibly struck with the great change for good that has been effected within a generation. Austria was like a debtors' prison, general insolvency and restraint being its chief features. We had bank-notes for three kreuzers, if I remember right, and tore them in half when smaller change was required. No one could travel by diligence without a special permit from the police. At every inn where a traveller stopped for the night he had to exhibit his passport, and to answer in writing a series of questions as to his nationality, birthplace, age, antecedents, motive in travelling, place of destination, and so on. I remember a simple-minded Bohemian landlady once discoursed to me on the virtues of this system, by which a rogue was pulled up at the very first place he came to. I suggested that it was just possible a rogue would give a false account of himself; but my remark was badly received, and I am sure suggested doubts as to my own respect-

ability. The absurd part of this system was that it was not only mischievous but useless. Government could not pay the host of officials required to carry it out properly, and they were undisguisedly venal. The regular practice in the forties was to put a small note—say, for three florins—between the folds of your passport, and you were at once passed on without examination. Besides this, it was impossible to investigate the antecedents of every traveller. A Polish revolutionist told me that he traversed Poland and Germany without a passport, while the police were looking for him, by giving himself out as a travelling mechanic. Once or twice he was locked up for a day or two, but was always released with a caution not to show himself again till he had got a permit. Mazzini, the man of all others whom the Austrian police would have liked to lay hands on, used to visit Austria and Italy whenever he pleased—sometimes, I believe, in the disguise of a High Church Anglican rector—and invariably baffled the police, even when they knew the train he was to travel by.

On leaving Teplitz I proceeded to join Fox in Edinburgh, where we purposed spending our first medical session, that we might attend the lectures of Professor John Goodsir. As, however, the Edinburgh session did not at that time begin till November 1, we spent most of October in preparing for work, especially doing chemical analysis under that gentlest and brightest of students, Wilson. We knew no one, lived in perfect seclusion, and had to keep the Scotch Sabbath in the strictest Judaical form, our landlord refusing to cook on that day for us. Suddenly a letter came from Acland telling us that we must both shift to St. George's, London, as Goodsir was too ill to lecture that year in

Edinburgh, and that I must come up instantly to stand for a fellowship at All Souls. The fellowships at All Souls were then confined to 'well-born, well-dressed, and moderately-learned' candidates, and the college was practically a club for young men of good family who had shown or were believed to possess some aptitude for work. Among my own friends Mr. Lygon had just been elected, and George Boyle, one of the most cultivated men of his time, had been steadily rejected, on the ground, I believe, that he was thought oppressively intellectual. However, the University Commission was then threatening reform; it was supposed that the fellows of All Souls would try to propitiate public opinion by electing to one or two vacancies from the honours list. Acland was prepared to back me with his strong family interest; and it was a question, I believe, if the college was not bound to elect a man who professed his readiness to study medicine. Altogether, therefore, my chances were good.

Unluckily, when I came to examine the statutes to which I should have to swear, I found that they prescribed residence in the strictest manner, instancing the serious illness of a father as one of the typical reasons for which alone absence from All Souls might be permitted. It is characteristic of the Oxford of that day that out of forty fellows scarcely one was in residence, or ever came near the college except at the November meeting. I asked Acland how he had prevailed on himself to take the oath. He replied that he had felt scruples, and had consulted Dean Gaisford, of Christ Church, who addressed him in this fashion: 'Well, Acland, your father was a fellow of All Souls, and your eldest brother was a fellow of All Souls, and A. and B. and C., whom you know and respect,

were all fellows; and none of them felt themselves hampered by this scruple. And if you think it necessary to entertain doubts where they didn't, all I can say is that I think you must be a very conceited young fellow.' To a man of Acland's loyal mind this argument from authority was sufficient, if not conclusive. I was absolutely unconvinced, but agreed not to decide till I had consulted Richards, the Rector of Exeter. Richards considered the case very carefully, and talked it over with me in the kindest manner, concluding that he could not possibly recommend me to take an oath which I did not intend to keep literally. He instanced a case he had known where a man breaking an oath taken in the lax fashion of those days had afterwards been haunted by an undying remorse. I accordingly wrote to the Warden to mention that I found I could not comply with the obligation of residence imposed by the statutes, and to withdraw my testimonials.

The next five months were spent at St. George's Hospital. I dissected a good deal, and liked it, and worked chemistry under Hofmann and Crookes in the London School of Mines, or what did duty for it. I came little into contact with Hofmann, but the little I saw of him gave me a great impression of his ability as a teacher. In the Easter of 1854 there was an election to two fellowships at Oriel, and I was among the successful competitors. I have always in later life thought it a misfortune that the tenure of lay fellowships was changed soon after I was elected from a seven years' to a life tenure. Except for the secure income, I must have taken life more seriously than I ever did, and have devoted myself to some money-making pursuit which would have given me real independence. As it was, I had to break off my studies in

London in order to keep a year of residence in Oxford. My first term was not absolutely wasted, as Acland made me his clinical clerk at the Radcliffe Infirmary, and I thus picked up a little practical medicine.

Then came the Long Vacation, and I agreed to go on a reading party with Arthur Butler into the heart of Connemara. I had been out of health for some time, and at Maam I got a severe attack of pleurisy. While still suffering from this, and practically doctoring myself, we were told that we must move instantly, as all the furniture in the house was about to be seized under a distraint. I was put on a pony, and rode to the Killeries, where I took instantly to my bed, was nursed by a rough process-server, who handled me as tenderly as a woman. Latterly I was visited—I cannot say treated—by a gentleman who was acting as family physician to the Plunkets, and who very kindly rode over to see what he could do for me. By that time I was almost at death's door. I had sent for medicine to Cliefden, the nearest town, and the driver had come back with many apologies for forgetting my commission, and an assurance that he would be more careful next week. Dr. ——, I suppose, saw how serious my case had become, and was afraid to treat me himself. He sent me as soon as I could bear the journey to Dublin, Arthur Butler nursing me on the way, and my brother John giving up his practice in London to meet me there. I still remember Sir Henry Marsh's start when he first examined my chest. The heart was quite pushed round to the right side, and my state of weakness was such that I believe he had very little hope of saving me. However, I soon recovered enough to drive out in the Phœnix Park, and was presently able to bear transportation to England.

I could not, however, go back to Oxford in the October

term, and wintered at Clifton, where my family were, my father having by this time resigned his church at Tunbridge Wells. I was still a wretched invalid even when Christmas came, and could only walk out now and then when the sun was out; but my Christmas at Clifton was among the brightest times of my life. Lydia Parry (now Mrs. Lloyd Evans) was constantly in the house. Grant Duff stayed with us for a week or two, reading Dante, and making himself generally pleasant, and a Cambridge friend was there part of the time. The latter, I remember, electrified our quiet family circle the first time he dined with us by a perfect explosion of free-thinking fireworks. Luckily my father was not present; but great was the scandal that redounded upon me, as I, who knew nothing of my friend's change, had assured everyone that he was a sound evangelical. Miss Parry used to inquire suggestively if I had any more evangelical friends of the same description. Probably he said nothing that has not now passed into commonplace.

Though still unfitted to bear the cold of Oxford, I went into residence again in the Lent term of 1855, for fear my year of residence might else be extended. The Aclands offered to take me into their house, Mrs. Acland to nurse me; but I did not like to accept the offer, though I have never ceased to remember it. As I look back it seems one of the smallest items in the debt of gratitude I owe them. From this time dates my real intimacy at their house. I had known Acland familiarly enough before as his pupil and clinical clerk, and as his veneration for my uncle Babington was almost as great as my own, our relations had been very cordial and frank. Mrs. Acland, however, was not a woman to be easily known. She was naturally reserved, from modesty, from the austere habit of a

Puritan bringing-up, from a strong will that kept every word and act in control, and perhaps also from an unconscious jealousy of tenderness, which dedicated whatever was best in her to those she loved, and would not squander it upon strangers. I am sure many who knew her for years never dreamed how rare and how severely trained her intellectual powers were. She could follow Dante's sonnets by ear, translating them as they were read out to her; knew some Greek, and was thoroughly at home in the last results of metaphysical thought or political economy; a dangerous disputer if she was roused to controversy; an admirable counsellor if the aid of her clear judgment was invoked. The contrast of her serene cheerfulness, calm strength, and scientific habit of thought with her husband's impulsive nature, generally cheerful as a child, but easily chafed and depressed, and with his manifold artistic and other sympathies, was very interesting and admirable. Their only divergence was in matters of art. Mrs. Acland had no real enjoyment of pictures or architecture. Even here, however, they had a point of union in music. Mrs. Acland was a highly trained pianist, though she experienced great difficulty, as she told me, in overcoming an imperfect sense of time, and had a sweet, clear voice. In general, each completed the other. Acland forced his wife into society—which she gradually came to enjoy—and she ordered the household sympathetically so as not to clash with his irregular wants, trained the children during their early years, and counselled him wisely and well in all difficulties. Both were profoundly religious, each having been trained in the best Anglican school of the days before Puseyism and Ritualism, and each having gradually acquired a wider range of spiritual vision from intercourse with the

good in every shade of belief or unbelief. She, I think, had wandered less from the old paths than he, and yet was less startled than he at the doubts or unbelief of her friends.

As my year of residence drew to an end, it was necessary for me to decide whether I would resume my medical studies in London. Acland, G. Babington, and Dr. Latham, whom I consulted specially, all assured me that there was no chance of my ever being able to bear the fatigues and exposure of a medical life. Acland wished me to devote myself to the scientific side of medicine; but I had never felt in the least drawn towards physiology, the branch he wished me to embrace. I am certain, too, that my defective sight would always have hindered me from attaining any real eminence in it, as I could not have used a microscope properly. Just about this time the Council of King's College, London, advertised for a lecturer in English Language and Literature. I applied for the post, and easily got it (in Easter, 1855) as the pay was extremely small. Within a term a new arrangement of the work was made. Brewer, under whom I had been lecturer, took the whole teaching of English into his own hands, and I was made Professor of Modern History in the place of Dasent, who had resigned.

CHAPTER VIII

LECTURES AND LITERATURE

I WAS nine years altogether lecturer and professor at King's College. My salary, which depended on fees, barely averaged two hundred a year; but the work was light—only eight hours a week for thirty weeks of the year—and I was completely free to do what was good in my own eyes. With Brewer, who was my colleague, I never had any real difference of opinion, and Dr. Jelf steadily supported his staff against the Council on the rare occasions when that body was disposed to interfere. I found my class at first in a high state of disorder. Dasent had been unduly gentle with them, and Hyman, my old tutor, who had succeeded Brewer as Classical Lecturer, was an active element of demoralisation. He joked with the students in such a way as to destroy all respect for his authority, and literally advised those who did not wish to attend to his lectures to sit on the back benches. It was necessary, after no long time, to ask Hyman to resign, and he acquiesced in the decision with the most perfect good humour. 'Nobody ever does respect me, Dr. Jelf,' he said; 'even my old cat doesn't respect me.'

Happily for me, the rest of my colleagues were good disciplinarians; and though the Students' Magazine represented me as King Stork succeeding to King Log, I think the men generally were glad to be held in with a firm hand. Better workers no teacher could wish for.

We got the reputation of killing them by overwork—and I am afraid, in one or two instances, an emulous or delicate student really died of excessive mental strain; but less preparation was demanded than at Oxford or Cambridge. Latterly I was on the look-out for the signs of breaking down, and often cautioned a willing man to take rest. Wace, Clifford, and Izon (now in the Indian Civil Service) were among the ablest of my pupils. I soon found at King's College, as I have found everywhere, that it is impossible to command the attention of a class in history by reproducing the work of others or even one's own old work. The student will always go to a good book in preference to anything but a good lecture. Accordingly I know no work which demands such incessant toil as lecturing on history. A professor of mathematics has intervals while the class is working problems; a professor of classics can set his men to construe; a professor of English literature can occupy time with selected passages; but a professor of history must go over the same ground as Hallam or Macaulay, giving something new at every turn, or he will not be listened to. Dr. Jelf told me, when I left King's College, that he thought I had always taken my work too seriously. I do not think he would have said so if he had lectured on history for a year.

One advantage at least I had at King's College which I did not appreciate till long afterwards. My pupils were not taking notes only with a view to what would pay in some external examination. Later on, at Cambridge, I found that every pen was idle in an instant if I digressed to any topic that was not likely to be questioned about in the schools. Just before I was leaving it, I met one of my late pupils at a dinner-party, and he referred to a lecture I had given on Cervantes as one that had interested

him very much. 'I am glad you say so,' was my reply, 'I took a good deal of pains with it; but I noticed that no one seemed to take notes.' 'Oh, no,' was the immediate answer, 'it was certain not to be wanted in the schools.' Stubbs told me that he had precisely the same experience in Oxford; and that he believed Goldwin Smith's resignation had been accelerated by his disgust at finding his lectures were only valued so long as they bore upon the class-list.

Comparatively severe as my work at King's College was, it left me some time for independent literary labour; and, in 1856, I commenced work for the Press by writing for the 'Saturday Review,' which had just then established itself. Grant Duff brought me the first proposal to contribute. My second article—a review of Miss Strickland's 'Life of Mary, Queen of Scots'—attracted the warm commendation of Sir James Stephen, and Maine, and established my connection with the paper. My articles, however, were of very unequal value; and while the editor was always anxious to retain me as a contributor, he soon abandoned his first idea, which, indeed, I myself never entertained, of getting me to write two articles a week. Any literary article that I proposed myself he was pretty certain to accept. For the rest, he generally sent me any books that came to him in the less familiar modern languages—Swedish, Portuguese, or Spanish—and a certain proportion of English works on history.

John Douglas Cook was a very remarkable character in his way. He came, I believe, from Aberdeen, and was fond of telling a romantic story that he had been ruined by indigo-planting in India, that Lord William Bentinck had burst into tears on seeing him when he came back from the country to Calcutta, that he had worked his way back

before the mast, and had lived for some time in a London garret, sending articles to the 'Times' in the hope that they would be inserted, till, at last, the editor was pleased with one, and enrolled Cook in his staff. The real facts, I believe, are that he had been in India, and had afterwards worked as reporter for the 'Times,' from which office he was recommended to Sidney Herbert as a useful man for electioneering purposes. He was finally established by the Peelite party as editor of the 'Morning Chronicle.' His editorship was a financial failure, through causes for which he was not responsible; but established his reputation as a good business-man, and gave him a connection with a number of the ablest young men at the Universities. When the 'Morning Chronicle' was sold, Cook persuaded Mr. Beresford Hope to establish a weekly paper, and became its editor, with a small share in it. The one difficulty in the way of the undertaking was that Mr. Beresford Hope was Conservative and High Church, while at that time almost every young man of ability was a strong Liberal. Cook's character enabled him to overcome this embarrassment. He kept the paper as much as possible out of theological controversy; employed the Liberals to write on the matters where they were most Conservative, and the Conservatives on topics which they would treat liberally. For the rest, he had the art of explaining offending articles away in a confidential manner to whichever side was annoyed at them. It required great editorial tact to pursue this course, as Cook did for years, without actually provoking an explosion; but he was equal to every emergency.

Among his Conservative writers, W. Scott, a clergyman, was allowed, I remember, to attack the Puritan Sabbath, and thus gratified the Liberal allies of the paper as well

as its Puseyite supporters. Lord Robert Cecil practised epigrams against Palmerston and Russell. Maine, on the other hand, was enlisted on behalf of the East India Company against the Liberal plan for subjecting India to the Crown: and Venables, who then passed as a quasi-Liberal, was allowed to launch two articles on Foreign Policy, which, under cover of hostility to Louis Napoleon, steadily assailed the emancipation of Italy. Vernon Harcourt, who commenced his political career at that time, was another convenient writer of leading articles —imperious where his own whims were concerned, but easily flexible otherwise. Other writers were T. C. Sandars, who created the so-called middle article—the essay on social topics; Fitz-James Stephen, who at first wrote middle articles chiefly, but soon worked himself into consummate efficiency in every style; Goldwin Smith, who I think only wrote once; Henry Cunningham, good at witty sub-leaders and tasteful reviews; Grant Duff, who took most interest, I think, in foreign topics; Whitley Stokes, who was great in philology; Freeman, who took history, especially English history; and, latterly, Bowen (afterwards Lord Bowen), who wrote much in the same style as Cunningham. The paper was certainly very lucky in the time in which it appeared, and in the men it attracted. Except the 'Times,' there was no real competitor of any ability in the London Press. The 'Spectator' was then at its lowest ebb, the 'Examiner' declining. A free-thinking weekly, the 'Leader,' edited by Thornton Hunt and G. H. Lewes, was the only paper that showed original power, and this, from its unpopular bias, had no circulation. It took ten thousand pounds to establish the 'Saturday Review,' but after the first year it paid handsomely.

Through the 'Saturday Review' I became connected, in 1858, with the 'Continental Review,' of which T. C. Sandars was editor. I never quite knew the inner history of that paper, but I believe it was partly established by foreign Liberals who wished to see their views adequately represented in England, and could not agree on a common policy when the Italian question came up in 1859. The paper accordingly collapsed, after a brief but not undistinguished existence. I wrote a series of letters on Russia for it, which were the fruit of a summer's excursion in that country in 1858. Sandars afterwards persuaded me to publish them separately. The little volume, 'Russia, by a Recent Traveller,' did not pay its expenses, but did me some literary service in the small circle interested in such matters. Herzen, who was the chief of the Russian emigration, reviewed it favourably in the 'Kolokol,' and sought my acquaintance. Through him I knew Ogaroff, who afterwards combated my views of Russia in a small volume of letters—'Lettres à un Anglais'—intended to defend the applicability of Socialism under the form of the village commune to Russia.

During 1859 I withdrew altogether from the 'Saturday Review,' finding myself quite out of sympathy with it on the subject of Italian politics, and disliking its tone of purely negative criticism very much. I employed my time upon a 'Handbook of English History during the Early and Middle Ages.' My ambition was to write a manual for such students as I had under me at King's College, and to popularise the results of scientific research. I used my own reading rather to give freshness and colouring, than to reconstruct history. Unluckily, my book was a little over the heads of students, and just original enough

to challenge criticism on its own merits. A favourable review in the 'Times' pushed it into notice, and I was placed by a hasty production, and tried by a standard for which I had not competed. The immediate effect was to give me a reputation I did not deserve. Later on, of course, the imperfections of my work told against me, and were imputed to the more careful labours of my latter days. On main points, however, my belief has never been shaken, and I am convinced that the extravagant Saxonism of the present school will be swept away by coming historians as ruthlessly as Thierry's first romantic version of that particular theory has already been.

In 1861, just as my volume on English history was approaching conclusion, I got mixed up in the only political demonstration I ever took part in in England. A body of fanatics, known as the Protestant Alliance, petitioned Lord Palmerston to remove a Catholic convert, Mr. Turnbull, from the Record Office, on the ground that he was likely to destroy evidence against Catholicism. Brewer asked me to fight the matter, and I renewed my connection with the 'Saturday Review' to denounce this violent act of persecution. I invited signatures through the press to a memorial petitioning Lord Palmerston not to accept Mr. Turnbull's resignation. We got 800 very respectable names in the three or four days to which their acceptance was limited; and I went up with a deputation, comprising James Martineau, Froude, E. H. Plumptre, and Brewer, which was introduced to the Premier by Lord Normanby. Lord Palmerston declined to comply with our request. The 'Times' ostensibly supported him, while it assisted us privately by giving all possible prominence to letters supporting our side; but Lord Stanley,

who took the matter up in the Lords, was beaten in a division. I am glad to think, however, that our agitation did good. The feeling evoked against the Protestant Alliance was so strong that I was told the secretary said he would never attack an individual again. At this date it is scarcely possible to imagine any body of men demanding a resignation for such a cause, or any political chief consenting to accept it.

My friendly relations with the 'Saturday Review' soon ceased. In the article I wrote on the Turnbull affair I had noticed that a casual hit at the bishops for censuring 'Essays and Reviews' was suppressed. Presently it appeared that the High Churchmen in the 'Review,' backed, of course, by its chief proprietor, had insisted that the 'Saturday' was not to support Jowett and his colleagues. This treason to free thought exasperated those who had condoned the journal's reactionary tone upon foreign politics, and a number of us met to discuss the propriety of establishing a rival review in the Liberal interest. Stephen, Grant Duff, Brodrick, Cunningham, Bowen, and myself, were the chief confederates, Goschen was willing to join, and we understood that Sandars would take the editorship if it were offered to him on liberal terms. All depended on this, for he was the only one of us who was generally trusted for such a part. Stephen, I think, was dreaded as crotchety; and I, who stood next in literary status, and who was talked of as literary editor, had never so much as written a political article. We got so far as to see our way to raising the capital, and were in negotiation with a leading firm of publishers. Then we wrote to Sandars asking if he would accept the editorship. Grant Duff and I were the ambassadors. To our surprise, Sandars replied that he had

resolved to devote himself to original work, and could only thank us for our extremely flattering offer. I have never doubted that Cook, knowing what was on foot, had prevailed on Sandars to decline. It is needless to say that he never produced any original work, and has frittered his sterling ability away upon sub-leaders. Perhaps it is questionable if he could ever have brought himself, as editor, to endure the unremitting toil which the control of an important journal demands.

It now became an object with me to open up a connection with some other journal. During the course of our deliberations about journal founding we had sounded the editors and joint proprietors of the 'Spectator,' Townsend and Hutton, to see if we could combine with them; but they had, naturally enough, declined to surrender any portion of their control over the paper. I now wrote to them proposing that I should become a contributor, and for nearly a year wrote an article a week, chiefly reviews of books. Some of these represent, I think, my best literary work, and did a good deal to maintain my place in London. I also contributed some fugitive pieces of poetry. They were, however, overshadowed by two or three of Swinburne's, which first saw the light in the 'Spectator.' I came more successfully into competition with Swinburne as a reviewer of Victor Hugo. I took the first part of 'Les Misérables,' he the second. My praise was much more jealously measured out; but Victor Hugo himself preferred my article, ascertained from Louis Blanc that I was the author, and wrote to thank me for it.

In 1862 I was asked if I would take the editorship of the 'National Review,' which Hutton had just resigned. He and Grant Duff recommended me for the post, and I

indiscreetly accepted it, partly because I did not thoroughly understand the difficulties of the situation. Although not professedly an organ of Unitarian views, the 'National Review' had been founded by James Martineau and a few of his friends who disliked the tone of the 'Westminster Review' as too negative. Under the brilliant editorship of Hutton and Bagehot the 'Review' rose to a circulation of about 1,500 in England and America, and was able to pay its way. When the American war broke out the American sale stopped altogether, and the editors had to fall back upon the founders of the 'Review' for support. This was forthcoming, but could only be looked upon as a temporary expedient. It was resolved accordingly to enlarge the basis of the journal, and to admit articles by liberal Churchmen, in which the truths of Christianity should be assumed. Hutton, however, who had long wished to break off his connection with the 'Review,' now definitely resigned. The intense conviction with which he held the doctrine of the Incarnation made even a neutral position on that point distasteful to him, and he chafed under the pecuniary obligation to a Unitarian benefactor, whose views could not be represented in the 'Review.' I saw no insurmountable difficulty in the situation. I could not have worked a Unitarian review; but the idea of inviting impartial criticism and discussion from men of all opinions appeared thoroughly satisfactory. I was reasonably confident that I could enlist several of the more liberal Anglicans in the service of the 'Review.'

I soon found, however, that the change, which had seemed easy in editorial councils, was in practice extremely difficult. Martineau and Bagehot were the only representatives of the old order who approved of the

transformation. The genuine Unitarian *clientèle* found the articles by 'liberal parsons'—as W. R. Greg contemptuously called them—as distasteful as the Nicene Creed itself. On the other hand, the Anglican reviews, which had treated the 'National' in its old days, when it was an avowed opponent, with great courtesy, declared open war against it. The liberal clergy who wrote for us, in fact, found the flaws in Church armour more readily than outsiders could have done. Still, we were not the worse for being attacked, and Bagehot, who was joint editor with me, told me that he thought the second number of the 'Review' under my editorship the best that had ever appeared. He, however, considered that we ought to have two theological articles in every number. I, on the other hand, thought—and I found the publisher agreed with me—that theology was the dead weight against which the 'Review' had to struggle, and that one article at a time was all it could bear. Putting everything together, the extreme awkwardness of drawing money from men who disliked our programme, the difficulty of enforcing neutrality upon contributors without making their articles colourless, and the degree in which all this would be intensified if we doubled the quantum of theology, I determined to resign the editorship. My connection with the 'Review' lasted altogether a year (July 1862 to July 1863).

CHAPTER IX

TRAVEL AND SOCIETY

Not being tied by professional work of any kind during the summer months, I used to spend my long vacations in travelling or staying about, mostly on the Continent. I passed part of two summers—1856–1857—in French families, making very pleasant experiences on each occasion. In 1856 I was fortunate enough to be received into the family of Pastor Audebez, whose daughters kept a ladies' school. They were spending the summer holidays in Normandy with two of the pupils. Mdlle. Sophie Audebez, the elder of the daughters (now Mrs. Cook) was pretty, clever, and lively, and one of the pupils, Miss de Guaita (a German young lady connected with the Bremtam family, and now Mdme. Beromz), was equally charming in her own way. I was not the only boarder, Edwin Trevilian, an Oxford contemporary, coming to join the little circle soon after I arrived. It was fortunate we had resources in ourselves, for, as Protestants, we were quite isolated in Alençon, and scarcely knew a person outside our own doors. 'Only think of those poor young men,' said Miss Portal, who had given us letters of introduction, but who never anticipated that we should be allowed to domesticate ourselves with the family. It ended, however, in our both making firm friendships with it. Till I left England, on my first visit to Australia, I saw its members every year regularly when I went to Paris, or when one of them came to London, and this

though they were far from satisfied with my principles. 'Malheureusement il n'est pas chrétien,' said the Pastor to Ambrose Short, after praising me warmly for some supposed good qualities. The last time I saw him was in 1871, when he came to London after the siege of Paris. Although over seventy, he had insisted on staying through the siege in order to share its privations with his people; and though I am certain his regular income must have been sorely reduced, I could not induce him to take money from me except for the poor of his congregation. We embraced in thoroughly French fashion at this farewell meeting. He must by this time be dead, and no doubt his family are scattered in every direction.

In 1857 I got admission into the family of a French banker, M. Blanchon, at Blois. Ainslie Grant Duff went with me as a pupil, and we found a young Sandeman, a Woolwich cadet, in the house, as well as a young Southern planter, Arnold van den Horst. Of course there were no daughters in the Blanchon family, or we should not have been allowed inside it, as it was Catholic. Mdme. Blanchon was a lively, pretty woman, fond of dress and society, and we spent our afternoons in excursions and picnics, and our evenings in cards, dancing, and so-called 'society games.' Among the visitors at Blois that summer were the Comtesse d'Hozier, with her daughter Vicomtesse de Valbes, and that lady's little boy Charles de Valbes. I became very intimate with these ladies, and often visited them in Paris. They were very poor, but that did not hinder them from seeing society in the Faubourg St. Germain; and I thus got a glimpse of that curious Legitimist society which contrasts so wonderfully with France as it is. I remember once hearing a discussion on a gas explosion in a church,

the moral drawn from which was that it was a just judgment on the introduction of a scientific invention into the asylum of faith. On another occasion Mdme. de Valbes wrote to me, at the request of a friend, to get her a piece of the cord with which a man had been hanged, that it might be used as a charm against epilepsy. However, when all shortcomings have been allowed for, there was something very charming in the manners and tone of that little set; and I may say of them, as of my French friends generally, that I have found them as truthful and loyal as Englishmen.

In 1858 I persuaded H. Boyd to travel into Russia with me, I pledging myself to act as interpreter. It was difficult at that time to find a teacher of Russian in London, but through my bookseller (D. Nutt) I succeeded in securing the services of a Pole, Abicht. He had been mixed up in some conspiracy; and was finally hanged in the war of 1863 on the denunciation of a Jewish waiter. Abicht would have been a Nihilist at the present day. 'Three hundred thousand heads,' he once said, 'must fall, and then Poland will be free and happy.' I asked if that exact number was indispensable, and he assured me it was; the whole of the Polish nobility in particular were to be exterminated. Oddly enough, when I heard of Abicht's fate, the narrative was accompanied with a warm panegyric on him from Zamoiski.

As Boyd could only be absent six weeks from England, I went to St. Petersburg by myself, with letters of introduction to several mercantile houses, and one to Professor Kaveline, a gentleman of charming manners, who gave me the first glimpse of the new spirit that had awakened in Russia. When Boyd came out we went to Tver, took a steamer down the Volga to Kazan, and returned

by way of Vladimir to Moscow. There was a good deal of soreness of feeling against England at that time in Russia, but, as a rule, we found our fellow-travellers abundantly pleasant and sociable. Boyd's sketches attracted a great deal of attention, and served in several cases as an introduction. But, in fact, every one seemed eager to talk and to discuss serf-emancipation and the new reforms that were just entered on. Anything more different from the Russia described in de Custine's famous romance could not be conceived. Yet I imagine I should find the Russia of to-day perfectly changed. Tourgenief's novels give me the idea of a growing and powerful middle class where I saw only wealthy tradesmen and peasants.

In 1859 I arranged to go with my cousin Arthur Puller to Homburg, one or both of us having been ordered to drink the waters. I had intended when my course was over to make my way to the seat of war, and, if possible, follow the movements of Garibaldi, to whom I had a letter of introduction. Solferino and the peace interfered with this plan, and as Arthur had left me, to visit German cousins in Mecklenburg, I decided to go into Hungary, which I had long wished to see. At Vienna I met Edwin Trevilian, completely metamorphosed by residence on the Continent from a raw Winchester schoolboy into a cultivated man of the world and an excellent linguist. He agreed to accompany me, and we travelled through Hungary and Servia together, returning up by the Saave, and working by Agram and Laibach into Italy. The few days we spent in Servia were an experience of the most novel kind. The country was absolutely uncivilised—without roads, an upper or middle class, commerce, or education. The Turks, before they

allowed the country to become practically autonomous, had ruined all the cities, destroyed the better part of the population, and left behind them only memories of oppression and anarchy. We were assured that Turkish soldiers, going across country to join their regiments, had been accustomed to live at free quarters, and to indulge in the last license of conquerors with the women who fell in their way. At the time we were there the Turks still kept garrisons, which were a source of constant uneasiness, in three frontier towns, forbade a bank to be established, and opposed the formation of railways. The people, however, were increasing in numbers, and had achieved a fair measure of solid prosperity. Milosch, who was then in power, kept the roads safe by impaling highwaymen.

At Kragujevatz, the official capital, which was much less imposing than a border township of 400 or 500 inhabitants in America or Australia would be, we were fortunate enough to meet with two officers, one of whom had been educated in Belgium and the other at Berlin. Through their courtesy we saw all that was to be seen in Kragujevatz, consisting, I think, of some earthworks thrown up by the militia, which was just then being exercised. Also we collected a good deal of information about the country. Later on, when the Princess of Servia came over to London to interest Lord Palmerston in her country, I saw something of two of her agents—the Senator Christitch, and a journalist, Yovanovitch. I make no doubt beds and chairs have been by this time introduced along the great highways of travel in Servia. We slept in our clothes on a raised daïs, were glad if we could get a bench to sit upon, and travelled in a waggon stuffed with hay to avoid jolts. The food was equally primitive. It was impossible to get milk, the butter (so called) was

transitional between curds and cheese, and the best drink of the country was water poured on conserve of roses.

The next year, my travels took a narrower range. In 1860 I visited the south of Ireland—Killarney, Bantry, and the Blackwater—examining a number of the famous Round Towers, and inquiring by the way into the state of the peasantry. In 1861 I spent a few weeks at Florence, studying Italian, and spending part of every day in the picture-galleries. As I could not get admitted into an Italian family, my progress in Italian never made me really fluent in conversation. I left Florence because I found myself perishing there by a sort of euthanasia. I had no visible signs of illness, but I quite lost my appetite, almost ceasing to eat, and was tired by the slightest exertion. The sea-voyage from Leghorn to Marseilles completely restored me. Among my shipmates part of the way was a young Garibaldian, who had served in Sicily. He spoke with the deepest religious enthusiasm of his leader and his cause. In the summer of 1862 I travelled in Norway, Boyd accompanying me part of the time and sketching, while I translated for him as I had done in Russia. We were both of us enchanted with the country and people. In the winter of that year I joined Colonel and Mrs. Evans at Rome, where I spent three of the most perfect weeks of my life, enjoying their society and devoting myself every day to sight-seeing. It seems to me that such days reflect brightness and colour over one's whole life.

My connection with King's College seemed likely to close at one time during this period. In 1860, when the orthodox party were everywhere assailing the authors of 'Essays and Reviews,' because they remained in the Church of England enjoying its preferments, I thought it

my duty to write to Dr. Jelf, telling him that I held Jowett's views on Biblical inspiration, and that I was supporting them in the press. I said I had no intention of ever concealing my opinions, but would resign my professorship without noise or publicity if he desired it, so that the college might avoid such another scandal as had attended the retirement of Maurice. Dr. Jelf replied, saying that he thought I was entitled as a layman to great latitude of opinion, that he would not accept my resignation, and that he was prepared to take his chance of anything I might publish. I may add here, that, at the time I was elected lecturer at King's College, the last circumstance by which Dr. Jelf can have remembered my name, was that I had come forward with Fitz-James Stephen, as secretary, to get up a testimonial to Maurice. I am not prepared to say that Dr. Jelf did not now and again allow his better judgment to be overpowered by the narrow zeal of the men with whom he acted. What I am certain of is, that his instincts were always those of a high-minded gentleman. No man more bitterly regretted than he the circumstances under which Maurice parted from King's College ; and I know he was never happy till they had shaken hands.

My weak health kept me very much out of society when I first settled in London, and I never had a large general acquaintance. I was fortunate, however, in knowing some men of very great ability. Lord Macaulay was one of these. I was introduced to him by my uncle George Babington, who was his first cousin, and whom he spoke of with great warmth and tenderness. I was invited to come and talk with him any afternoon I liked, and my visits sometimes extended over two hours. I found the common joke against Macaulay—that he allowed

no one to speak but himself—ridiculously untrue in our conversations. He insisted on my taking part, and never interrupted or bore me down, though his answers were often rhetorically vehement. With the exception of Professor Conington, I have never known anyone who had such a memory as Macaulay. He seemed to know the Bible and the leading classical authors by heart. Once, I remember, when we were discussing how far Christian morality was anticipated in Pagan authors, I quoted the thirteenth satire of Juvenal, as an instance in which a heathen had advocated forgiveness of injuries. Macaulay at once repeated the passage, and denied indignantly that the satirist's sentiment was Christian. 'It is what I have often felt myself,' he said, 'that I could safely leave a man I disliked to the punishment of his own character; but it isn't that I forgave him, or didn't solace myself with the idea that he would ultimately be punished.' In the discussions on modern literature I remember he expressed a very unfavourable opinion of Buckle, who, as he said, generalised most wildly; arguing, for instance, as if the Bengalee, who lives in a country as flat as Holland, were appalled and enervated by the height of the Himalayas. Another topic that afforded him great amusement was Miss Martineau's theory of religion, as developed in the correspondence with Mr. Atkinson. I never knew him laugh more heartily than over the idea that future generations were to be kept moral by clairvoyance; everyone living in an intellectual glass-house and regulating his thoughts and feelings with scrupulous precision, because they could all be read by his neighbours as in a book. Altogether, Macaulay's conversation was most stimulating; and I lost an intellectual guide as well as a pleasant friend when he died a victim to the bitter cold of a London winter.

Sir James Stephen, who had been my father's old college friend, was as kind as Macaulay in welcoming me to his house; but I never felt to know him equally well. He, I think, was more justly liable to the charge of haranguing in conversation. I have never doubted that there was some foundation for the story that he once talked for forty minutes without pause to a colonial visitor, not allowing him to put in a word, and then bowed him out of the room, thanking him for the valuable information he had given. I am indebted to Sir James Stephen for two very different pieces of advice. The first he gave as his own opinion. 'If,' he said, 'a man came up to me in the street and claimed the coat on my back, and I were quite sure that my giving it up would not be drawn into a precedent, I would sooner surrender it than go to law about it.' The second was a rather severe caution he gave me after my return from Russia against dissipating my strength upon a variety of subjects. I have since had ample reason to regret that I did not follow his advice. At that time, however, I was more influenced by Goethe's views of culture than by any care to make a fortune or a name.

I always look back with a sense of shame to my intercourse with Bagehot, when I reflect how little justice I did to his sterling ability. His admirable book on the English Constitution took me completely by surprise when I first read it. Till then I never understood the high estimate which Martineau and Hutton had formed of him. I may say, in my own excuse, that Bagehot's contributions to the 'National Review,' while I was associated with him in the editorship, were not in his best style, and have not been thought worthy of republication. Then, again, he was a man who talked rather below

his powers, and affected the cynicism of a man of the world, partly from dislike of humbug, and partly, I think, also from self-consciousness and the dread of not doing himself justice if he tried to express his best thoughts. Those who read Hutton's admirable sketch of him will notice that his reported conversation is mostly intellectual banter. On the other hand, the peculiarity of his works is sublimated common-sense of a highly Conservative type, and cast in singularly perfect literary form. Such a criticism as that on Lord Althorp, for instance, is too carefully reasoned to be conveyed without substantial loss in a conversation. The thousand little touches that explain why a rather commonplace man was particularly fitted to be an English statesman would impress listeners as mere paradox if they were given with such abridgment as human patience at a dinner-table demands.

My relations with Hutton and Meredith Townsend have been unmixedly cordial since I first joined the 'Spectator,' though time and distance have separated us. Naturally I was most intimate with Hutton, who was more the student, and with whom, as literary editor, I was in constant relations. The world has done such thorough justice to Hutton's rare powers, his gift of subtle literary analysis, and his command of pathos and a restrained eloquence in style, that I need scarcely dwell on them. Townsend has been less appreciated, and yet Townsend, in some respects, is second to no man I have known for sheer ability. His power of comprehending national differences without knowing any Continental language well, and only knowing one imperfectly, always impressed me as an intensified form of the feminine instinct for reading character. I say intensified, because I think Townsend was rarely wrong in divining how great masses

of men would act in some new conjuncture of circumstances. A woman's diagnosis is often excellent; in prognosis she is as fallible as the rest of us. Then, again, Townsend's brain teemed with really original ideas. He was a sort of Jules Verne of politics, seeing at a glance how a slight modification of actual facts might change the map of Europe or remodel the structure of society. His fanciful sub-leaders on such subjects as the chances that London might be imprisoned by snow, or blown up by gas, have done a great deal to make the 'Spectator' popular. Townsend's weak point was his impatience of the labour of checking his memory. Accustomed to read rapidly and to generalise loosely, he wrote hastily. Whoever cared, however, was always allowed to criticise the 'Spectator' in its own columns. The two editors agreed in an uncompromising love of truth, and the fairness of their paper is, I believe, absolutely unmatched in the annals of newspaper literature.

Among other friends, Grant Duff, Goschen, G. Miller, and Brodrick were those of whom I saw most in London; Acland and Henry Smith being my chief Oxford allies. Grant Duff, when I first came up to London, was living very quietly in lodgings, reading hard for the Bar, at which he intended to practise. His eyesight was so weak that he could only use it for about two hours a day, and had to be read to at other times; but he succeeded none the less in winning the first law studentship at the Temple, and in making himself an unusually good linguist by the aid of foreign readers. I think the offer of a seat in Parliament took him by surprise when it came, but he proved equal to the position, and soon made himself a name. Goschen, when I first settled in London, was absent in South America, where he managed the business of his house with

great ability, retrieving a very valuable estate. His first hit in England was the publication of his book on 'Foreign Exchanges.' This gave him rank in the City, and I think contributed largely to his election for it. George Miller was always the rather over-refined Oxford man, fond of literature, fond of religious speculations, and preferring the quiet routine of a public office to the uncertainties of a profession. Brodrick, on the other hand, was ambitious of public life, and appeared to be in a fair way of achieving success in it. Well-connected, able, with a start at the Bar from his father's interest in Bath, writing for the 'Times,' and knowing Gladstone and other Liberal leaders, he certainly started better equipped for the race of life than almost any of us. No doubt he made a mistake in refusing a safe seat at Cambridge and contesting an impossible seat at Woodstock for years.

Of Acland I have already spoken at length. Henry Smith, the ablest, intellectually, of all my contemporaries, was living on at Oxford as he has continued to do, squandering his great powers upon hack work, and perfectly contented when he got the Savilian Professorship. He is the only one I have known whose superiority was so incontestable that it extinguished jealousy, and whose popularity was such that he had no personal enemies. Unhappily Jowett persuaded him, when he first won his fellowship, that he was bound to take part in college work. At a later time he involved himself in mining speculations, which brought no return, and to mend which his strength was constantly taxed. He has passed pleasantly through life, working hard, giving proof now and again, by some isolated paper, of what his powers were, but doing nothing substantial to enlarge the boundaries of science.

CHAPTER X

POLAND TO SOUTH AUSTRALIA

In the summer of 1863 I was seriously out of health without being absolutely ill. A variety of causes had affected me: mental worry of different kinds being the chief. As usually happens, my sorrows came in battalions. I felt giving up the 'National Review' very much; at King's College the Council declined to vote me an increase of salary, while admitting that I was entitled to it; and there was other annoyance of a more private kind. When the Long Vacation began I doubted whether to spend it at Epsom with George Miller, to devote myself to quiet reading, or to take a course of the Homburg waters. At the end of four or five weeks I found myself decidedly worse, and felt that I needed complete change. Just then I happened to meet Bagehot on a visit to London. He laughingly expressed his astonishment that I was not in Poland, watching the insurrection. The idea of going there at once took possession of me. I wrote to Herzen for Polish introductions, and to Grant Duff for a letter from the Foreign Office to our Consul at Warsaw. I received both, the latter with a stipulation that I was not to use it if I took any part in the insurrection. Armed with these, I set out at once for Cracow.

At Cracow (August 5–6), I made the acquaintance of two Austrian Poles, M. Koziman and Count Parrowski; the latter a young man of marked ability. These gentle-

men told me that the insurrection was making headway, and that Austria was playing fast and loose with it. She was permitting the levying of recruits for the national cause and the passage of contraband of war, but at the same time was making constant arrests to please the Russian Government, in particular arresting a great many French. 'Does the Emperor,' I said, 'permit that?' 'Eh, mon Dieu, on supporte tant de choses,' was the reply. I had a curious opportunity of judging for myself how the Austrian police was administered. I received a letter at my hotel, signed George Swift and J. Moydzenski, and asking me to interfere on behalf of the writers, a born and a naturalised English subject who had been unjustly imprisoned. It turned out that the letter had been sent me by some Polish ladies whose cook had been in communication with the prisoners, and at their suggestion I went to Horwava, the head of police. This man, a strange-looking official, declared that the prisoners were not English; but on my insisting that I must see them, gave me an order to see Swift. I found that he was the son of a mechanic settled in Warsaw, and was himself working in a factory at Lemberg, with no intention of joining the insurrection, when the police arrested him. He was soon to be sent over the frontier, and only wanted a little money, as the food given him in the prison was only fit for pigs. He confirmed the statement that a good many French had been arrested. My Polish friends laughed when they heard his story, and said that he had probably been seized because he declined to join the insurrection. The police in this way got credit for activity, and played into the hands of the National Government.

By Count Parrowski's advice I went at once to

Warsaw. I arrived there, I think, on August 7, and had no trouble with the police; but, next morning, I found a *laquais de place*, who, I have no doubt, was a spy, waiting outside my room for me. The man began talking treason at once, and trying to draw me out. I affected a moderate interest in politics, but turned the conversation a good deal to buildings and books; and after we had seen the town thoroughly, told him to take me to the Zamoiski Palace, as I wished to call on Count André Zamoiski. My guide evidently disliked doing this; and almost the first question asked me when I got into the house was, whether I knew the character of the man I had been talking to. My friends intimated that they would watch him, and I never saw him again. Both the Zamoiskis and their relation, Prince Thaddeus Lebonirski, told me that I ought to go into the interior if I wished to ascertain the true character of the insurrection. I accordingly decided to burn my letter from the Foreign Office and go. As it happened, however, I made the acquaintance of Colonel Stanton, who heard that an Englishman was in Warsaw, and called upon me. Altogether I spent a week very pleasantly in seeing Polish society, and listening to the Polish history of events. Just at that time the insurrection had completely cowed and disconcerted the Russian Government. Ever since the famous order 'not to fire on people with hats' had been given, it was *de rigueur* with Polish gentlemen to wear cloth caps such as workmen wore. The Polish ladies were all in mourning for their country. All strangers had to conform to this etiquette, and the Russian officers who ventured abroad in uniform, looked guilty and ashamed of themselves. No doubt this was partly due to the temporary success of the insurrection. Russia had provoked the revolt in

sheer wantonness, and her disposable forces were not sufficient to crush it for the time, and were badly handled. Colonel Stanton told me that he ascribed their want of success very much to the wooden character of the discipline. An officer sent to reconnoitre for thirty miles distance, would not push on thirty-five miles, even though by so doing he might surprise the enemy. Besides this, the insurgents assured me that some of the Russian colonels were disgracefully venal, and even sold ammunition and guns to the national troops. There is no doubt, I believe, that many among them wished the insurrection to succeed up to a certain point, that there might be the greater credit in suppressing it.

On August 15, I left by arrangement in the coach for Lublin. At our first halting-place, a fellow-passenger to whose charge I was consigned, M. Constantin Lempicki, came up and professed to recognise me as a former acquaintance in Paris. By his direction I sent in my passport as soon as we got to Lublin to the Russian Commander, and applied for leave to go across country to the Austrian frontier. My application disconcerted the authorities. To grant it would enable me to see the country and ascertain that the Russians just then were powerless in any part where their troops were not actually encamped. To refuse it would be to imply that this was the case, or that I was a suspicious character. The natural thing would have been to send for me and ask me why I wanted to travel by an unfrequented route leading nowhere, and in a time of disturbance; but the Governor, as it happened, was a bad French scholar, and, I was told, did not like to expose his ignorance. He accordingly gave me a *visa* to go back to Warsaw, putting the burden of remonstrance and explanation upon me. We

decided that I should drive out alone by the Warsaw gate, and then get round by cross-cuts to the road I wanted to travel by to Modliborzyce and the frontier.

While still staying in the Lublin hotel, waiting for nightfall, I received a letter in English from a lady who said that her name was Shakespeare, and that she was married to a Pole. She professed herself anxious to talk to a countryman. I imagined, of course, that they were in the pay of the police, and Lempicki was seriously disquieted; but I soon found that they were simple, honest people of the middle class, and quite Polish in feeling. Before leaving, I went to say good-bye to Mdme. Lempicki. 'What, Monsieur! do you imagine that I would let my husband go alone on what may be a service of danger, and where I shall not be in the way? I shall certainly accompany you.' Mdme. Lempicki was a pretty, pleasant woman, excellently fitted to be a country gentleman's wife, to receive guests, and to bring up a family well, but not in the least suggesting a heroine by her appearance. I found, however, on the one or two occasions where there was cause for alarm, that she was thoroughly brave. Except for my being with them, husband and wife had no reason to be alarmed, as they were simply returning to their own home. Lempicki wished me, in case of meeting the Russians, to say that I was an engineer, employed in a cotton factory; but I told him that, as an Englishman, I must decline lying, and that I would take my chances if I were made prisoner, and explain that I wanted to see the state of the country. I am certain on reflection that this was the wise as well as the right course to adopt. I could not possibly have supported the imposture suggested under cross-examination. Lempicki said he admired my resolution, but that I must not expect him or any Pole to

abstain from falsehood. The atrocious cruelty of the war had demoralised even gentlemen, and in many cases the truth could not be told without implicating others.

The passport I carried from the National Government, and which I concealed in my watch-case, authorised me to demand a britzchka and a pair of horses at every postal station—that is, practically at every gentleman's house. We travelled about the country for three days, breakfasting at one house, dining at another, and sleeping at a third. Our hosts were of every kind, from mere gentlemen-farmers to persons of rank. I remember one charming afternoon which we spent at the chateau of a lady who had travelled a good deal, and spoke French fluently. We found this lady and her daughter working at some uniforms for the national troops, and joked them on what would have happened if we had been a Russian detachment. 'Ah,' said the daughter, a pretty girl of eighteen, 'we are not afraid. Our peasants will always warn us before the troops can arrive.' 'But, surely,' I said, 'you must be liable to a surprise.' She admitted, on being pressed, that this was possible; and said their chief anxiety was for the wounded insurgents who were being nursed under their roof. 'That,' she said, 'is what always makes the Russians most furious. A friend of mine, of my own age, was killed the other day for no other offence. Well, we are in God's hands.' The face, which had clouded over at the thought of her friend, brightened again almost instantly, and we laughed and talked as if war were unknown. The mother, I remember, told some capital stories against the English. 'I shall never forget,' she said, 'when I first stood under the dome of St. Peter's. I was awestruck; I could scarcely breathe. But an English family had come

in behind me—father, mother, and miss. "Voici ma petite Anglaise qui trotte le long de l'église. Maman, Murray est parfaitement exacte. Il y a précisément 360 colonnes." '

On the evening of the first or second day after leaving Lublin, Mdme. Lempicki told me that the insurgents were expected there next morning, and it was thought the Russians, who were in the neighbourhood, would probably meet them and have a fight in the village. A week earlier I should have been strongly excited ; by this time I was so completely accustomed to incidents of this kind that I slept as soundly as ever. As it turned out, the intelligence was a mistake, and we met the national troops under Wagner on march some hours later, and accompanied them part of the way. One of them, I remember, entrusted me with some bank-notes, somewhat ominously stained, which I have no doubt had been taken in their last battle, and which I duly conveyed for him to his wife in England. I think it must have been that night that we started very late, were caught in a thunderstorm, and upset in a ploughed field, in a track which we took to avoid the Cossacks. Luckily, we were able to strike a light by the aid of some newspapers, and the britzchka was raised up again by our united efforts, none of us being in the least hurt. We reached Lempicki's house at about two in the morning, and I learned at breakfast next day that we had actually been visited by the Cossacks while I was in bed, but that they had not entered my room. They were dangerous visitors. I dined before leaving Poland at Modliborzyce, where the owner of the property had been torn from his wife's arms and killed in cold blood by a scouting company that had been drinking freely.

At the time I arrived at the frontier the Russian in charge of the passport-office was too wary to make any objections to an irregular passport, and indeed his life would not have been worth a week's purchase if he had done so. The Austrian authorities on the other side were a little less civil in manner, but let me pass. My passport from the insurgent Government served me on Austrian territory as well as it had done on Russian; and though I had no longer the advantage of Lempicki's instructions, I met generally with a very cordial reception. In Galicia the peasants had no sympathy with the war, fearing that the success of the national arms might lead to the revival of serfdom. The gentry, on the other hand, were patriotic to the core, and were contributing in every way to the movement. At one house I was told that the postal service was carried on so energetically as to be a severe tax on the proprietors.

I left Poland sympathising deeply with the heroic efforts of the people, and thoroughly charmed by the manners and tone of the upper class—the men gay, reckless, and sociable, like the best Irishmen of fiction, and the women a singular mixture of chivalric devotion and French grace. Yet I am bound to confess my general impression was and is that the Poles are inferior to the Russians as a race, and in particular that the Polish peasant is a much more stolid and degraded animal than the Russian moujik. Every one must wish that Poland proper should regain the right of self-government; but I am not sure that her outlying provinces have not been transferred to better hands; and if Austria really becomes a federation of free states, the best future for Russian Poland would be to form a member of the union. As for the favourite Polish boast that they are a pure Slavonic

race, while the Russians are mixed (*d*), I believe it to be false, though I do not think it would be worth anything if it were true. The existence of the large Polish nobility must surely have been based on a distinction of race, and there seems to me a marked difference of type between peasant and noble, the latter being Aryan, the former Mongolian. I suspect there is as much Tartar blood in the Poles as Finnish blood in the Russians.

On my return to London I wrote to the 'Times' offering to supply it with the narrative of my journey, and stipulating, I think, that my words should not be tampered with. The offer was declined in a courteous letter from Mowbray Morris. The 'Spectator' then published my account as a supplement, and it had a *succès d'estime*, was largely quoted from, was translated into French, and was reviewed with high praise in the 'Daily News' and the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' It led to my making the acquaintance of several distinguished Poles—Baron Waligorski, the envoy of the National Government; Klaczko, the well-known *littérateur*; and Prince Ladislas, who called to thank me for my services to his country. I worked on the press for the Polish cause through the 'Spectator' and the 'National Review'; but Prince Gortschakoff's firmness triumphed over public opinion and Lord John Russell's unintelligent readiness to meddle. The ignorance that well-meaning statesman displayed of the true conditions of the cause he wished to assist, used, in fact, utterly to disconcert and dismay my Polish friends. Before Christmas it was practically understood that Poland was doomed. I have been able to follow from a distance the fortunes of some of my acquaintance of that time. Count André Zamoiski, the younger, was sent to Siberia

after the sack of the Zamoiski Palace, on a charge—true or false, I know not—of having been concerned in the attempt on Count de Berg's life. He was pardoned some years later at the personal intercession of the Prince of Wales. Prince Thaddeus Lebonirski was a heavy loser by the sack of the Zamoiski Palace, in which he lived, but escaped Siberia. Luckily, the Lempickis got safely through the years of trouble, as I learned from Mr. White, who was Vice-Consul when I was in Warsaw. I met him in 1879 at a dinner of the Cobden Club, shortly after his long and admirable service had won him the rank of British Representative at Bucharest.

My health was not improved by my travels in Poland; and when I returned to work in London I soon found myself growing worse and worse. I suffered from sluggish liver, the organs of digestion almost refusing to perform their work, and, as is usual in such cases, I was fearfully depressed. At last I resolved to give up my professorship at King's College, and try complete change of scene in Australia, with the intention to remain there if I found an opening. I do not think at the time I formed this project that it was unwise. I could not stay on as I was. I had nearly exhausted Europe as a tourist, and I do not suppose loitering about picture galleries would have done me any good. America, with its Civil War, was no place for an Englishman who sided with the North, unless he were prepared to stand by in silence while his country was denounced. On the other hand, Australia offered the prospect of a complete change, and might possibly give an opening of which, with renovated health, I could take advantage. Where I think my mistake lay was in not drawing back when I found, as I did, about January 1864, that I was outliving my disease.

To do my friends justice, several of them, in particular Grant Duff and Henry Smith, argued with me very strongly against taking a step which involved the surrender of all that I had laboriously achieved thus far. Unhappily, friends never quite appreciate one's own standpoint. Grant Duff's tacit assumption, as I soon perceived, was that I ought to devote myself to literature in the spirit of a German student, expecting no return except the consciousness of doing good work. I was not prepared to do this; and, in fact, one of my strongest reasons for leaving King's College was that my appointment there was worth nothing, led to nothing, and was rather a bar to my getting anything else. Henry Smith and his sister, on the other hand, argued that I was unfit for the rough life and coarse surroundings of a young country. This, I felt sure, was not the case, and my *amour-propre* was piqued by the supposition. Gradually I entered with keen interest into the possibilities of my new life. I worked for a few days in a workshop at the Docks, so as to learn the use of the commonest tools, and I invented a machine for felling trees by driving a blade through the trunk by hydraulic pressure. Boyd and I took out a patent for this, and had a machine made, at the cost of two hundred pounds altogether; but it was not a success in practice, except on small trees and stumps. The weight of the tree jammed the blade in other cases, and required more pressure than it was safe to apply. My friends generally sped me in the best spirit. Dr. Jelf insisted on my retaining my professorship for a year, and some twenty or thirty of my various friends gave me a parting dinner, at which Goschen presided, and of which Henry Cunningham was the soul.

My voyage to Adelaide in a clipper of less than

700 tons, the *Coonatto*, did my health no good. We were ninety-three days at sea, and shipped so much water during the latter half that my cabin was constantly flooded. Altogether, the time was one of penance. There were only three passengers beside myself: a stupid, ill-tempered solicitor (who was always quarrelling with the captain, and who, but for his amiable wife, would have been sent to Coventry by the rest of us); the wife; and a debauched pianoforte-tuner. However, I soon experienced the benefits of change when I landed in South Australia. By the advice of my friends, especially A. Hardy, to whom I had letters, I went up north very soon to Coonatto Station, where Stokes, an old Westminster man, and brother of Stokes of Christ Church, invited me to stay. From Coonatto I made a tour on horseback round the principal stations, from Port Augusta to Moolooloo and back to Coonatto and Mount Remarkable. I resolved finally to settle at Mount Remarkable and take a farm there as an experiment.

My chief reason for not going into sheep-farming was that the position of the whole pastoral interest was then one of great uncertainty. A cry had been raised that the runs were let below their proper value; and the Government surveyor had been instructed to assess them anew. The squatters, seeing only their own side of the question, were confident that the existing valuations could not equitably be raised. I felt certain, from what I saw of the temper of the country, that they would be; and was not inclined to run the risk of buying into a run whose rent might be raised six-fold in three months' time. As it happened, my decision was most fortunate for myself. Not only was I right as to the valuations; but that season and the two next proved years of unparalleled drought.

'The great drought' it is still called by those who remember it; and few indeed were the small squatters who struggled through it. On my little farm at Haverhill, I lost only the crops I put in; and even this loss did not fall entirely upon me, as I had contracted with my farm-servant to do my ploughing and harrowing on the *métayer* principle. On the other hand, I had spent a good deal of money in sinking a well and fencing one of the sections. Accordingly, I concluded to buy Haverhill farm, and when, after eight months' farming, I determined to leave Australia, where the drought showed no signs of breaking up, I let the farm to Stokes on terms that gave me 6 per cent. on my purchase-money. Altogether, therefore, I bought my first lesson in farming cheap.

Meanwhile, I had spent my time in the bush pleasantly enough. The clergyman stationed at Melrose—Nowell Twopenny—was an old Oriel man, and a man of rare qualities; devoted to his work, a capital rider, and a clever talker. I found a second home in his house as long as I was in the north. Then, again, his first curate, Green, who shared my lodgings in the township, was very clever and good-humoured. Another member of our little society was sister of Dean Mansel, Mrs. Searle, who had married a surgeon, and subsided finally upon store-keeping in the bush. She was a clever, lively woman, intended by nature for London society, and sadly thrown away upon the primitive democracy of a bush township. Now and again this society was varied by visits to the Stokeses of Coonatto, or to the A. Thorolds at Wirrianda. The outdoor life, the exercise, and the dry climate all suited me. It was with sincere regret that I resolved to return to England. But I had gone the tether of my capital, and was determined not to borrow from the banks.

There seemed no chance of a change for the better in farming prospects; and even if it came, it would not compensate for the surrender of my fellowship, which I could not contrive to hold in Australia.

Before leaving Australia finally, I visited Victoria and New South Wales. My impressions of Melbourne were not favourable. I had come furnished with letters of introduction; but the place struck me then, and has always impressed me since, as the most inhospitable I have known. Of course, I except the case of private friends, such as Irving and Murray Smith then were. They welcomed me very cordially. Murray Smith was standing for Parliament (January 1866), and was as violently hostile to Sir James McCulloch as he afterwards became to Mr. Berry, when Berry defeated McCulloch. At this time, I did not make the acquaintance of a single Victorian Liberal, and carried away the impression, which the Conservatives of the time were careful to instil, that Higinbotham was an inspired fanatic, and that his associates were rogues. Sydney charmed me in every way. I thought it the loveliest town I had ever seen, and I was fortunate enough there to have my letters of introduction honoured, and to make very pleasant acquaintances.

I went back from Australia by way of India. Just before I left Adelaide, the news of my father's death had reached me; and as I succeeded, in consequence, to part of a small inheritance, I determined to go home leisurely. I spent a month at Madras with Alleyne, and then went to Beypore and by steamer to Bombay, where I found Sir Alexander Grant, an old Fellow of Oriel, and a former pupil, Professor Oxenham. My visit to India effectually dissipated the regrets I had cherished for not having

secured an appointment in the Civil Service. In the first place, I assured myself that the climate would have killed me. The oppressive heat by night, the impossibility of taking proper exercise, broke me down as it was in six weeks, and by the time I reached Beypore I was covered with boils. In the next place, I was now able to understand how thoroughly unfitted I was by temperament and character for Indian life. I could never have adapted myself to the habit of inanimate routine, which appears to be the condition of success in the Civil Service; and I could never have sympathised properly with the natives. As it was, I left the country revolted by the brutality with which Europeans treated them, and yet feeling towards them myself as the Northerners in America are accused of feeling towards blacks.

I hope things are better ordered now. I do not forget that I was in India during a time of transition. Still, it was painful to hear the Khansamnah taxed every evening with cheating, and consenting night by night to be mulcted in his charges for household expenditure. It was a shock when my banker, after greeting me with all possible courtesy, discharged a volley of oaths at his boy for not bringing me a chair. I found it common, in the wording of servants' characters, to mention that they were not worse cheats than the natives generally. Side by side with these insults went very high-handed treatment. An Australian, who had settled in the Nilgherries, told me that he had engrossed the commonage of the district by driving off the villagers' bullocks with sheep. An officer, with whom I travelled, described how the natives were demoralised by new ideas of being equal before the law, and how his own servants had lately threatened to leave him on a journey. He said:—'Luckily I remembered

that there was no magistrate within an accessible distance, and thrashed the scoundrels till they returned to their duty.' I was telling this story some time afterwards at a London dinner party. 'Well,' said an Indian officer who sat opposite to me: 'I was lately travelling by dâk through the jungle, when I found the palanquin which contained my nurse and children set down, and that the bearers had run away. My own bearers instantly disappeared, saying that they would bring the others back. Night was coming on, and we were at the mercy of wild beasts. I went out to reconnoitre, and saw some peasants going home from their work. I could not induce them to act as bearers by any offer of payment, but, luckily, I had my revolver with me, and settled the matter by threatening to shoot them. They took us to the next station.'

I left Bombay in April, and travelled home in company with W. C. Pepys through Italy. I had some thoughts of settling there, but thought it, on consideration, too highly civilised for my bush habits. I remember how deeply a notice, 'E vietato il cavallo,' on a small piece of turf just outside the gates of Bologna disgusted me. When I reached England, Acland said to me: 'You look decidedly older than when you went; but you now look an ordinarily healthy man, and you never did before.' In fact, the complete change, life in the bush, and sea air, had made a new man of me. Yet I was far from feeling well when Acland saw me. I had been vaccinated at Bombay as a precaution, having discovered that there was smallpox in the steamer by which I had taken my passage to Suez; and I seemed to feel the effects for nearly a year afterwards.

CHAPTER XI

LOOKING ABOUT

THE return to life in England was very dreary. My connection with King's College and with the press was severed; and I had to begin life again, discredited by having done nothing in Australia—where, however, there had been nothing to do. For a moment it seemed as if I might fall on my feet, and succeed Goldwin Smith as Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. But though Goldwin Smith had announced his intention of resigning, he had also made up his mind to resign at his own time, without regard to what Government was in power; and his resignation was actually sent in just as the Gladstone Ministry was leaving office. I believe technically they could have appointed, but they were, I think, right in not doing so, and the successors made an admirable choice in Stubbs.

This was not the first time I had missed a chance at Oxford. In 1862 I was a candidate for the Chichele Professorship. Froude, Freeman, Church, Shirley, G. Brodrick, and myself were among the competitors, and it was currently assumed that one of us would get it. One elector, who wished the chair to be properly filled, would have liked Froude to succeed, as his reputation was incontestably higher than that of any of us at this time; but it was known that there was a strong prejudice against him on account of his early writings. Assuming

him to be put aside, I stood a fair chance; the more so as I had published a book on history, which none of the others had at that time done. The choice made astonished all Oxford. The intervention of the Bishop of Oxford carried the day (*e*). Under his inspiration the Warden of All Souls told his brother electors, Lords Russell, Westbury, &c., that Froude's appointment would create a ferment in the University; that no one of the other candidates had pre-eminent claims; but that —— (the successful candidate) was probably the best man. I believe Lord Russell was thoroughly indignant when he found out how he had been tricked. My experience, however, is, that I have rarely known the best man appointed on his merits to an Oxford professorship. Some of the worst appointments have been made by boards of men in high position, who have no means of knowing independently who the best man is, and whose rank places them above criticism and responsibility. Even where a good man is chosen, it is constantly done in a wrong way. I think Henry Smith might have been chosen Savilian Professor of Geometry against any competitor; but I do not think it was right that Boole's testimonials should not even have been looked at, when it was found that one Oxford man stood, and that he was highly recommended.

Having found a house in the country, I took it, and then went for a short tour in Norway with my brother John and his wife (August 1866). I had resolved to settle at some convenient half-way place between Oxford and London. The difficulty was to find a 'cottage of gentility,' small enough for bachelor quarters. I had almost given up the attempt in despair, when I saw an advertisement of a house likely to suit me near Farnham

Royal. On my return I got settled in it in a few days. I kept two horses, a groom, and a man; had a friend, as often as I could get one, to spend the Sunday with me; and lived for some time in almost unbroken solitude, except for these visitors. Farnham Royal, as a rule, was only inhabited during the summer, and the rector did not call upon me for some months. I was all the better able to devote myself to the task of revising the first volume of my history and preparing a second.

At the end of a broken year, however, I felt the want of public libraries, and moved to Oxford (July 1867). My new experience of college life did not reconcile me to it. During the shooting season, when C. Neate and R. S. Wright were in residence, the life was pleasant enough; but during term time I found it formal and dull to the last degree. Generally there were not more than about five in college besides myself. Of these, Chase was a fellow only in name, belonging really to St. Mary's Hall; and Burgon, disliking the tone of the younger men, kept very much to his own rooms, except when I was up alone with him. Of the other three, two were often absent from hall and common-room; so that one had all the restraints of society without its charms. Then the *désagréments* of college life were manifold. Talk of roughing it in the bush: I have never roughed it there as I have done at Oxford. Dirty servants, unpunctual and inattentive; an impossibility of being private in one's rooms, as the bedroom and pantry were approached through the sitting-room; badly cooked food; dogs forbidden; and the night made hideous with drinking songs or practice on the piano, as the morning was with the chapel bell. These were the prominent features of barrack life in the University. When Christmas arrived, and my

books had passed through the press, I felt that, whatever else I might do, I must leave Oxford.

Just about this time I was invited by Miss Clough to give lectures to large classes of ladies in Liverpool and Manchester. I was attracted by the character of the work, and not sorry to earn a few pounds, as the continuous work of my history had kept me from doing anything for the press. It was also a temptation that at Liverpool I should be in the neighbourhood of Charles Johnston, and, in fact, some of the pleasantest memories connected with my stay in the north are of my Sunday visits to his house. During Lent I used to go on Fridays for the sake of the fish dinners. Johnston, who had married a Catholic, thought it right to set an example to his family by abstaining from meat, and I did it from preference; while Mrs. Johnston had a dispensation, and the Catholic governess grumbled perpetually. Certainly in these fasts the amateurs beat the professionals out of the field.

Among the most interesting acquaintance I made in Liverpool, besides Miss Clough and her sister-in-law, the poet's widow, was Mr. Thorn, the biographer of Blanco White. This gentleman, I found, had been very favourably impressed by the manly and straightforward conduct of Dr. Hawkins in his dealings with Blanco White, and felt very strongly against Whately. My acquaintance with Mr. Thorn led to a curious incident. The fellows of Oriel were just then collecting engravings of old members of the common-room, and as Burgon had undertaken the choice of selection, heretics had been practically excluded. I found that Mr. Thorn had some engravings of Blanco White's portrait on hand, and sounded him through Johnston to know if he would

present one to the Oriel common-room. As I could not promise that it would be received, he declined to do this, but gave me one for myself to deal with as I liked. I offered it to the college at the next audit, and we had a lively debate in common-room whether it should be accepted. Neate, I remember, argued that it would be an insult to every clergyman to hang it up. On a division there was a majority of one for accepting it, at least two clerical fellows voting for it. Some of us then adjourned from the common-room to whist, and one fellow said to me: 'Well, Pearson, I voted against your proposal, because I look upon Blanco White as a confounded fool who was always thinking about his soul.' 'And I voted with you,' said another, 'because I thought that hanging up the picture would be an insult and outrage to every religious-minded man.' Such, five-and-twenty years after Newman had left Oxford, was the reaction against orthodoxy in his own college.

My lectures at Liverpool and Manchester were very well attended, and were, I think, successful on the whole; though I doubt if I was sufficiently popular for my audience. They certainly had the effect on myself of destroying any vestige of prejudice I might have remaining about the fitness of women to receive the same intellectual training as men. My pupils, who were of every age, worked admirably, and it was all I could do to keep pace with the papers written in answer to questions. At the end of my course, one young lady consulted me about the propriety of her proceeding with a Child's History of England, which she was writing. As her papers had been first-rate, I encouraged her to go on, and promised to send her manuscript to a publisher. When I did so, Bell and Daldy acknowledged the receipt with an intimation that

they would do what they could to oblige me, but were not sanguine of being able to do anything. Some time later they wrote to say that they had now read the chapters submitted, and thought so highly of them that the lady might practically make her own terms. Unfortunately, Miss B——, by this time, was in delicate health, and on a visit to the Riviera. Later on, she went with Miss Clough to Newnham College as assistant teacher. She has since (as Mrs. Armitage) published a clever little book on the childhood of the English people, but has never resumed the exact work she had begun. I regret this very much, as I think her style was unsurpassable for children.

Before my engagement at Liverpool terminated, E. A. Freeman avenged an old grudge by publishing a savage attack on my 'History,' or rather upon the first volume of it, in the 'Fortnightly Review.' Freeman's animosity to me dated from the time when I edited the 'National Review.' My offences were that I had reduced his contributions from one a quarter to one in six months, which I was compelled to do that I might find place for new contributors, and that I had declined to admit an article attacking writers on early English history promiscuously. Having a strong opinion as to Freeman's attacks on Brewer, Froude, Robertson, Liddell, Stanley, and, in fact, everyone not of his own clique, who wrote history, I really was willing—as he no doubt divined—to discard him altogether from the list of contributors. Bagehot warned me that I had given mortal offence, and might expect retaliation. The review, though very insolent, was not, however, as strong as I should have expected, or as certainly might have been written. Freeman had struck out blindly, had fastened only upon errors of detail, and was not always correct in these. It struck me

that I might never again have an equally good chance of replying from vantage ground; and I wrote an answer, the latter part of which, though it contained nothing which Freeman had not richly deserved, was decidedly more savage than is legitimate (*f*). For some time he and his friends lost no opportunity of assailing me; but he himself was very careful after this to write anonymously. My publishers told me that the article did not affect the sale of my book appreciably, and it did not prevent my receiving two flattering offers of employment within the next two years. Later on, I replied, in a temperate manner, to that part of his criticisms which concerned Godwin and Harold, by an article in the 'North British Review.'

After concluding my lectures I left England for America, and landed in New York, May 1868. I had introductions in that city to Godkin, the editor of the 'New York Nation,' a solid, sterling man, whom I liked very much, and to Mr. Richard Grant White, the critic. At Godkin's I met Olmsted, whose writings in the South had contributed so powerfully to the Northern cause by showing the wasteful character of slavery. I did not stay long in New York, however, as I was generally advised to go on quickly to Boston. My ten days' stay in Boston (May 21–30) will always remain in my memory as among the pleasantest incidents of my life. Acland had told me that the society he met in Boston could not, he thought, be surpassed anywhere in the world, and I had listened incredulously; but I am bound to say I came over to his opinion. When I was there, Ticknor, Longfellow, Agassiz, Lowell, Wendell Holmes, Charles Norton, Wendell Phillips, Bowen, Fields, and Shattuck, were among the ordinary society of Boston and Cambridge; and Emerson was a frequent visitor.

Ticknor was one of the most charming old men I have ever known—with the manner of the great world, but thoroughly simple and unaffected, and full of anecdote. The last time I saw him he talked very seriously about the danger to modern society from the growth of great cities and of national debts. I confess I do not see how the expansion of cities is to be prevented; but I agree with him in thinking that the present habit of discounting the future may lead to bankruptcies of that kind which are the precursors of revolution, whenever the rate of industrial progress is summarily arrested for some years by bad seasons or national decline. Agassiz, who was very unlike Ticknor, had almost an equal charm of manner. He showed me through his collections, pointing out the proofs against the Darwinian theory, and now and again ridiculing the superstitions of the religious world. He told me that when he was a youth he attended lectures in which fossils were explained as tests of faith scattered up and down the strata by the Divine hand. Longfellow I only remember by his sweet, amiable features and patriarchal grace. Emerson, on the other hand, impressed me very strongly. His manner was very quiet and kind, and seemed to cover an infinitude of silent thought under habitual reserve. I heard him deliver a lecture at a sort of free-thinking seance, where everyone but himself talked the veriest nonsense. Emerson was like a prophet in a madhouse; but as he came first the effect did not jar upon one. One of his remarks, I remember, was that it was impossible not to be always praying; and it has often since struck me that this is profoundly true. I had a letter of introduction to Emerson from Mrs. Clough, and he did it full honour, evidently remembering the dead poet with

great affectionateness, as, indeed, several in Boston still did.

Wendell Holmes was a cheery, genial, frank little man, beaming with vivacity, the very picture of his books. Lowell gave me the impression of a certain unfriendliness to Englishmen; and indeed any American might well be excused for some disgust towards the mother country after the conduct of our wealthy classes during the Civil War. He, however, thawed a little, or I thought so, after he had elicited from me that I saw no traces of degeneracy in the American type. He talked to me about the Maine lumbermen, whose delight it was to drift over the rapids seated astride on pieces of timber, in constant peril of death, for the mere excitement of the plunge. I have left to the last Charles Norton and his charming wife—now, alas! dead—both of whom I had the pleasure of meeting again in England not long afterwards, and learning to know more fully. In Norton, as afterwards in Judge Force, of Illinois, I found that peculiar refinement and scholarly taste which we are apt to associate in England with the intellectual side of an aristocratic society mellowed by centuries and traditions. What made it more charming in Norton was his thorough sympathy with the primitive habits of a New England village, and with the democratic tone of American institutions.

From Boston I went to Chicago, where an introduction that I had to Mr. Horace White, editor of the 'Chicago Tribune,' procured me an invitation to accompany the first excursion train that traversed the overland route as far as Cheyenne. We were a large party of ladies and gentlemen at starting, but a good many deserted us at Council Bluffs, where we exchanged the luxurious Pullman

cars for rough ordinary carriages, and where the journey began to be a little dangerous. Indians were still troublesome along the line—every station had a corral for cattle and a sheltered rifle-pit, to which the garrison could retire in case of danger; and one of our conductors had been twice imperfectly scalped, on one occasion by an Indian who caught up the train on horseback, bounded on to it from his horse, and remained long enough to effect his purpose. We ourselves carried rifles, and had a pilot engine sent on in front to warn us if there was danger. Three years later I travelled along the same line again. No one was armed: no precautions were taken; and when a company of Indians appeared returning from the chase, the passengers looked fearlessly on them as on so many gipsies. The navvies employed in making this line were the finest set of men I ever saw. They were all armed to the teeth, but the overseer said—I believe truthfully—that no number of Indians would dare to attack a company of them. Of course they were rough and lawless among themselves. At Julesburg it was said that in three months only five deaths in 128 had been natural. 'There were only two laws,' said one of my informants, 'in Julesburg—lynch law and six-shooter law. You hanged a man if his morals were bad, and you shot him if his manners were not good.' I am bound to say that this system, aided no doubt by the operations of an effective vigilance committee, seemed to be working well in Cheyenne when I was there. I went in the evening to a dancing saloon. Every man was a Hercules armed, and the few women present were of lost character; but the evident desire to avoid quarrels was remarkable. No doubt the feeling was that an accidental jostle might produce a general *mêlée* with fearful bloodshed. Altogether

these pioneer men seemed to deserve the reputation Bret Harte has given them much better than the degraded savages we saw here and there justified the romance with which Fenimore Cooper has invested the Red Indian. My American friends, with their usual fondness for promoting interviews, insisted on introducing me to Spotted Tail, and I was obliged to shake hands with the wretch who, soon afterwards, took to the warpath again, and committed a whole series of murders.

From the Far West I worked my way to Washington, where I had introductions, amongst others, to Mr. Seward, General Banks, and Judge Chase. Mr. Seward was very courteous, and took me amongst other things to a cabinet meeting, to be introduced to President Johnson, who had then just escaped condemnation by the Senate. Mr. Johnson's manners were quiet and dignified; I believe even his enemies agreed that he 'received' better than his distinguished predecessor. Mr. Seward's conversation did not impress me with a high idea of his ability. He harped a good deal on Berkeley's theory of the westward course of empire, and seemed to regard it as a fixed law of the world. Judge Chase, on the other hand, of whom I saw a good deal, seemed eminently a statesman of the first class, and his manners and presence would have fitted him admirably to be President if his party had nominated him for the position. Chase showed me his own list of the voting on the President's trial, as he had supposed it would go; I have no doubt with the idea of indirectly refuting the calumny that he had interested himself to procure a verdict. Of course only one or two names were different from the result actually arrived at; but I think the effect would have been to reverse that result. Under Judge Chase's roof I saw the strongest instances I ever

witnessed of American interviewing. From time to time the door would open, and a person, apparently a perfect stranger, would enter and say: 'I have come in, Judge, to introduce my friend Mr. A., who is passing through Washington, and wishes to be presented to you.' The judge took these introductions as matters of course, and the guests seemed never to stay more than two or three minutes.

From Washington I went south to Charleston. When living at Blois I had become intimate with a South Carolina planter, Arnoldus van den Horst, and had afterwards seen him in London. I found him crippled, but not quite ruined, by the war. One of his brothers had been killed, another who had taken slaves into Kansas had lost his feet by exposure to cold, and, though saved for a time by the devotion of a negro servant, had died afterwards of a weakened constitution. My friend, therefore, was sole heir of the estate, reduced from 15,000*l.* a year to about 1,500*l.* in value. He took me to see a rice plantation, and I gathered from all he told me, though, of course, he did not admit it, that the country was gaining in every way by the abolition of slavery. Our old intimacy, however, though honoured, was not renewed. Though I talked no politics, Van den Horst seemed to know instinctively that I had sided with the North, and the people I met at his house took no pains to be courteous. I shall not easily forget one lady, who, after assuring me that the whites had never cared for slavery except as a sacred duty to be performed to an inferior race, and that the negro's heel was visibly elongating since he had been emancipated, went on to denounce Mrs. Beecher Stowe. Mrs. Stowe, by this lady's account, had gone into the Episcopal Church at Charleston, after the city was taken,

and expressed a wish for a memento. Thereupon a Federal officer had ascended the pulpit and kicked over a cross in front of it, which Mrs. Stowe carried away. 'And these are the people Mr. Pearson defends?' 'No,' I said, 'I don't defend conduct of that kind; but I hope very few Northerners would be guilty of it.' 'Everyone of them would do the same,' retorted the lady. 'I have a sister who unfortunately married a Northerner, and her little boy asked me the other day: "Auntie, why haven't you any silver forks and spoons?" "Because the Yankees stole them all," said I. My nephew reflected a little, and then said: "Auntie, you must come up North and steal some forks and spoons from the Yankees." I ought to have told him that stealing was wrong; but I held my peace, for I knew if I taught him that, it would only unfit him for society in the North when he grew up.' Of course this lady hated England, and she and others were just then gloating over a prediction that the projected canal through the Isthmus of Panama would divert the Gulf-stream from Great Britain and spoil its climate.

On the whole, nevertheless, I came away from America with my views of its people pleasantly modified. I found no traces of that boorishness or even that inquisitiveness which Dickens's novels, after all allowances made, had prepared me to expect; and I confess to thinking that a well-bred American is generally pleasanter than a well-bred Englishman. The American has less stiffness of manner, and, I think, more good-nature. With respect to national character, I agree in an observation made to me by an Englishman who knew the States well, that the American's great advantage over the Englishman is his greater modesty. The Englishman is impatient of new inventions and new ideas, because he believes that nothing

more can possibly be needed than is already to be found in England. The American, on the other hand, believes the society he lives in to be susceptible of improvement, and inclines to give everything a fair trial. Half the inventions that pass as American were worked out in England, and never paid the expense of patenting till they came back from New York. Probably the Americans will lose some portion of their receptivity when they cease to receive an annual stream of immigrants from the Old World. On my return I wrote an article in the 'Contemporary Review' predicting that, in twenty or twenty-five years at most, America would cease to be a field for immigrants. Just now, after a long temporary stagnation, the tide is setting in more strongly than ever. Still, I do not think that I shall be far wrong.

During the six months after my return I devoted myself to what I regard as the best piece of historical work I have done, my maps of England in the first thirteen centuries. The work of preparing these was most laborious, and I attribute the lifelong impairment of my eyesight to the hours spent over the small type of badly-printed or crowded maps. I had no reason to complain of the reception met with by this book. From its character neither I nor my publishers anticipated that it could be anything but a loss. In fact, however, the first edition was sold off in three months, and the second edition paid its expenses long ago.

In 1869 I made a short tour in Sweden, and visited Uriage, where my mother had gone for the summer. With the exception of a tour in Spain, in the autumn of 1870, it was the last of my European wanderings. During 1869 I was living again in Farnham Royal, in my old house, which had been remodelled and improved. In the

October of that year I went into partial residence at Cambridge, as lecturer on Modern History at Trinity College. The pay was small (200*l.* a year); but I wished to be in harness again, and liked the idea of connection with Trinity. In one sense my residence there more than answered my anticipations. I saw university life in its most perfect form; I was the guest of the college; I was mixed up in no college or university rivalries; I had no college business to transact; and I had the pleasant and varied society of a large college, in which many able men were residents, and which entertained many distinguished visitors. Sidgwick, Aldis Wright, Sedley Taylor, and Jackson were among my friends in the college; and the Maurices, the Luards, the Fawcetts, the Lumbys, and Henry Bradshaw outside. In my second year of residence, Fawcett, Clifford, Jackson and I, with three others, founded a small Republican Club, of which Mrs. Fawcett was, I think, also a member. At its meetings Mr. Lumby and Mr. Jebb sometimes assisted. Sir William Harcourt used to be in residence one term in the year, and was a very amusing member of Trinity society; making himself very amiable, and talking with cynical freedom of politics and his own part in them. Dr. Lightfoot and poor W. G. (Gazpacho) Clark were other genial members of the common-room. Altogether there was no want of friendly society or of intellectual stimulus; and I shall always look back on my stay in Cambridge as one of the pleasantest passages of my life. But the work I had to do was most unsatisfactory. My class was filled with men who were sent into it because it was known they could not succeed in any other subject. Some of them did not care to work at all, and the others worked in a spirit of the merest cram. I sickened over

the drudgery of contriving answers to possible questions in the schools. At the same time the longing for the Australian bush came over me again almost like home-sickness as I walked out day by day along the dull roads and flat fields that surround Cambridge. I began to ask myself why I should live in one of the ugliest spots on earth when I had a home in one of the prettiest.

A variety of other reasons determined me to leave England. The Liberals had come into power in 1868; but I found that, unless I urged my claims by incessant importunity, there was no chance that I should get even the smallest employment. It was sufficient for my friends that I was known not to be in want. One offer indeed I got of a most flattering kind from Oxford. A Prelectorship of Ancient History was about to be founded, and it was intimated to me that three out of five of the electors would vote for me if I offered myself for election. The appointment was just what I should have liked—a small course of lectures, not entailing residence, and a small salary of 200*l.* a year. But I thought I could not with propriety offer myself for a lectureship in a subject which I had never made my special study. No doubt I was partly influenced by the fact that I had stood forward prominently in 1863 to oppose Bradley's nomination for the Chair of Ecclesiastical History upon this specific ground; yet there was this difference between the two cases, that Bradley had half a dozen qualified competitors, whereas, in this case, from the small stipend offered, no man who had made the subject a study was willing to stand. I have doubted in later times whether I was not over-scrupulous; but I suppose the result would have been the same in any case. For, about Easter 1871, I discovered that I had almost lost the sight of my left eye,

and that my right eye could not be trusted for heavy work. Streatfield, whom I consulted, told me that the sooner I gave up books and returned to country life the better.

My mother had died in February 1871, so that there was nothing to keep me in England. Also, a month or two later, I got a letter from my tenant in South Australia, saying that he should throw up the farm if he was not allowed to buy it at his own price, 33 per cent. below my valuation. I rapidly made up my mind to quit England and settle again in the bush. This time, however, I resolved to break entirely with England, to take out my books with me, and to combine a light literary life with farming. The plan, I think, was the wisest I could have formed. Unhappily, I was not destined to realise it.

This time my friends could not dispute the wisdom of my intentions, though they kindly argued against them. Had I known that I should never live to see Maurice, Brewer, or Mrs. Acland again, I doubt if I could have carried my resolve out. My idea at the time was to make South Australia my home, but to pay flying visits to Europe every three or four years. *Dîs aliter visum.*

Boyd and Alfred Pearson accompanied me on my way as far as San Francisco. My impressions on the route I described in a series of letters to the 'Spectator.' I arrived in South Australia about the beginning of December 1871.

CHAPTER XII

HIS FRIENDS

PEARSON'S circle of acquaintances was large and various. It comprised a large proportion of the eminent men of letters in England, and many on the Continent of Europe and in the United States. He had been Macaulay's guest. B. Thorpe, Gairdner, W. Shirley, Stubbs, and H. C. Coxe of the Bodleian, discussed with him points of mediæval antiquities. Duffus Hardy deferred to him—'such a scholar as yourself.' Sir Henry Maine spoke of his 'great learning.' Dr. Furnivall recognised his insight into archaic literature. He was the confidant of F. D. Maurice, and at the same time had won the warm regard of his Provost, the most orthodox of the orthodox, Dr. Hawkins. J. S. Brewer lamented the threatened loss of him as a colleague: 'What we shall do at King's College without you I really do not know.' Mr. Gladstone read 'with peculiar interest' his letter on middle-class education. Dr. W. Alexander, now Irish Primate, who had competed for it with him, and also W. Thomson, afterwards Archbishop of York, spoke with admiration of his Oxford prize poem on 'The Death of Jacob.' The former wrote to him in May, 1867: 'I very well remember that a poem of yours, musically versified, and of exquisite concinnity, was most justly preferred to a ragged and impetuous composition of my own.' He was on familiar terms with Bishop Fraser,

Deans Stanley and Church, Mark Pattison, Goldwin Smith, Hutton, Henry Cunningham, and Mill. Jowett, not given to confidences, explained to him his views on Church and State, *à propos* of a question raised by Maurice in the autumn of 1862: 'It is not the separation of Church and State that I should wish to oppose under all conceivable circumstances, though I see no advantage at present likely to result, but rather evil; but "separation of Church and State"—the Church retaining all its present power and property—that, I think, no Liberal ecclesiastic or politician could ever attend to. It would be an intolerable tyranny.' Americans, like Wendell Phillips, C. E. Norton, and George Ticknor, did not forget in England the friendship they had begun across the Atlantic. Victor Hugo addressed from Jersey an expression of 'lively gratitude' to the writer of a review, 'bien remarquable et bien élevé,' of 'Les Misérables.' D. G. Rossetti declared that he 'evidently knows a great deal about my subject, more than I can pretend to do on some points, and his hints shall not be lost on me.'

Few of those with whom Charles Pearson was brought into relations as colleague, critic, student, journalist, traveller, or thinker, could at this period, as, later, in Australia, resist the wish to know him for himself. But there was always an inner ring of intimacy, formed in youth and early manhood, which kept its hold upon him with an affectionately indissoluble grasp. It furnished the company which, under the presidency of Mr. Goschen, had entertained him at a farewell dinner, when he quitted England on his first Australian expedition. Too many of its constituents preceded, or have followed, him to the grave. Of the survivors, several, in response to the request of his widow, or of the editor, have contributed

recollections. On his second journey to Australia they seem to have parted with their comrade, a leader among them, for ever. Their memories of him, though penned since his death, are chiefly of the time when he was among them at Oxford, Cambridge, or in London, a centre of their intellectual life. It is of the fellow of Oriel, the star of the Union and essay and world's regeneration societies, the Trinity lecturer, the King's College professor, that they write and think; not of the Australian democrat, the Victorian statesman. The natural place for their thoughts of him has appeared to be here, where unless in affectionate, admiring remembrance, his life parted from theirs, as they bade him good-bye. The sketches of the man as, in his English pursuits and aspirations, he looked to his contemporary intimates, are no unworthy pendants to the portrait which, with almost grim fidelity, he has himself painted.

The Rev. Arthur Gray Butler, Fellow of Oriel, and late Headmaster of Haileybury College, remembers him from the time when, never really a boy, he gloomed out of his element among boys at Rugby, to the period when the early-ripe young Oxford graduate, with his enthusiasm against oppression, his tenderness towards devoutness in others, his large views of life, and absorption in the idea of the moment, seemed to be dying before his eyes at the little Maam inn. He writes under date May 25, 1895:—

'I knew him first at Rugby, but only by sight. There he had the reputation of cleverness, strength, and a somewhat lonely habit of taking his own line and going his own way. Consequently, no one was much surprised

when he left Rugby and went to King's College, where his student-ways would find fewer interruptions than in a great boarding school. And his time was well spent there. When we met again at Oxford, he astonished all his old Rugby contemporaries by his maturity of thought and knowledge, and the seemingly exhaustive theories of life, which he had ready at his fingers' ends.

'To his influence we all, I think, owed a great debt. His tone was lofty; in politics he did not belong to any party, nor did he interest himself much in party politics. What he really cared for was social questions, and here his London experience had given him a knowledge of many of those problems affecting Capital and Labour, which were then seething in the minds only of the more advanced thinkers, whereas now they are the commonplaces of debating societies throughout the kingdom. At the Union he spoke seldom, but always with the greatest effect. There was an earnestness and loftiness about his tone and voice, as well as a point and brilliancy about his style, which distinguished him even at a time when there were many good speakers.

'One of these occasions I especially remember, in which he warned the Tories of the changes imminent in the Constitution, and the breaking up of the old strata of Society. "In the shade of our archiepiscopal palaces, and in the vicinity of our Houses of Parliament, there were springing up," he said, "new principles and new parties, which would convulse and overthrow the present order of things, which might be a blessing if we would understand and come to terms with them; but, otherwise, would cause a new Revolution in England, to which the old historical Revolution would be mere child's-play in comparison." There was something of solemnity without

a shade of pedantry, in his voice and manner, as he said this, which for the time bore down all opposition, and wakened thoughts in men's minds, anticipating many of the movements of the present day which never before had entered them.

'And this made him a man of great influence among his contemporaries, and he was looked to as a person from whom much might be expected.

'So much for his public appearances. In private, in the circle of friends, amongst whom might be mentioned Professor Conington, Henry Smith, Goschen, Grant Duff, and others not unknown subsequently for their public services, he was always a prominent figure. Thoroughly genial, and understanding the varied duties of friendship, he stands out in memory as one always employed on great questions, and bringing the conversation back to them, if it wandered. And he had a view on all of these, singularly complete and rounded off, and supported by telling facts, which critics and opponents found difficult to answer. He was a man, who, even in lighter moments, said things which left their mark, and made his hearers think.

'When he had taken his degree, after getting a First-Class and Fellowship at Oriel, he took up medicine as a profession, and was intensely interested in it, when, I believe, in consequence of exposure to heavy rain on some occasion when he acted as a special constable, he developed pulmonary symptoms, which, though not very serious, yet turned him from this profession, and led him to devote himself to history and literature. It was then, I think in 1855, that his illness took an aggravated form, of which I was conscious. We had settled to go together—being both fellows of Oriel—to the West of Ireland, to read,

see the people, and enjoy ourselves. I was to take a small reading party, and we were to meet at Galway. From this, rather late in the evening, we started in a car to drive to Maam, at the head of Lough Corrib; and, as we drove, a fine Irish rain began to fall, which we seemed to breathe into us in the pervading damp of the atmosphere.

'Suddenly, I remember, he turned to me and said: "I have got pleurisy," and proceeded to describe the symptoms to me with a minuteness and interest which I shall never forget. Still we had to go on through the rain and darkness, and it was late when we arrived at our destination, a small inn at the head of the lake, which was to be the scene of his illness and my great anxiety, and the very last place where anyone would wish to face a serious malady. We went to bed, and the next morning, about 4 A.M., he woke me and begged for certain things like mustard, hot water, etc., and, above all, that a doctor should be sent for.

'We were in a house with small provision for sickness, but everything was done which could be done; and a messenger, "a swift woman," was at once despatched to summon the doctor, who lived eight miles away. It was a long and hard struggle for life, aggravated by Pearson's knowledge of all his symptoms, and by the want of the usual remedies for such an illness. Moreover, our host was bankrupt, and we had an execution and sale in the house during our stay there, which lessened the comforts of the place, though the unruffled good-temper and good-will of the people in the inn were proof even against this trial. "Cantabit vacuus"—they had little to lose.

'At last, however, we made a push on to the Killeries, being in a state of despair, and there found a family

doctor of some members of the Plunket family, whose skill and kindness patched him up sufficiently to enable us to get him back, first, to Galway by car—a journey of thirty miles, in which only the excellence of Irish roads prevented fatal consequences—and then to Dublin, where I resigned my charge to his brother, who came from London to meet him.

'This illness must, I fear, have left a mark upon him all through his life, and, possibly, been in part the cause of his leaving England for Australia.

'Of his demeanour during the illness I can only say that it was all that could be expected from a good and Christian man, struggling with a most depressing malady under very unfavourable circumstances; his patience was indomitable, and his consideration for others quite exceptional; but I thought at the time that his recovery was retarded by his disposition to take gloomy views of his condition, and for some time to abandon needlessly every hope of recovery. The circumstances, however, were very trying: they were of a kind to excuse any amount of depression and despondency.

'With this slight sketch ends my special acquaintance with his movements and character. I write merely to record and illustrate for private use the impression that he made upon me of a very fine mind and character, full of sympathy for all suffering from public wrong and injustice, and indignation against their oppressors. It was this which led him to risk his life during the Polish insurrection, by going there as a kind of war correspondent for, I think, the "Daily News." It was not, I should say, a work for which he was specially suited, being a man rather fitted for writing and speaking than for action and adventure; but his warm sympathies

and absolutely fearless temper drew him there, and he has, doubtless, left behind him interesting memorials of his experiences. It was unquestionably the same feeling and temper which led him to play the part he played subsequently in the politics of Australia. And it was thoroughly in accordance with all his early utterances in Oxford days.

'One thing that always struck me about him was his complete absorption in an idea, when it had once taken possession of him. At such a time I have known him repeatedly pass by me, when he was walking alone in some of the walks near Oxford, and be altogether unconscious that he was in the neighbourhood of a friend. He seemed to be always muttering to himself. I imagined that he was polishing up weapons of debate, which afterwards he used with such telling power.

'Another memory I have of him is of his great tenderness towards the High Church party, then represented by Marriott of Oriel, Vicar of St. Mary's, though he was not himself a High Churchman. I remember, after a sermon of Marriott's, in which occurred the words "Women are much more religious than men," that Pearson was much annoyed by them, as characteristic of the attitude of the party towards much of the most virile thought and energies of the time. But he never failed to do justice to the deep piety and devotion of the High Churchmen, and was a constant attendant at the services at St. Mary's. The time had not then arrived for that great division of opinion in Oxford on the ecclesiastical and religious question, which, a few years afterwards, led to such important consequences. At the time I speak of Oxford was in a kind of slack water, between two mighty waves. The great High Church movement had received a fearful blow

through the secession of Newman; but modern Liberalism had not yet appeared in its full strength. Consequently, at the Union, and generally in society, the extreme Liberal wing had hardly yet come into action—or, was engaged rather, with the Moderate Liberals, the left centre men, than with those who afterwards became its chief opponents. And this at times produced strange changes of front in our Union debates; the Moderates, ceasing to attack the Tories, would suddenly turn round and address even sharper rebukes to those presuming members on their side, who ventured to go too far and too fast; and who, in their turn, were nothing loth to accept the challenge, and in the persons of F. Harrison and E. Beesly to break a spear with Goschen and with Pearson. Such warfare is no uncommon thing in a place where thought is so free as it is at Oxford; but the existence of three, not two, parties, was certainly more characteristic of the Oxford of that day than I have ever known it since.'

The same quality of swiftness of outspoken intelligence, to the point of a sparkling audacity, the apparently made-up mind, with a fondness for paradox and persiflage, added to a rigorous fastidiousness, lives in the memory of Mr. Goschen, writing to Mrs. Pearson from Seacox Heath in November, 1898:

'I have been racking my memory and conferring with the Master of University about your husband, but we cannot get farther than Butler's reminiscences, not indeed so far. Franck Bright, Pearson, and I went to a little village near Meissen, in Saxony, to read for our "Greats," in a vacation, which must have been in the year 1851 or

1852, probably the latter; I don't think it was as late as '53. Pearson was a charming companion, light in hand, but I cannot remember any incidents, nor can Bright. Your letter has reminded me of a dinner when Pearson left for Australia, at which you say I presided; but there, too, my unfortunate memory refuses any help. What I seem to remember about that period is that I was strongly opposed to Pearson's leaving England, a step which, if I am not mistaken, was in part due to his disappointment in connection with a professorship or readership in history at Oxford—a disappointment which, I thought, discouraged him more than was necessary. Wrongly, as events turned out, I thought him mistaken in abandoning his chances here; for I did not foresee a Colonial political career for him at that time, and I thought that his great literary gifts would be wasted.

'I valued him highly as a fastidious critic. I wrote a skit in verse, a "Song of the Encænia," I called it, for the Commemoration of 1853, and showed it to him in manuscript. He corrected what he called my "roughness," and took much interest in almost every line; but I thought he rather sacrificed "spiritedness" to choice expression.

'My general impression of him is not the same as Arthur Butler's. The latter omits one very marked characteristic, a great enjoyment of "persiflage." He had also a keen sense of humour, which he tacked on to his persiflage, and it was often difficult to say whether he was in earnest or playing with his subject. He certainly struck many of us as the reverse of serious, and a mutual friend has mentioned to me his astonishment at Pearson's free treatment of all things human and divine in his earlier Oxford days. Some one told Pearson of this

impression, and he met the charge by saying that this impression was only the effect of the ignorance of his hearers.

'I consider that, with much thought and an infinite fund of knowledge, he combined a splendid gift of paradox, and, while other sides of his intellectual character struck other friends, some of us in our youthful immaturity were more impressed by his persiflage, his sudden inroads of humour into conversation, his great originality, than by the deeper qualities of which Butler writes. He always appeared to me a much older man than myself, though I think we were almost of the same age, and to be much more "a man of the world" in intellectual spheres than I was. He had thought out many things for himself—I should say he accepted little that he had not tested for himself. He would argue, but from a loftier plane than most of us.

'He was a fine, impressive speaker at the Union. Most of us admired his style very much.

'Generally, I may say, he was different from the bulk of us undergraduates—different in general tone, more original, more eccentric, certainly more learned, and with the power of using his knowledge.

'I have written very frankly, and really told you all I can. I feel it is very little, compared with what Arthur Butler has been able to put on paper. You can, of course, use these notes as you like, in the same way as you use Mr. Butler's.

'Of the Rugby days connected with Pearson, I only remember hearing that he had marvellous rapidity in writing Latin verse.'

Mr. Leslie Stephen recalls the impression made by Pearson, when himself little more than a boy, upon his young companions. The letter is interesting also for the reference to Russia. It shows Pearson, in youth as in manhood, brooding on the inevitable growth of the Czar's empire. This he thought ought to influence British statesmanship to cement relations with Russia so intimate as to forbid the possibility he always dreaded—a mortal antagonism between the Colossus and Western civilisation. Mr. Stephen writes to Mrs. Pearson:

'I am afraid that I can tell you very little, though I will gladly tell you what I can.

'I remember your husband at King's College, in 1848, I take it. He was member of a little debating society, and I looked up to him as a new M.P. might look up to a leader of the House.

'I remember vaguely that he was regarded as our best orator, but I cannot remember any definite instance of his performance. This only remains in my mind, that he used to impress me by speaking of the growth of the Russian empire, which was to be the great fact of the future. I should be sorry, at this distance of time, to try to state his views correctly; but I think that the direction of thought they implied is of some interest in relation to his last book. In those days I took myself to be a Radical, and had an impression that he was of the contrary persuasion, and terribly capable of trampling upon the weak points of my side. But, as I was only a schoolboy (fifteen years old), the whole position has become rather shadowy for me. Pearson had been contemporary with my brother at King's College; my brother had just gone to Cam-

bridge, and I looked upon both as belonging to a superior race, if not an earlier generation. It is all very vague, and the most that I can say is that I remember Pearson more distinctly than any of my other companions as a youth of vigorous intellect—a combative orator, of heavier metal altogether than mine.

'He was a friend of my two cousins, Henry and Edward Dicey, both at King's College. Henry is dead; but I dare say that Edward remembers more of him than I do. Albert Dicey was not then at King's College, and his recollections would be of later date.'

Pearson's most apparent characteristic was his habit of introspection. To strangers he often wore an air of cold reserve. His early friends delight to dwell on his ready-wittedness, his extraordinary fluency. Thus, Dr. John Henry Bridges, an old schoolfellow and brother fellow of Oriel, writes in April, 1899:

'I was with Charles Pearson at Rugby and at Oxford. At school I saw but little of him, but I well remember his extraordinary talent for improvising Latin verse. On one occasion he made a wager with another boy (and won it triumphantly) that he would compose fifty Latin lines on a given subject as quickly as the other boy could write them down. At Oxford I remember him as a most brilliant speaker at the "Union." There were many excellent speakers at that time, Lord Salisbury, Goschen, Bickley Rogers, Professor Beesly, Frederic Harrison, Grant Duff, being some of them. But for unhesitating command of language none of these were your husband's equal.

'We were associated also in an Essay Society, of which Goschen, Brodrick, Franck Bright, Jex-Blake,

Arthur Butler, F. Harrison, and others, were members. There, too, Charles Pearson shone by his copious originality, whether in his own essay or in the debates on others. It was a grief to us all that health compelled him to leave England. We followed his brilliant career as a teacher and a statesman in Australia with the deepest interest.'

Another of the Meissen trio—Dr. James Franck Bright, the historian, and Master of University College, Oxford—was as astonished as Mr. Goschen by the intellectual vivacity, trenching on intellectual insolence, which hid real depths of kindly feeling. He says:

'It was in the early fifties that I knew Charles Pearson best. My first acquaintance with him was in Goschen's room at Oriel. I had come up a boy from Rugby, I suppose for matriculation or to try for a scholarship at University, and was spending the evening with my friend Goschen, who had gone to Oriel the preceding year. He had already collected a good many thinking men about him, and among them Pearson. The conversation turned on solid, even serious subjects, and was, as I remember it now, brilliant enough, considering the age of those present. The most brilliant talker was certainly Pearson. As usual, he was slightly paradoxical and very outspoken, and I remember that not quite understanding in my youthfulness the character of the man, I accused him afterwards of flippancy and irreverent treatment of religious things. My strictures were brought subsequently to his knowledge, and with kindly contempt he said: "Oh, that's only his ignorance; I know more of the Bible, and care more for it a good deal than most men." I think this

trivial incident was very characteristic, and my early impression was never much changed. Brilliant paradox always marked his talk, and a real depth of belief and feeling lay behind the sparkling lightness of his conversation. He was quite conscious of his own peculiarities. One day at Meissen, where Goschen and he and I were on a reading party, a big dog belonging to the inn where we dined gave us his company at our meal, and was a little troublesome. Pearson attacked him with the most obvious sophisms, so obvious that I could not help saying: "What an argument!" "Quite good enough to convince a dog," he replied, and continued his canine lecture.

'They were pleasant hours, those at Meissen. I wish I could recall more definitely stories of Pearson—of his kindness and sympathy with the two Goschen lads who were at school there, and came now and again to some meal with us; of his pleasant "chaff" and merry travesties of German songs and ballads; but my memory refuses to produce anything of sufficient solidity for biographical use. So I am afraid it is with other times; my recollection of him as Librarian of the Union affords only the fact that we of the Library Committee were astonished at his knowledge of books and fitness for the office. Indeed, Pearson's lengthened absence abroad, and the secondary knowledge one got of him from his books, make the real Pearson of my youth rather an impression than anything very tangible. But the impression is a tolerably vivid one. A slight figure of a man, wise and thoughtful beyond his fellows or his years, with a face already showing marks of doubtful health, but ever ready to break out into a bright, slightly sarcastic smile—even cheerful laughter; his conversation—always original and racy—brilliant and para-

doxical, sometimes a little perverse; very thoughtful and full of generalisation, which not unfrequently wanted a little proving, but with a background of very sterling seriousness; kindly and friendly, a good friend, and capital travelling-companion—such is the figure left on my mind.

'I do not suppose that this will be of much use to Mrs. Pearson; but she may like to see how pleasant a memory her husband has left to one of his old friends, and how much he impressed us.'

The Warden of Merton, Mr. George C. Brodrick, does justice, like his friends in general, not only to Pearson's extraordinary variety of knowledge, unconventionality of ideas, width of acquaintance with foreign as well as native literature and rhetorical ability, but also to the warmth of heart and religious feeling underlying a veil of irony and not unreasonable disappointment.

'I first knew Charles Pearson soon after I came up to Oxford in 1850. He was of Exeter, I of Balliol. We had many friends in common, though he was a year my senior in standing, and in the Michaelmas Term of 1852 I was associated with him in the foundation of a little Essay Society, then almost (if not quite) unique at Oxford, though anticipated by the Cambridge "Apostles." The seven first members of this Society, in alphabetical order, were myself, A. G. Butler, W. H. Fremantle (now Dean of Ripon), G. J. Goschen, H. Oxenham, C. S. Parker (late M.P. for Perthshire and Perth), and Charles Pearson. Perhaps his knowledge was more various, and his ideas less conventional, than those of any other member. At all events, his essays were more impressive

in style, if not more original; and Conington, who used often to attend our meetings, was fond of saying that, considering how great were Pearson's gifts of imposture, it was greatly to his credit that he used them so moderately. Even then there was a certain reserve and want of superficial geniality about him, but no one doubted his warmth of heart. I may perhaps mention, as a specimen of his disrespectful irony, a suggestion which he made to our Essay Society in 1853, the year in which Lord Derby was installed as Chancellor of the University, and Installation Odes were invited from its junior members. It was that we should contribute one of those Odes, written in a satirical vein, which the authorities (presumed to be incapable of humour) should accept as a serious panegyric, but which all intelligent persons should recognise as a squib.

At the Union he ranked among the foremost speakers. I took little part in the debates until after his star culminated, and did not happen to hear a famous oration of his on the Dissolution of Monasteries. But we both spoke in the great debate on Gladstone's joining the Coalition Government of 1853, which lasted four nights, and in which all the best speakers of that time made great efforts. I have always regarded Pearson's speech on that occasion as the finest piece of rhetoric that I ever heard at the Union. He knew far more of books, foreign as well as English, than most of us, and when I was Librarian of the Union I often consulted him about additions to the library.

'After he left Oxford to study medicine in London, I saw less of him than before, for, though I went up to London myself in 1856 to read for the Bar, we lived far apart from each other and moved in different circles. I

think he had already abandoned the prospect of entering the medical profession on account of his delicate health, the origin of which he always dated from a chill caught when he turned out as a special constable to oppose the incursion of the Chartists in 1848. I am not sure in what year he became a Professor of History at King's College, but I know he was so engaged, and established at 7 Caroline Street, Bedford Square, before June 1855, and I was soon brought into contact with him again during my early days in London. At this time he kept a horse, and had it trained for jumping by a rough-rider—but I doubt whether he often rode it himself. I believe I dined once or twice with him in his lodgings, and I well remember that when Goschen first came forward for the City, having been outside of politics for some years, he invited Pearson and me to confer with him on the substance of his election address, the composition of which, it is needless to add, was his own. Otherwise, we seldom met, except at the annual dinner of our Essay Society, generally held at Greenwich or Richmond, where Pearson's speech was sure to be among the happiest and most amusing.

'Then came his emigration to Australia, which took us all by surprise. He justified it entirely on grounds of health; but one could not help suspecting that a certain sense of unrecognised ability and an impatience of his comparative obscurity in London were among his chief motives for making the plunge. Certainly few of his friends would have thought him well qualified for the life of a settler, but then we probably underrated his versatility, and scarcely discerned the Bohemian element latent in his character.

'I cannot remember with certainty either how often,

or in what years, he returned from Australia. My impression is that, during the first of these visits to England, he occupied a house at Farnham Royal, near Slough, where I stayed with him for one or two nights. At all events, while I was staying with him there, we went over to see Eton, and, finding that a debate of the select body called "The Eton Society" was coming on that afternoon, I attended it as an honorary member, and procured admission for Pearson. Both of us were invited to speak, and he made a little oration, lasting but five minutes, which quite captivated the boyish audience. You will doubtless know whether it was during this or his next visit to England that he became Lecturer on Modern History at Trinity College, Cambridge, where I stayed with him again, and thought he seemed very much at home. I do not know how this lectureship came to an end, but I clearly remember his telling me—I think, on that occasion—that, if he could only see his way to a secure income of 300*l.* a year, in a congenial post, he would remain in England (*g*). I at once wrote to Goschen, saying that I thought it would reflect little honour on his friends if he were forced to go back for want of such a salary, and I am still of that opinion.

'I will not speak of his political life in Australia, because I know too little of it, and yet enough to feel sure that I could not have acted with him on many Colonial questions. Once, when Sir Graham Berry was in England, Pearson brought him to a breakfast-party of mine, where there was a warm discussion on Free Trade, and Berry maintained, with Pearson's silent assent, that moderate Protective duties had not only a steadying but a lowering influence on the average price of commodities in the colony (*h*).

'After his final return to England I saw less of him than I could have wished, owing to my residence at Oxford, and I doubt whether I ever met him after the publication of his last and most successful volume. Neither the ability nor the love of paradox displayed in that volume caused any surprise to his old friends; what surprised me was that his earlier works, though a little fragmentary, should not have found more favour with the public. In spite of this, he there takes the public more into his confidence on grave questions of belief than he did most of those supposed to be intimate with him, for, like Charles Bowen, he loved to conceal his inmost opinions under a veil of irony. Whether or not he ever called himself a Christian Socialist, he was very much under the influence of F. D. Maurice in early life, and, whatever may have been his religious convictions, I always regarded him as a man of religious character. His prejudices were strong, and one of them—against his old school, Rugby—breaks out in his little memoir of Henry Smith. Still, his was a luminous and independent intellect, which never commanded the success in life that it deserved, but left a permanent impression on his many friends.

'I wish I could tell you more. If any fresh point should occur to me I will let you know.

'Though I was never very intimate with Pearson, I think we felt a certain bond of sympathy between us by virtue of our evangelical training in childhood.'

Dean Fremantle, while appreciating the many aspects of his friend's character and career, dwells particularly on his attitude towards theology and socialism:

'Charles Pearson was, I think, two years senior to me

when we first met as undergraduates at Oxford. He attracted my notice by my meeting him in the Banbury Road, alone, and reading a book as he walked. He was a scholar of Exeter, I being a commoner of Balliol; but common interests and common friends drew us together. Though he did not mind walking and reading by himself, yet he was of a very sociable character, and took part readily in the pursuits of his equals. There were few games at Oxford in those days; and the usual relaxation for those who did not ride or row, or, in the summer, play cricket, was the afternoon's walk, which, if less of a rest from study, gave more opportunity for conversation and friendship. In the autumn of 1851 a few of us founded the Essay Society. We were only seven; but we bound ourselves always to be present under the penalty of having to write a poem and read it at the next meeting. The seven were Henry Oxenham, Charles Parker, Pearson, Goschen, George Brodrick, Arthur Butler, and myself. The essays were on very various subjects; Pearson usually chose subjects connected with art. I remember one of his on the Poetry of the Future, in which he thought that the epic and lyric elements might be combined. He gained the prize instituted about that time for a poem on a sacred subject, his poem being on "The Blessing of Jacob on his Sons." At the Union he took a prominent part. He was one of a band of men who were Liberals and Reformers, and whose mettle was called forth by addressing an assembly strongly inclined to the old conservatism. University reform was coming on, and popular education was being pressed forward, and a new Reform Bill was attempted by Lord John Russell, but was made impossible by the Crimean war. Pearson, while he sympathised with these movements, was more

especially attracted by the Christian Socialism which was advocated by F. D. Maurice, and he made a motion in favour of it at the Union in a very earnest speech, urging us not to oppose it through prejudice, "lest haply we be found even to fight against God."

'He was not a man to make a large circle of acquaintances, but had a few very fast friends, amongst whom were Henry Smith, the great mathematician, and Conington, afterwards Professor of Latin. But he readily sympathised with men of less ability, often contradicting the university estimate of them. He was singularly open-minded. He made little of the barriers of sect, and considered that there should be no hindrance to the inclusion of the various Protestant denominations within the Church system. On the other hand, he would say that the doctrine of Transubstantiation was merely a strong way of expressing the belief in the presence of Christ with his people; and that confession to a priest could do no harm—he would not object to his wife (he was unmarried then) going to confession. Perhaps this liberality, or extreme tolerance, may have been the ground on which, as he declared, a Protestant pastor, with whom he lodged in Paris in order to learn French, said that he was "Un excellent jeune homme—malheureusement il n'est pas chrétien."

'He had intended to enter the medical profession, and had lodgings with Edward Fox, my old Balliol friend, since well known as a physician at Bristol. I remember a delightful evening spent in their company at their lodgings in Edgware Road, when, after the manner of young men, we ventilated every subject in heaven and earth. But the seeds of the illness from which he suffered more or less throughout his life were beginning to show themselves.

One of our friends who met him about that time wrote to me that he feared his appearance denoted "the beginning of the end." He felt that a medical career was impossible, and he turned to literature. He wrote a good deal for the "Saturday Review," which was established about that time, although he disliked the general tone of it; and I think had some relations with the "London Review" and the "Spectator." He paid me a visit at my Oxfordshire vicarage in 1859, which I greatly enjoyed, and showed his friendship by trying to get me to write for the "Saturday Review." He was, I think, at one time editor of the "National Review," a quarterly which had but a short career, though the title has since been revived for a monthly. But he found more scope for his ability in becoming Professor of Modern History at King's College, London. His volume on the early centuries of English History showed a great capacity for research: he always inclined to the less trodden ways and to original thought; his work was thorough and conscientious, and his statements were always carefully verified. I remember finding him one morning in his lodgings in London surrounded with maps and books of statistics about Italy, to enable him to trace each step of Garibaldi's liberating expedition in Sicily and Naples, which he thought the grandest thing that had occurred in our lifetime.

'We were all of us distressed and surprised at the announcement that he intended to give up his career in England and to go to Australia; but our admiration was called forth by the courage and energy with which he faced the future. He went to an engineering establishment to learn the use of various mechanical appliances which he might need as a settler, and was even said to have patented an invention. He gained a full acquaint-

ance with the conditions of the various colonies before finally choosing South Australia as the place most suited to him. We gave him a farewell dinner, at which Goschen took the chair, at the Bath Hotel, Piccadilly; and, though the chairman expressed our regrets that "our friend was turning from literature to sheep-farming and wool-gathering in general," we could not really give up the hope that he would find something more congenial to his abilities and refinement.

'On his first return to England he told me how much he had been gratified with the amount of intellectual progress in Australia; how any book of mark which came out in England could be obtained there; how he had found his own book on English History in use in some of the schools. He kindly came to see me each time that he visited England. I remember a delightful dinner to which his brother Sir John Pearson invited many of his old friends, when he came over with Sir Graham Berry on political business; and I had the pleasure of introducing him to my cousin, Mr. Childers, who had been Agent-General for the colony. On one of his previous visits, when he was working out the later volumes of his history, he took a cottage at Farnham Royal, near Slough, where we spent a charming Saturday with him in company with Professor Norton, of Boston in America, and drove to Chalfont St. Giles, where Milton lived among the early Quakers.

'His public life in Australia I was but slightly able to follow. We corresponded occasionally and sent each other articles or books which we wrote. On his final return to England I hoped that our intercourse would have been more constant. This hope was only partially fulfilled, partly from ill-health on his side, partly from our

both being fully occupied, he in literature and colonial business, I as Canon of Canterbury and Tutor of Balliol. But our meetings were always of the old genial and friendly character. I read his book on the "Future of National Character" as soon as it appeared, and made notes and queries on its most startling statements, which I sent to him. He wrote me a very careful reply and invited me to spend an evening in discussing the points I had raised. He did not convert me to what I cannot but consider the unduly pessimistic views of his book. But I was struck with the readiness with which he was able to produce the statistical facts on which each of his inferences was based. His accuracy was as minute as his range was vast. He came with me to one of the meetings of our Christian Conference, and told me he hoped soon, if his health improved, to attend one of the churches in his neighbourhood. I also sent him a copy of a speech which I made at the Church Congress at Birmingham on the restoration of the power of the laity in our Church system, which in the main he heartily approved. I mention these points because it was thought by some of the readers of his book that his interest in the Church and Christian movements had died out. I do not profess to be able to give a full estimate of his position in such matters; but among the many grounds, both private and public, for deep regret at his premature death was the frustration of the hope which I had formed that in a calm and honoured old age he might have gained a brighter outlook into the future of our race and have given some guidance towards its realisation.'

In the following letter we have a link between the Oriel fellow, brimful of Union declamation and Young Oxford Liberalism, and the Victorian politician, author of

'National Life and Character,' for which Mr. James Bryce himself stood sponsor. Mr. Bryce writes to Mrs. Pearson in May 1897:

'I first came to know your husband when I was elected a fellow of Oriel in 1862. He was then living in London, but came up to Oxford from time to time, and always brought something new and interesting with which to enliven the talk of hall and common-room. He had left a great reputation in Oxford as one of the most brilliant men of an unusually brilliant generation, that of the early fifties; and this reputation rested on his speeches at the Union and on the opinion formed of him by his private friends, no less than on his performances in the examination schools. One speech of his, made about 1853, was often referred to as the most striking piece of oratory the Union had listened to for years. The strongest impression he made on us younger men was that of a mind extraordinarily well stored with knowledge and possessed of a remarkable gift of generalising. One never sat beside him without learning something which one would not have heard from any one else, yet he never seemed embarrassed by the mass of facts he had accumulated, being always capable of using them to strike out new lines and draw broad conclusions. I well remember his going to Poland in 1863, during the great insurrection of that year—the last, I think, of the really great insurrections—and giving us in that October at Oriel a singularly vivid account of Warsaw as he saw it. I fancy he wrote some articles (probably for the "Spectator," to which he sometimes contributed) on the struggle; and if they are as interesting as the Oriel narrative he gave us, they would be worth recovering.

'He was, in the years I speak of, chiefly occupied with studies in early English History, revising and enlarging

the book he had published some years before. E. A. Freeman, the distinguished historian, happened to be up in Oxford examining in the History school, and I asked him to meet your husband at dinner during one of the latter's visits. They did not, however, find one another congenial, differing, among other things, regarding the character of King Harold (the son of Godwin), and being disposed to look at English history in quite different ways; and I fancy they never met again. Your husband did not seem to care so much for minute investigations and for what may be called the antiquarian side of history as Freeman did. His interest lay chiefly in large and broad views; indeed, one of the characteristic tendencies of his mind was to boldness in the summarising and interpretation of facts. This made his talk eminently stimulative, and led me to think that he must have been a powerful and impressive lecturer, though I had never the good fortune to hear him discourse in public. We were so much concerned at his delicate health, which often interfered with his work, as to forego our personal regrets when he went to Australia, great as we felt the loss to the college to be. Like nearly all the ablest Oxford men of that time, he was a strong Liberal, advocating University Reform and the abolition of university tests, as well as most of the political measures, as, for instance, for the extension of the suffrage, which the Liberal party had taken up. But he was singularly capable of rising above party feeling and passing just and even generous judgments on those from whom he most differed. I recollect him speaking to me with warm admiration of one of the more extreme High Churchmen of that time whose character had struck him; nor did he ever seem to be prejudiced against individual men by party feeling.

'At rare intervals during his absence in Australia I had letters from him, sometimes introducing friends of his, sometimes describing the political phenomena of the country. Most of these I probably have, but I have not yet been able to lay my hands upon any of them. His letters, like his talk, were clear, definite, trenchant, presenting large views in few words.

'Not long before the last time he returned to England he sent me the syllabus of his now famous book, "National Life and Character," that it might be shown to a publisher. The firm to which I showed it accepted it at once, struck, no doubt, as I had been, by the breadth and power with which the subject had been conceived. Of the effect it produced when published I need say nothing, for you and he returned to England soon after, and the thing is still fresh in men's minds.

'May I add, during the last year or two when he was in London, I was greatly impressed by the dignified fortitude with which he bore the declining health that was too manifest to his friends? Cool, quiet courage always seemed to them to have been one of the most salient traits of his character.'

The Rev. C. Henry Daniel, Fellow and Bursar of Worcester College, Oxford, one of Pearson's few surviving colleagues at King's, bears warm testimony to the intelligent sympathy which, under a somewhat cold manner, won the affection of all his fellow-workers. It will be noticed that Mr. Daniel does not seem to have been conscious of the habit of persiflage remarked by others among Pearson's associates.

'In 1860, when I went as a lecturer to King's College,

I found Brewer and Pearson professing English literature and history. With C. H. Plumptre they gave the intellectual and moral impulse to the young men of the General Literature Department. They took a keen interest in their pupils, both individually and collectively. No influence could have been more developing and mind-opening for lads emerging into manhood.

'Pearson, as well as his two colleagues, kept in touch with his pupils. He interested himself, for instance, in their Debating Society, and took part in its terminal evening meetings.

'His bearing towards me, a young and untried recruit, was singularly sympathetic. A manner dry, and superficially cold, gave piquancy and value to his overtures. One felt the absolute honesty of the man, and therefore attached the greater importance to his slightest indication of friendliness. There is no more flattering encouragement to a young man than to be undemonstratively admitted to an equality by one who has already acquired a reputation. Pearson did not condescend to a younger and inferior student in whom he chose to recognise merit, but paid him the stimulating compliment of association. In our frequent conversations he was always in earnest—trifling and persiflage were foreign to his nature—was always ready to discuss, as with an equal, even those topics in which he had a right to assume the dogmatic position of a teacher.

'I am afraid that my memory at this distance of time fails me as to particulars; but I have a vivid recollection of his appreciative comments on the "Agricola" of Tacitus, and the elevation and pathos with which he declaimed to me its closing sentences. The impression made on me was so great that I no longer wondered how his fame as

an orator had become a part of the Union tradition of my undergraduate days.

'I have laid stress upon the subtle unobtrusive influence exercised by Pearson in associating younger men on an equality with himself. Here is an instance:—He told me one day that Robert Browning was coming that evening to his rooms, and was desirous of information as to the best course to take for the education of his boy. Would I, as having lately left the University, come and give him the benefit of my experience? I, of course, went. It was not long after Browning's great loss, to which in the course of the evening he made more than one pathetic reference. I recollect, too, the natural keenness of his interest in his son, and the charm of an evening passed in listening to the conversation of the poet and his host, mainly turning on their common knowledge of foreign parts, and of course, in the first place, of Florence.

'I remember to have been particularly struck by the manly cheerfulness with which Browning joined in topics which must have been full of solemn and fresh regrets.'

For Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, Pearson was a student of literature and of history, a writer who achieved one great success, yet that less durably brilliant than in more favourable circumstances he had it in him to have accomplished; a man by whose exchange of an Australian for an English domicile his friends lost much, yet who thereby was himself, on the whole, the gainer. Sir Mountstuart writes to Mrs. Pearson:

'I have been trying to put together some recollections of your distinguished husband, but with a most melancholy want of success. The truth is that I knew him

best when we were both very young; and, in our earlier days, we are all, I am afraid, too much in the habit of, so to speak, taking our friends for granted. We hope and expect to have them always with us. We delight in their society, but anticipate having the same pleasure and profit from intercourse with them to-morrow as we had to-day. It is only when we have passed middle life that most of us remember the warning, so well given by Mr. Pater in the words: "Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us; and in the brilliance of their gifts some tragic dividing of forces on their ways, is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening."

'So it comes to pass that we can often remember more distinctly, and give a better report about people whom we only knew slightly, than we can about many whom we knew very well.

'I first met Charles Pearson in the month of June 1850, at the rooms of Henry Smith, who already gave promise of the great success he was to achieve in the opinion of his contemporaries. Pearson was then, as always, rather shy, but it needed no discernment to see that he was a very superior man, and would assuredly make his mark in the University. Almost immediately, however, after we became acquainted, I left Oxford, and only returned to it to take my degree in the following autumn; which done, I went immediately abroad, to remain out of England for many months. We hardly, if at all, met again, until I went back to Oxford for three weeks, in the beginning of 1853, to keep my master's term.

'By that time your husband had taken a recognised place in the most intelligent society of the University, and was known not merely by success in the schools, but as an excellent talker, a good speaker, and a man who kept himself in touch with all that was best in the Liberal

movement of the hour. It must have been soon after this that he determined to study medicine, influenced, I suppose, chiefly by the example of Dr. (now Sir) Henry Acland, for whom he always had a great veneration and esteem. He settled in London, where we had lodgings very near each other, and we used frequently to meet. It was in his rooms that I had a conversation early in the year 1854 with Fitz-James Stephen, which led to a long and close intimacy, only terminated by his lamented death.

'I need hardly say that your husband was powerfully influenced by the course of public events during the momentous crisis in European history which will make the years 1853–54 long remembered. I do not know whether you have a copy of the very vigorous verses which he published at that time under the title of "East and West." In these days, when accurate and self-satisfied rhymesters look down on Byron as "having had no technique," the roughness of the following lines would be much criticised; but at least they contain an expression of strong feeling, and reflect very well the views that were prevalent at the time amongst the best men of Charles Pearson's generation.

EAST AND WEST

Europe's every nation hath heard the solemn call—
'Peace or desolation is doom that waits us all.'
France and England, two great foemen, pressing hands of happy omen,
Ancient feud forgetting, their force and fame unite:
When they strove, their vollied thunder rent the awe-struck earth asunder:
Shall it peal less sternly when they battle for the right?
These are first;—do laggard souls remain?
Rouse thy chivalry, old land of Spain!
Does no trumpet wake the German's home?
Cannot danger fire the heart of Rome?

Spain must bide a season to reckon with her Queen,
Count how great the treason, how deep the shame hath been;
Italy, bound hands upraising, towards the shores of freedom gazing,
Is a giant chained, on whom the double vultures feed:
Patience! when the tide of war hath rolled itself on Austria's shore,
Poland shall not fill her strength, nor Italy her greed.
Moscow's royal sentinels shall know
They have earned false friend and vengeful foe:
France her border from the Rhine shall win
And the Cossack stable in Berlin.

Let the cowards linger o'er protocols and laws,
Needs no traitor's finger should stir in Europe's cause.
France and England bring their legions from wild snow and torrid regions,
Blotting out in better memories Fontenoy and Waterloo;
Great in commerce, great in science, greater in the stern reliance
Which hath made those ancient foemen stand like brothers, firm and true.
Breasting side by side the grisly fight,
Charging side by side the horrible height;
Our great past refuted and undone
By that nobler war which makes us one.

Each fresh act of glory which in our camp is told
Hath its place in story by some great deed of old.
The old Armada stirs us yet; nor can our later love forget
How Balaklava's morning inherits Agincourt;
And the day that baffled Rome and brought our first free monarch home,
Is mourned for the fight of Inkermann in each base German Court.
Let the past from its long record show
Tale of nation freed, or conquered foe.
Not our fathers' shades shall blush to see
Sons of theirs unworthy to be free.

Yet we know the cost, and our aching hearts can tell
What men have left the host, who had fought for England well.
And each great glory is a wall of darkness to some lordly hall
Where he, that was the light of day, shall shine on it no more.
And peasant-mothers sit and weep for the soldier sons who lie asleep,
Whom those sweet ladies nursed in vain upon the Black Sea shore.

Weep, weep for those whose names alone return:
Weep, weep, weep when the pale night-stars burn;
Each pale night-star feebly shines above
One—who died for England—whom her sons love.

Death has spread his pall, and darkens on the field;
We have counted all, and we cannot, dare not, yield.
Every mother, when she prays to see her son in after-days,
Through suspense, and doubt, and hope, and tears that burn like flame,
Feels he cannot look upon her if he come not back in honour,
Would not buy his life with her country's loss or shame.
Queen and people—we are one—we live
In the issue which this war shall give;
Not in the lust of power we sought the fight,
But God-fearing. God defend the right!

'Your husband was ever, as you know, a most careful student of English poetry, not at all from any desire to be himself a poet, but simply from the delight it gave him. He read, and read largely, numbers of old poets whom most of us know only in anthologies; but he by no means neglected the poets of our own day, and quite recently I came, in an old notebook, upon some lines from Sir Henry Taylor's "Philip van Artevelde," copied in his beautiful handwriting during, I suppose, a few days which I spent at his father's house at Clifton, in the winter of 1854. Some of them seem to me not inapplicable to his own destiny:

Compute the chances,
And count there's ne'er a one of all that try
To win the race of glory, but than he
A thousand men more gloriously endowed
Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others
Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance
While lighter barks pushed by them.

'During all these years he was much occupied with religious questions, and was more or less Maurician, but

Maurician rather in sentiment than in opinion. He leant to the Sacramental teaching of the High Church party, but in all matters of Biblical criticism and interpretation belonged entirely to what was then beginning to be known as the Broad Church. I do not remember exactly when he became connected with King's College, or why he gave up those medical studies in which at first he had taken so much pleasure; but I suppose it was on account of health.

'Anyhow he threw himself with great zeal into his duties as lecturer on History. In the year 1856 he was kind enough to undertake the preparation for Balliol of my younger brother, who had been educated chiefly in Germany. They were together for some time in London, and also at Blois. I am not sure whether it was in the course of that or a somewhat later visit to France that your husband fell in with the then unpublished Journal of Eugénie de Guérin. He became quite possessed by that beautiful book, and could talk, when he returned, of little else. It was not till a later period, after it had ceased to be "en demi-jour de publicité," that Matthew Arnold became acquainted with it, and introduced it to his countrymen in a charming paper, reprinted in his "Essays in Criticism."

'In the year 1859 your husband contributed a series of letters to the "Continental Review," then edited by a very able man, who, like himself, was a fellow of Oriel, the late T. C. Sandars. These were afterwards collected in a volume under the title of "Russia, by a Recent Traveller." I saw him not unfrequently during the years which followed, chiefly at breakfast, and found him always intensely interested in historical study, and much occupied with his "Early and Middle Ages of England," which appeared, if

I remember rightly, in 1863, and obtained very general recognition amongst those entitled to speak of it.

'His first visit to Australia followed, if my memory serves me, the publication of the first edition of the work I have just mentioned. That first edition was superseded by a much more elaborate one, two or three years later, and by an illustrated Atlas, the preparation of which, I have been told, seriously injured his sight. We were all extremely sorry when he determined to transfer himself permanently to Australia.

'We should have wished to see him Professor of Modern History in Oxford. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that he never really liked the life of that place, and I more than doubt whether he would have had anything like as much pleasure out of his residence in the University as he found in Australia. His going thither was our loss, but his gain. Of his Australian life, however, few of us knew almost anything. I received from him in 1878 the masterly Report on the State of Education in Victoria, which embodied the results of his labours as a commissioner to inquire into that subject; and I saw him once or twice when he came to this country in 1879 along with Sir Graham Berry.

'From that time onward I did not again meet him until his final return to England. Like all his friends, I rejoiced at the brilliant success of his book on "National Life and Character," though I was far from agreeing with some of its conclusions; but I am sure that, if circumstances had been more favourable, he had it in him to make a much greater mark in literature than he actually made.

'His whole life was one long battle against bad health. Even at Oxford he was a good deal of an invalid, and

no one would have been surprised if he had failed to reach middle life.

'Australia saved him, and he amply repaid the debt.'

Professor Henry Sidgwick, unlike other contributors of reminiscences, made the acquaintance of Pearson when his character was fully formed, and he had already won recognition as a thinker and writer. Dr. Sidgwick's narrative has a distinct interest, both on this account, and also for the light it throws on an episode in Pearson's career—his naturalisation in a sister university—which retained a constant fascination for the trained yet not altogether satisfied Oxford graduate.

'My acquaintance with Pearson, before he came to Cambridge in October 1869, was comparatively slight. I was first interested in him by what I heard from others of his conduct of the "National Review." I formed the idea of him as a man who, while strongly sharing the general drift of educated opinion towards what was vaguely called Liberalism in Theology, had a definite and marked independence of thought, and an alert openness of mind to all the considerations relevant to the performance of his difficult duties. To give a trifling illustration that stays in my memory: I recollect that a friend who wrote an article for the "National" had indulged in some satire on the common pictorial representation of an angel as a morphological absurdity. Pearson, in a sympathetic letter, urged that to attack a conventional symbol, not connected in educated minds with any false belief, would give the maximum of offence with the minimum of instruction.

'Later, I met him on a visit to Cannes, in the winter

of 1867–8, when he was preparing a course of lectures to be delivered to classes of ladies in Liverpool and Manchester. I remember feeling how a certain academic dryness of manner, and a shrewdly, even severely, critical vein that ran through his conversation, contrasted with the warmth and breadth of his sympathy with the work, then beginning, which was afterwards called "University Extension."

'In 1869 I had to advise the authorities of Trinity College as to the appointment of a lecturer in Modern History. My intervention in the matter came about as follows. Though Cambridge had had a chair of Modern History since 1724, the subject had no place in the curriculum for a degree till 1861. Then, in subordinate conjunction with Political Philosophy, it was made a portion of one of the six departments of the Moral Sciences Tripos; and when, some years later, an examination in Modern History was instituted as one of the special examinations for the ordinary degree, it was at first treated as one of the examinations in Moral Sciences. Accordingly, when in 1867 I was appointed lecturer in Moral Sciences at Trinity, it became my duty to teach History among other subjects. But in 1867 and 1868 changes were made which severed the connection of History with Moral Sciences, and found a temporary resting-place for it under the wing of Law, having three papers out of ten allotted to it in a new "Law and History" Tripos. It was obvious that the lecturer in Moral Sciences could no longer undertake it; but, having had temporary charge of the subject, I was asked to make suggestions with regard to the proposed separate provision for it. I knew that Pearson had at the time no permanent work, and thought it would be a great thing if we could secure him.

But the position and stipend (200*l.* a year) seemed so inadequate to his claims that I did not venture to offer it him directly. I wrote him a letter ostensibly asking him to recommend a candidate, but so worded as to make clear that he could have it if he liked. He replied accepting; and for two years—from October 1869—he resided in Cambridge during term time as Trinity lecturer in Modern History.

'I am afraid that, in writing to him, I drew a veil over the probable average calibre of his pupils. Able undergraduates in Cambridge are commonly determined, in choosing a course of study, partly by the rewards attached to it in the way of scholarships &c., partly by the general prestige of the subject. Rewards there were then none for Modern History in Trinity; prestige attaches itself but slowly to a newly introduced subject in so conservative a place as Cambridge. Modern history had first been distinctly presented to undergraduates as a part of a course for the ordinary degree, and the place recently assigned to it in an honour course was still quite a subordinate one. The able men who went in for this course were few,—there was only one first-class man out of more than forty candidates for honours in Law and History in 1870 and 1871,—and even the few aimed at Law rather than History. At the same time, it was distinctly the function of a college lecturer to prepare for the examinations; he was appointed, if I may so say, for business purposes; the more agreeable duty of directing the studies of amateurs was understood to belong to the university professor.

'A less favourable opportunity for the exercise of Pearson's powers can hardly be conceived—I did not quite know how unfavourable when I wrote to him, as I

had not then realised the superior conditions of his work at King's College. I never doubted that I had been fortunate in securing him, but it was gradually borne in upon me that I had lured him rather under false pretences; and though he always took great pains with his work, he never really liked it. In a few years the conditions were materially changed; a separate Historical Tripos was established, and the intrinsic importance and educational value of the subject gradually obtained recognition. Accordingly in 1883 I and others tried to make arrangements for getting Pearson back as a university lecturer; but an adequate stipend could not be provided, and the plan fell through.

'It was in the two years of his residence (during term time) in Trinity that my personal regard for Pearson, and my conception of his character and ways, were mainly formed. He lived first in lodgings in Trinity Street, afterwards in rooms in Nevile's Court, where more than one of us remembers the small, very pleasant dinner parties that he gave from time to time. He felt that he was appreciated by his colleagues, if not altogether by his pupils; and became almost immediately at home in the society of the college. The criticisms that he soon began to pass in private on the defects of our institutions, and the sarcasms that he occasionally allowed himself on the ugliness of our scenery, were given in the confidence of complete domestication and taken in the same spirit.

'Pearson was, as I came to think, a very good talker, though of a rather peculiar kind. He was not ordinarily sparkling or fluent; his manner was always quiet, and sometimes rather dry and impassive; and I never knew any one with so abundant a store of well-supported opinions who had so little inclination to the social fault

of making his company a present of them. But he had read all sorts of books with a keen and independent taste —I remember (e.g.) that he was an admirer of Ibsen before Ibsenism became fashionable. He had been in all sorts of places, with a very alert and active intelligence and a peculiarly strong scientific interest in social facts; he had a very retentive memory, and was, when roused, an eager and able dialectician. Thus the interestingness of his talk, at first unobtrusive, grew with acquaintance, and was remarkably well sustained. If one made a statement that was not in accordance with fact, he felt bound to correct it; and as his knowledge of facts was almost always both precise and ready to hand, these corrections occurred pretty frequently. But they were not, I think, likely to offend any but very sensitive or conceited persons, from the manifest impersonality of their intention, the complete absence of anything domineering in his manner, and his unaffected enjoyment of the good talk of others.

'We noted in him a certain tendency to paradox, sometimes only in the form, sometimes in the substance, of his political and social opinions; but if any one, relying on common sense, was led to oppose any of his paradoxes without special knowledge, he was liable to find himself argumentatively prostrated by a well-marshalled array of facts that he could not controvert, handled with much dialectical skill. I remember vividly to this day how in the Michaelmas term of 1870, at the critical time of the German invasion of France—when even rigidly conscientious students were found yielding to the temptation of reading newspapers in the morning—Pearson adopted the view that the French resistance to the invaders was going to succeed. He stood alone among us in this opinion; but his knowledge of the military facts, and of historical

struggles more or less analogous, was so copious and minute, and his power of handling his material so masterly, that night after night, at the end of the post-prandial debate, we sat silenced though unconvinced, and Pearson's hypothesis manifestly held the field. The next morning would bring new evidence on our side, which seemed overwhelming as we read the papers; but when we met again in the evening we found that Pearson had changed his front so as to resist effectively the new onset of facts, or even to convert them into arguments for his own conclusion. The performance, as I recall it, was really a dialectical masterpiece; all the more impressive from the serious conviction with which the protean paradox was continually maintained.

'This tendency to advocate unpopular causes was exemplified by his membership of a Republican club, which had a brief existence in Cambridge during the time of his residence. With regard to it, Dr. Jackson, one of the surviving members, of whose reminiscences, both on this and on one or two other points in the present sketch, I ought to mention that I have had the advantage in the way of confirmation or supplement to my own, writes to me: "It must have been in 1870 that the Republican Club was founded. There were, I think, seven original members, and another was afterwards elected. We dined and discussed. Pearson's precise knowledge served as a useful corrective to exuberant imaginations. To the best of my recollection four meetings were held. Then perhaps came a long vacation, and though the club never ceased to exist, no more meetings were summoned. Its foundation was recorded in the gossip column of an evening newspaper, and, I believe, suggested the establishment of Republican clubs elsewhere."

'What I have said may suggest that Pearson was habitually "intransigeant"—uncompromising in advocating and acting on extreme opinions. And this is in a sense true, according to my judgment, but it requires important qualification. He was certainly one of the small class of persons whose practical adhesion to their convictions is only made more resolute by its colliding with popular sentiment or with self-interest; the position of "Athanasius contra mundum" would certainly always have had an attraction for him. To use an Anglo-Indian phrase then current, I should have selected Pearson as a man "to go tiger-hunting with"—provided the "tiger" is understood symbolically, in a political or social sense; as he was public-spirited and fearless, braced by conflict into cool determination, and very loyal to his allies. But he was very far from being an "ideologue" or "metapolitician." Though he had little respect for prevalent prejudices, he had a great respect for facts; he was always self-critical as well as critical of others, and alert and disengaged in the collection and valuation of evidence on all sides of any question in which he was interested speculatively or practically. He was even circumspect in the sense of being anxious to avoid contests on badly chosen grounds; and the enthusiasm for human progress, which was strong in him, was kept in check by his intellectual habit of steadily and clearly distinguishing his ideals and aspirations from his expectations.

'This leads me to another contrast which Pearson's character presented. Those who got to know him soon found that, along with a certain cynicism—or what appeared such—in discussing his fellow-men, and the course of human affairs generally, he had very warm personal affections. For example, I recollect that, a year or two

later, the Cambridge friend who told me of Pearson's engagement to be married—the news had been communicated in a letter to my friend's wife—added that "he wrote as if not merely he was happy, but no one could ever have been equally happy before"! And I remember that this description did not then surprise me, though it might have done so at an earlier period of our acquaintance. He was unstinted in his enthusiasm for his friends; nor was his admiration limited to his friends: his recognition of merit in opponents, when he was able to discern it, was full and cordial, and he always sought to judge them impartially—though I cannot say that he, any more than the rest of us, was always successful in this difficult endeavour.

'His warmth of feeling extended to animals; and it was, I think, characteristic of him that I only found out accidentally his fondness for cats, through having one day rashly expressed the opinion that the species "had no moral sense." He replied that, according to his experience, they had not only a moral sense, but one very like the human, in so far as it manifested itself in the consciousness of duty without the performance of it. He then mentioned that he had two cats at home (at Farnham Royal), of whose health and conduct he received regular reports from his housekeeper. They were mother and daughter, and it appeared that, during the term preceding the date of our conversation, they had both had kittens about the same time, and each had been allowed a single kitten to bring up; but the housekeeper reported that the elder cat persistently neglected its maternal duties, and imposed on the daughter the care of both the kittens. When he went home for the vacation, both cats, according to custom, came to welcome him on his arrival; but it was noteworthy that each came into the room with

its own kitten, in a correct maternal attitude. The anecdote would require confirmation before we could base on it any generalisation as to feline morality. I only mention it as accidentally revealing to me a side of Pearson's nature of which I should otherwise have been ignorant.

'It may be noticed that I have said little that is definite of Pearson's opinions, political, sociological, or theological. The fact is that, though I had much interesting talk with him on these subjects, the impression derived therefrom has become, in the main, blended with or obliterated by the impression derived, more than twenty years later, from his remarkable book on "National Life and Character"; so that I could not now hope to reproduce it with any accuracy. I can only say generally that many of the startling conclusions of that book were certainly held by him at the earlier date, though his tendency to pessimistic forecast seemed to me to have grown stronger in the interval. One point I seem to remember clearly: he used to talk forebodingly of the probable results of the removal of the barriers that now separate European and Chinese civilisations; but I do not think he then conceived the danger as at all political, but as solely economical. Centuries of keen struggle for existence, he argued, had made the Chinaman a more economical machine for most kinds of work than the European. Thrifty, industrious, and tolerant of privations, he would successfully underbid the European in industrial competition; so that, if the then Liberal ideal of open competition were maintained, the human world would gradually become mainly yellow, with a black band round the tropics, and perhaps an aristocratic film of white on the surface!

'Before the end of the two years I had come to realise that we were not likely to keep Pearson. He used to speak of Australia almost with the yearning of an exile, and dilate on the superiority of the physical conditions of life in that country as compared with those in England. He predicted that this superiority must in time be found out by the luxurious portion of our people; so that, before the end of the next century, the centre of fashionable society would gradually transfer itself to the Antipodes. More seriously he used to maintain that there ought to be a systematic medical examination of the rising generation in our island, so that persons with certain kinds of constitutional weakness might be early led to contemplate an Australian life.

'My impression was that he classed himself among these persons; and for this reason, when he talked to me of his proposed migration in the spring of 1871, I did not argue against it as I should otherwise have done.'

It was the scholar thus seen through the keen vigilant eyes of companions of his own age and station; the man of middle life who had never been a boy; the censor of beliefs who was a devout believer; the cynic who burned with anger at wrong in high places, the slave to the absorbing idea of the moment, the weaver of generalisations, the fastidious critic who was also a dazzling rhetorician; the shy thinker, incapable of superficial geniality, with a lonely habit of taking his own line, yet possessed of the gift withal of captivating talk, and of finding himself always somehow where he could shine—who voluntarily plunged into a social desert, where old-world learning was of less account than a knowledge of sheep disease, where persiflage was as unrecognised as a black

art, and finally where—for a man given to fits of an instinct for solitude—to be free to dwell apart in the wilderness was harder far than to play the hermit at will in a crowded city.

The act was a more audacious paradox than the student had ever conceived in his most extravagant effort at startling unsuspicious youth. Naturally it must have been incomprehensible for friends who, well as they knew him, had never seen him in circumstances to develop the 'Bohemian element latent in his character.'

It was a 'Bohemianism' arising, as in not a few accused of the failing, from a dissatisfied consciousness of powers not yet furnished with their proper scope. Charles Pearson quitted England not wholly, as he had made himself to believe, from motives of health, but at least equally from an instinct, scarcely apparent to himself, that there he could not fitly employ all his energies. In the following passage from his poem, 'The Canoness,' published in 1871, which had a very favourable reception from the critics, he expresses something of the restlessness now banishing him from home:

> God bids us pray, and hardly quite denies
> Feeding us with the phantom of our hope,
> Yet never but in anger grants the prayer;
> When the importunate will that cannot brook
> Denial or delay, like him that dared
> At Sais, lifts the fatal veil and hath
> Its deadly longing and consumes with grief.
> For count the gain of twenty, thirty years
> Passed in some fairy-land of life, divorced
> From all but trivial aims, and filled with love
> Worn to mechanic shapes or dulled with use:
> Can this outweigh in him that is true man
> The passionate craving after unknown worlds—

New æther, where the languid pulse may beat
Quicker, the brain teem, and the dream be true ?
Will he not, like Ulysses, turn again
To the rough waves, and venture all to know
The stern endeavour and the distant hope ?
Life is not in its pauses, but its toil.

CHAPTER XIII

SHEEP FARMING

A LEADING motive, to which allusion is made in the reminiscences, for the second emigration, was the state of Pearson's eyesight. For long it had not been strong, and it was much impaired, he himself held, by the poring over the small type of ill-printed maps in the process of preparing his remarkable series of 'Historical Maps of England during the First Thirteen Centuries.' Latterly it had been such that, as he said in bidding Australia a final farewell, he was in England 'threatened with total blindness.' His hope was that a course of open-air labour would recruit him sufficiently to permit a partial resumption of his studies. The scheme of life he proposed to himself was a combination of literature and sheep farming, diversified by occasional visits to Europe.

He gave the essential part of his plan a trial in South Australia for three years, and with good effects in respect of health. But with physical strength the craving for social educated intercourse would revive too. Moreover, he was no longer a bachelor, with only a man's wants and conveniences to consider. On December 6, 1872, he had married, at Gawler, Edith Lucille, daughter of Mr. Philip Butler, of Tickford Abbey, Bucks, and of Matilda, daughter of Captain Roe, R.N., and niece of General Lyons, the son of Admiral Lord Lyons. Mrs. Pearson's health was too severely tried by a South Australian summer to allow of continued residence in the Bush, though the life had its charms as well for her as for him. It could not

be described more picturesquely than in the sketch which she herself has been persuaded to draw.

'I was staying with Mr. and Mrs. John Stokes at Coonatto, when I first met Mr. Pearson. Mr. Stokes, a brother of Sir Francis Stokes, R.E., was manager of the run, and I believe had a share in it. Tall, broad-shouldered, genial, he was the most popular of hosts. His wife, equally charming in her way, was quiet, genuinely puritanical, and very much devoted to her husband.

'It was autumn, the most delightful time of year for the Bush. The house was large and rambling, had commenced existence as a cottage, and had gradually been added to, until it could accommodate, as it did on this occasion, a goodly number of guests. There was a wide verandah round the front and sides, and the room allotted to me was up a staircase which led from the verandah. From the window in this room there was a view of the broad flat country, dotted here and there by a homestead and by eucalyptus trees. The grey-green of the Australian Bush made a blue fringe in the distance. As I had only arrived from England within a year, I had seen but little of Bush life, although I had heard much about it and its many privations; and supposed that in the heart of the country, miles away from any township, we would have to rough it. My first late dinner at Coonatto was therefore a surprise to me: the prettily decked table, with its white glasses filled with the crimson Sturt pea and mignonette; no damper, but beautiful home-made bread; even the orthodox number of courses—including game—and an Australian dessert. The maids, too, might have stepped out of a house in Mayfair or Chelsea, with their snowy white caps and aprons.

'Mrs. Stokes told us, in the course of conversation, that Professor Charles Henry Pearson had lately come to live on his farm at Haverhill, which was situated about twenty miles from Coonatto, a close neighbour for the Bush. He was, she said, a great acquisition, being very learned and very charming, could tell any number of good stories, and was a fellow of Oriel. "He is coming to stay with us for a few days," she said, looking round at us with her kind, beaming smile, as if she expected us to be pleased at the intelligence.

'We were, however, nervous at the prospect, as we were all young people, our ages varying from eighteen to twenty-two, and we were afraid that his learning would be oppressive, and that he would make us feel ashamed of our ignorance. But our fears were soon set at rest, for very soon after his arrival his kind gentle manner set us at ease. He conversed with us as if we were the cleverest young people in the world, and his love of banter and repartee made us quite forget that he had written a History of the Middle Ages. He told stories perfectly gravely. Not a muscle of his scholarly refined face changed until he saw that the point had told. We all laughed again and again—he out of sympathy for our sense of the humour of the story, and we because we saw that he enjoyed our appreciation.

'Mr. Stokes kept saddle-horses; and we had some glorious rides. Mr. Pearson had brought over his own horse, a fiery little creature called Vixen, and Mr. Stokes mounted me on a giant of the name of Priam. Amongst others of our party was Mr. (now Sir John) Cockburn, just arrived from England, a young doctor and gold medallist, now Agent-General of South Australia, and lately Premier of that colony. Also his brother, a singularly charm-

ing young fellow, but who was gradually dying of consumption. There was a Miss Mabel Hardy too, a niece of Bonamy Price, a thin wiry girl in those days, with an unlimited flow of conversation. A canter 'cross country in the Bush on a bright Australian winter's day is a delight to remember, and Mr. Pearson seemed to enjoy it as much as any of us. The country was vast and open, no little hedgerows, no little fields, no little spots, as it were, of golden corn or brilliant green crops; but, as far as the eye could reach, one broad level expanse of open country dotted by patches of grey-green bush and the eucalyptus tree. Sometimes we passed a clump of golden wattle and the tiny wooden hut of a Bush shepherd. On one of these rides Mr. Pearson talked a great deal about Browning. He said he loved him above all other poets, and quoted some verses from "The Ring and the Book," and from "The Last Ride." Another time he said, in answer to some question of mine, "that he did not believe that there was such a thing as real stupidity in any pupil, and if a teacher could not draw out his intelligence it was the fault of the teacher, and not of the pupil."

'Occasionally a snake would glide across the track, startled by our horses' feet; or a group of kangaroos would gaze inquisitively at our approach as long as they dared, then turn tail, and hop swiftly but gracefully away. A tree here and there, escaped from the clearing, was covered with white patches like snow. But as we approached nearer, they proved to be white cockatoos, and they rose and whirred away with a mighty flapping as we galloped by. We were all glad to find tea waiting for us in Mrs. Stokes's pleasant drawing-room. I learnt afterwards that afternoon tea was Mr. Pearson's favourite meal; but although so fond of tea, he never got into the habit of

taking it at dinner and lunch, as was the custom with many who lived in the Bush.

'The evenings were generally spent in whist and music. Mr. Pearson enjoyed music, in the sense of liking to listen to a sweet voice singing, or to an orchestra, for the general harmony of music; but he had no ear, and had never tried to sing himself. He took great interest in musical composers, however, and would no doubt have passed a better examination on them and their works than many a professional musician. Mr. Stokes and Mr. Pearson were both fond of whist. I was no player, but I was pressed in sometimes to make up a rubber. I have seen Mr. Pearson play a great deal since then, with both good and indifferent players, but I have never known him to lose his temper over a game.

'One day Mr. Pearson asked us all to spend a day and night at his cottage at Haverhill; that is, "if we did not mind roughing it, and considering it as a sort of picnic." We were charmed at the idea, but Mr. and Mrs. Stokes were afraid that such an invasion would be too great a tax on his hospitality and resources, as his cottage at that time was merely a homestead for the overseer, and not the comfortable stone dwelling which many of his friends remember. However, we were all of us young, and so Mr. Pearson's invitation was accepted.

'He returned a day before, to prepare for our reception. Fortunately the weather was bright for our drive. Mr. Pearson's farm was about a mile from the township Melrose, which consisted of a small church, or chapel, a store, a blacksmith's forge, and several wooden dwellings. It was a lovely country. I shall never forget Mount Remarkable as I first saw it, the points lit up with a red gold glow, whilst the grey-blue shadows on it seemed

unfathomable. It was one of a low chain of mountains, lying in the background, and yet it seemed near, and stood up boldly, the one dominant feature in the country. Mr. Pearson's cottage was a long, low, wooden one, with the inevitable verandah round it. As we drove up we noticed, at about fifty feet in front of it, great heaps of cut stone, ready for the new house which Mr. Pearson was going to build.

'I remember him very well as he stood there bareheaded on the verandah to receive us—his intellectual face lit up with eager pleasure, his beautifully formed head, silvery white, even then. He was slightly stooping, and his face, with its refined and perfectly cut features, bore signs of physical and mental suffering. His large pale blue, gentle-looking eyes were covered with spectacles. The contrast between him and Mr. Stokes was very marked. Although the same age, Mr. Stokes looked a comparatively young man. Mr. Pearson was, however, destined to outlive him by many years, and he looked a younger man ten years later than he did then.

'It was wonderful, we agreed, how Mr. Pearson had remembered everything likely to conduce to our comfort. I recall, among other things, the fresh butter, milk, and rich cream, which in those days were obtained with great difficulty in the Bush. Not that there were not hosts of cows, but labour was too precious to use it for milking, and few people had the luxury of milk in their tea. Mr. Pearson seemed to enjoy himself as much as any one, as, in his quiet courteous fashion, he busied himself in making us happy and comfortable. The next morning I proposed making a little sketch of the old cottage, and of Mount Remarkable, whilst the rest of the party took a stroll. I seated myself on one of the heaps

of cut stone, and presently Mr. Pearson came and joined me. He talked whilst I sketched. It was a great delight to hear him speak from personal knowledge of men of whom I had only read, or heard spoken of as paragons of culture and knowledge. I had only just "come out," my gaiety having consisted, before I left England, of two or three dances at my step-grandmother's house, at Barton Court, Canterbury, at which my partners were mostly young officers. I happened to mention Dean Stanley, whom Canon Chesshyre and my stepmother had known. I remember how warmly he upheld him for his fearlessness in proclaiming his opinions—"opinions that would probably prevent his advancement in the Church"—also the reverential admiration with which he spoke of Brewer, of King's College, "for giving to the world the best of his wonderful intellect and learning, and being contented with a bare pittance." His conversation impressed me very much: his views of life and of men and their actions seemed to be from a higher plane than any I had heard before. The things that are not seen—the soul, and character—seemed somehow everything to him. "What does it matter if you gain the whole world, and lose your own soul?" Yet I have rarely heard him speak of religion, and certainly never about his soul.

'He seemed to love his Bush home at Mount Remarkable. It was a lovely spot, with a broad creek, wide enough to show the glinting stream winding its way through deep, rich meadowlands, and skirted by huge gum trees; with Mount Remarkable in the background, always varying in colour according as the clouds sailed over the intense blue sky, or as the sunlight struck it, or them. Port Augusta, one of South Australia's principal seaports, lay about twenty miles distant. We all thought

that he seemed very happy in his new life, which was a full one; for, besides the farm, which he superintended daily, he was the magistrate of the district. He also undertook the services on Sundays. We were told at this time, I think it was by Dr. Moorhouse, that Mr. Pearson had contributed the stipend of a curate for some time out of his own pocket; it was only when the curate was obliged to resign this curacy that Mr. Pearson read the services and did what he could to supply his loss to the people. He generally read one of Dean Church's sermons, of Maurice's, or F. D. Robertson's; and the small church was nearly always full.

'Before we left Haverhill, Mr. Pearson took us over his farmyard and showed us his pigs and poultry. We did not linger long over the pigs, but we liked listening to his plans for the poultry, about the barns he intended to build for them, and other ideas which he was going to put into practice. And so our delightful little visit to Mr. Pearson's bush home came to an end. My people were returning to England in a few months' time, and when I wished our host good-bye I did not suppose that I would see either him or Haverhill again.

'A few months later at my home, Yattalunga, my father told us that he had met Mr. Pearson in the Club at Adelaide, and that he was coming to stay with us for a few days. We had a house full of visitors at the time, and when Mr. Pearson joined us, he threw himself into our pursuits, rode, drove, played croquet, and had political arguments with my father, who loved nothing better. We had always thought that my father's admiration for Gladstone gave him leanings towards Liberalism, but from the advent of Mr. Pearson on the scenes he developed into a violent Conservative, and they had fierce

arguments sometimes, neither convincing the other, but both enjoying the fray. Our old nurse, Jane, who had been in the family many years, told me one day, with tears in her eyes, how kind "the Professor" had been to her. It seems that she had been suffering from acute pain in her head, and Mr. Pearson, hearing of this, had ridden all the way to Gawler, a distance of seven miles, in order to buy her a bottle of liniment that he thought would relieve it. It struck me then, and I have noticed through the many years that followed, that he was never so happy as when trying to alleviate suffering, or when doing some kind action. He seemed always to be thinking of what he could do for others. Once, many years after, I remarked to him how strange it was that an acquaintance always seemed to grudge making others happy. "And yet," he answered, "it is the only thing worth living for."

'Yattalunga was a large white stone building with a broad balcony and verandah, standing in its own grounds of gardens and meadow land. There was a lovely view of undulating woody country, not unlike part of our English county, Sussex. My father kept riding-horses, and we had some charming rides. I remember on one of these rides Mr. Pearson said that he would very much have liked to stand for the English House of Commons if he could have afforded it. I remember, also, one day, after we were engaged, when we were riding—on one of those perfect Australian days when the air is deliciously soft, yet fresh, and the atmosphere full of golden sunshine—Mr. Pearson said that he would, if I wished, return to England in a year or two, and that we would go to Rome and Florence, and he would show me the old masters' pictures and statuary, and take me

over the grand old historical buildings—a dream, alas! never to be realised.

'The wedding was fixed for an early date, as my people were leaving for England shortly. Many guests came from Adelaide for the occasion, and it was a difficulty to procure enough vehicles to bring them from the church at Gawler to Yattalunga. Bishop Short of Adelaide officiated: he was a connection by marriage of both Mr. Pearson's and my own. He was a short, thick-set man, of athletic build, of a crusty temper, but a zealous worker for his church. It was the wish of his heart to get a cathedral built in Adelaide during his episcopate, and his wish was realised; it stands there now, a monument to his zeal. When Mr. Pearson offered him a twenty-five guinea fee, he pocketed it eagerly, saying it "should go towards the Cathedral." I like to think that it probably helped to build one of its pillars. Mr. Frederick Pepys, a son of Lord Cottenham, was Mr. Pearson's best man; he had come to Australia for his health, but was slowly dying from consumption. Mr. Pearson was very devoted to him.

'Not long after this we went to Melbourne for a few weeks; it was at that time not nearly as large as it is now, but even then it struck me as a very large town in comparison with Adelaide. The latter, however, had an incomparably prettier site, with its picturesque background of the Mount Lofty ranges. Old University contemporaries of Mr. Pearson's—amongst whom were Mr. Murray Smith, Mr. Irving, and Mr. Justice Wilberforce Stephen—gave him a cordial welcome to Melbourne.

'On our return to Adelaide, we visited our people at Yattalunga until they left for England, when we set off for our bush home at Mount Remarkable. The house,

though small, was substantially built of stone. The rooms were fair-sized, and opened into each other; but there was no hall, and the kitchen offices were connected with the main building by a covered flagged pathway. The place looked bare at first, but Mr. Pearson's books, his old bachelor belongings, such as pictures and ornaments, and our pretty wedding presents, soon made the cottage look cosy and homelike. In the early hours of the morning, mounted on his yellow pony Vixen, Mr. Pearson rode over the farm, gave orders to his overseer, and attended to his poultry. His theories in this department had been put into practice, and he was proud of the beautiful birds which were the result, and of the shoals of eggs. The superintendence of the farm over, the remaining hours of the morning were generally devoted to reading and writing in his study. His health was very fair at that time, and he spent a great deal of his time riding about the farm, or driving. He used to laugh over the bush labourers, who seemed to think it beneath their dignity to walk when they could ride, for horses were very cheap. Sometimes a man would spend an hour trying to catch a wary horse in a meadow, in order to ride a distance of a mile into the village.

'Plants and flowers grow with extraordinary rapidity in Australia, and already the garden was showing as a brilliant foreground to the view of Mount Remarkable. But although Mr. Pearson took pleasure in working in it, he understood but little about flowers. He was very proud of a flourishing lemon tree he had planted, which had already produced two lemons, and which he watered regularly himself. He used to say, perhaps half jokingly, that he "would like to be buried at the foot of that lemon tree." The gardener was a very simple man, kindly, but

wholly uneducated, who had married an educated woman. She had been a governess, but having lost all her savings, and being stranded in a new country, had been glad to marry the labourer for the sake of a shelter and home. Once, when I was directing him about some flowers, he said to me, with a jerk of his thumb towards the study where Mr. Pearson was working: "He understands booklearning and them things, but he don't understand these 'ere innocents, he don't," and he looked fondly at the flowers at his feet. I am sure that he was satisfied that his wisdom was superior. Poor man! his wife, of whom he was so proud, fell ill, and then he found that the "Professor" could be kind and practical as well as learned. Every day he would visit the poor woman, sometimes with me, sometimes alone, carrying her jellies and beef-tea, and supplying her, in her dying days, with the little refinements of life to which once, poor thing, she had probably been accustomed. He considered no act an indignity if it involved a kindness, and his life, when not working at his books or writing, seemed made up of kindness to others. I have now in my possession eight little d'oyleys of exquisite lace, the grateful offering to him of a poor dying girl in consumption, whose last weeks of existence Mr. Pearson had brightened, by driving her out daily in his carriage when he was at Farnham Royal.

'One day, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, my husband came into the room where my cousin and I were sitting, and told us hurriedly that there was a terrible bush fire quite close, and asked us to empty a bottle of brandy into a bucket of water for the men, who were working "like Trojans" to save our farm. We told him not to wait, and that we would bring it ourselves. The sight was one not to be forgotten. Creeping swiftly

down the other side of the road was a blazing fire, and a long line of men, with huge branches of trees, were beating it down to prevent it from spreading across the road. It was fearfully hot, as the faces of the men testified, and as we found, for we took boughs ourselves and gave a hand in the beating. We had soon to desist, however, as Mr. Pearson was afraid of our dresses catching fire. I am sorry to say that the gardener who so loved "the innocent flowers" came often to our bucket to be refreshed. The men generally, however, took very little. They knew that all depended on their coolness of head whether lives and other homesteads besides our own were to be saved or not. It was a dreadfully anxious time, as the house and farm buildings were very near, and small blazes continually commenced across the road, caused by the sparks blown over by the wind. Mr. Pearson was very calm through it all, and gave his orders quietly. He had discarded his silk coat, and with his shirt sleeves tucked up, he worked as hard as any of them, his slight, attenuated frame looking curiously out of keeping with those of the brawny-armed bush labourers.

'We saw a great deal of our bush neighbours; Mr. Pearson used to like to have them to dinner—or, on Sunday, supper—particularly if there was a wild turkey to be despatched. He was very merry in those days, having a fund of good stories. When he noticed that the mouths of his audience began to twitch, and that the point had told, he would laugh with them, until the tears came into his eyes.

'Unfortunately, the heat became excessive. Day after day succeeded each other, with hot winds as if blown from a furnace. The cottage became baked—and although we retired into the cellar, it was hot even there, for the earth

itself seemed like an oven. My health gave way, and I became very ill. Although Mr. Pearson loved this extraordinary weather, his health usually improving under it, as if from a tonic, or, as he said, "as if he were drinking champagne, with slightly exhilarating consequences"—his devotion and tenderness to me in my illness prompted all kinds of unselfish actions on his part, and his health accordingly began to suffer in spite of the heat. A cousin of mine, Mary Pitcher, touchingly commemorated recently by Bishop Kenyon, kindly offered to share the burden of nursing me, and so relieved him from the great and excessive strain. It was decided, however, that I would not be able to live in this climate during the summer months, and, accordingly, as soon as I was strong enough to travel, we set off on a sixty miles' drive to the station, en route for Adelaide. It is one of the deepest regrets of my life that it was on my account that he gave up the bush home he loved so much, and in which he had hoped to live a kind of ideal life, divided between his farm and his books. He never, however, much as he must have felt the disappointment, allowed a murmur of regret to pass his lips.

'Some few weeks after our arrival in Adelaide Mr. Pearson was invited to lecture on popular subjects. The Town-hall was crowded, and the lectures seemed much appreciated. Sir Anthony Musgrave had succeeded Sir James Fergusson as Governor of South Australia. He was both popular and able as an administrator, whilst Lady Musgrave, who was a delightful and charming woman, devoted herself to the responsibilities of her position by personal zeal in good works, and by her tactful influence generally. Sir Anthony and my husband kept up an irregular correspondence on the various questions that mutually interested them until Sir Anthony's death.

'About this time Mr. Pearson was asked by Mr. Murray Smith of Melbourne whether he would accept a lectureship on Modern History at the Melbourne University if it were offered him. He replied that he would, on condition that he could do private work, as the lectureship was not worth more than about 500*l.* a year. Then ensued articles in the "Argus," the Conservative paper, recommending the University not to lose the services "of one of the most distinguished scholars of the day." After some negotiations, Mr. Pearson accepted the appointment on the condition mentioned.

'He was soon elected upon the Council of the University, which conferred upon him its degree of M.A. The academical work interested him, for he liked Australian students. He always considered it a point of honour to do whatever he undertook in the best possible way. Now, he prepared these lectures as carefully as formerly at King's College, London, where he said: "I soon found, as I have found everywhere, that it is impossible to command the attention of a class in history by reproducing the work of others, or even one's old work. The student will always go to a good book in preference to anything but a good lecture. Accordingly I know no work which demands such incessant toil as lecturing on history. . . . Dr. Jelf told me that he thought I had always taken my work too seriously. I do not think he would have said so if he had lectured on history for a year." On the whole, however, I am sure that he was not satisfied with his position at the Melbourne University, after having acted so long with such men as Jelf, and Maurice and Brewer. I think, too, that he missed the beautiful freedom of his bush home, with his farm to work on, and his books for his joy and recreation.

'When he took the University lectureship, it had been his intention to eke out the salary by journalism. Accordingly, he offered his services to the "Argus," being known privately to its conductors, from whom—one in particular—he was entitled to look for special good-will. They were declined repeatedly on the ground that his articles were of too Liberal a character. Then, recognising fully the right of that paper not to employ his pen, he considered himself equally entitled to use it elsewhere. To the "Age," a Liberal paper owned by Mr. David Syme, he offered his articles, and they were gladly welcomed and printed. The paper gradually rose, until it outnumbered the "Argus" by many thousands, notwithstanding that the squatters, in dread of its influence, would not allow it to be sold on their runs. But from the time that the first contribution was accepted by the "Age," the "Argus" waged war against the writer.'

CHAPTER XIV

HEAD MASTER AND REFORMER

Pearson's University position, as has been intimated, had never been completely to his taste. Differences of opinion had arisen between him and the University Council on the extent of his duties as examiner. He would not at the end of the year have offered himself for a second term of office. The remuneration had been meagre, and he could have done better by devoting himself to his pen. For that there was always a demand both in Victoria and abroad. So early as in October 1874 Mr. Edwin Godkin, of the New York 'Nation,' had been requesting of him a series of letters on Australian affairs. The local press was equally eager for his help. Very advantageous educational offers also were made to him. For example, he was already being tempted to accept a professorship of history in the University of Adelaide, with a salary of about 800*l*., when an educational experiment, just starting at Melbourne itself, offered superior allurements. The Presbyterian Church of Victoria had decided to found a college for girls, at which the education should be as thorough and solid as that open to boys. Its difficulty was to find a capable head master. The annual stipend, it was estimated, would be from 1,200*l*. to 1,500*l*. Pearson was approached, and, to the surprise of many, accepted the post. To be closer to his work he moved from a residence he had occupied near

the University, to a pretty corner house, 9 Burlington Terrace, East Melbourne, overlooking large public gardens.

Along with the Principal, a minister of the Presbyterian Church, he had to build up the whole fabric from the beginning; and the task delighted him. Since, at Miss Clough's invitation, he had delivered the series of lectures of which he writes in the 'Story of My Life,' at Manchester and Liverpool, he had always taken a lively interest in the reform of feminine education. His literary co-operation, as that of an expert, had been earnestly solicited in 1869 by Mrs. Josephine Butler, who was projecting a volume of essays on the topic. He believed in the competence of women even for the political franchise, being strongly of opinion that they ought to have it, though with some provision that 'their votes should not swamp those of the men.' He was yet more ardently convinced of their capacity to receive education. His faith was as sincere in their right to the highest form of it, as he showed, later on, when in the Legislature, by carrying an enactment admitting women to University degrees. He was equally convinced of the deficiencies of female education as it was. Girls' schools, stagnant till recently in England, were still more stagnant in Australia. The traditional seminary for young ladies, with its Mangnall's Questions and delusive accomplishments, had till then been the recognised type. Prejudices of all kinds had to be overcome by the promoters of a real educational system. Pearson, who had to bear its chief brunt, was attracted rather than repelled by the difficulties. He was enabled by his reputation as a scholar and his fine tact as an administrator to pass the ordeal triumphantly, though at the cost of tremendous exertion on his part. 'The strain on his voice,' writes Mrs. Pearson, 'was so incessant that he was unable to talk in the

evenings. When I begged him to rest he would reply, "Rest, rest—there is all eternity to rest in!" Or, "I wasted years of my life in play when I was a boy; now I am compelled to work the harder to make up."' At all events, in a very short time the school was established on lines which have hardly needed to be altered since. The example has been fruitful. Through it the entire method of education for women in Australia has been revolutionised.

Pearson had the power of attaching his colleagues, and imparting to them his own ideas and enthusiasm. The work he himself did in the classes was of high quality. Such lectures as his, particularly upon history and literature, have rarely been delivered in a schoolroom. They attracted hearers whose school days were past, and had a lasting effect in awakening literary instincts. Above all, he possessed the gift of elevating the moral tone. As Dr. Harper, the second Principal, has testified: 'No one who came under his influence could fail to be the stronger for it. So obviously had he learnt the secret of building up a strong and pure character himself, that those he came into contact with carried away the unshakeable certainty that the higher life of unselfishness is necessarily and always the noblest.'

His devotion was appreciated by his pupils, especially by the seniors, who were proud to call themselves the Professor's class. One of them recalls affectionately the memories of the scholarship, the large-hearted patience which survived appallingly false Virgilian quantities, and the novelty, to Colonial school-girls, of that unfailing courtesy to women, for which a friend accounts in part by his firm belief in women's intellectual capacity. Not a few out of the many students destined to the enjoyment of

riches have acknowledged themselves the better through life for his constant advice to add to social duties or frivolities 'at least one serious and constant work in hand.' He perceived, and was able to lead a certain number to feel, and guard against, the danger of the growth, in a community headed by hard-working, uninstructed wealthy men, of a body of uninstructed, desultory wealthy women. His desire was to put a purpose, a backbone, into the intellectual and moral being. He had always been deeply interested in the improvement everywhere of female education. For the elevation and refinement of young countries, such as the Australian colonies, he esteemed it of supreme importance. Ought we not, as he said, by a happy adaptation of Robert Lowe's argument for the State instruction of the working classes, 'to educate our rulers'? The opening lecture he gave in February 1875, on the Higher Culture of Women, was as full of matured thought as it was entertaining and sparkling.

His administration of the college lasted two years and a half, from 1875 into 1877. Then, almost fortunately, a cabal was aroused against him in the governing body, on account of his views on the Victorian land question. On his visit to Melbourne, in 1866, he had met none but Victorian Conservatives. They had pictured Colonial Liberals to him as firebrands, or knaves. He had, in England, been a Liberal by conviction; and now, as an Australian resident, he found that Victorian Liberalism had been misrepresented to him, especially in respect of land reform. The choice of this by the Liberals for their chief plank enlisted him on the side of the Opposition. Various causes had in 1875-6 fanned party spirit to a heat never attained before. It exhibited itself in a violent system of obstruction, known locally as the 'Stone-wall,' from the

threat of an Obstructive that he would debate an obnoxious Bill endlessly, 'standing like a stone wall' across its path. Sir James McCulloch's Government retorted with the clôture. Pearson's view on the land question had never been concealed. In February 1876, he committed himself to a distinct declaration, in a lecture delivered before the National Reform and Protection League at South Melbourne, in favour of a progressive land tax. By way of warning to the owners of the great estates, how easily resistance to just reforms may stimulate a movement of confiscation, he recalled the French Revolutionary cry, 'War with the palace, peace to the cottage.' Unscrupulous Conservative partisans endeavoured to fasten the sentiment upon him as his own, in contradiction to the whole tenor of his character and principles of political morality.

Even, calm and equitable as was his view of the manner in which the agrarian change was to be accomplished, his adhesion to the movement was a bold, almost a rash, step for a man with scanty private means, lately married—a daughter was born to him in the next July—voluntarily to assume. The Conservative press, headed by the 'Argus,' poured down anathemas. Some called him a robber. Others affected to pity him as a dyspeptic. Old friends, like Mr. Murray Smith, who were known to detest squatter domination, joined in the uproar against him. The moneyed society of Melbourne—though, Mrs. Pearson thinks, it always felt a secret dread of his politics—had formerly paid him much attention; now it turned its back upon him. 'Not disquieted,' says his wife, 'he went on his way, not, perhaps, joyfully, but calmly, and with an unmoved countenance.' But, with regard to his post at the Ladies' College, it was impossible for him to stand merely passive. The dominant patrons

of the college were rich men, who clung naturally to their squatting privileges. Perhaps not altogether unnaturally, they murmured at the display of vehement partisanship by their head master. For his part, much as he liked his work, and vigorously as he laboured at it, he could not but be conscious of capabilities for other than routine educational toil. Not unwillingly he embraced a good excuse to himself for entering political life. He resigned his headship; to the profound sorrow of 'all college girls,' as was declared by one of them who wrote pledging their support to him at a coming Parliamentary election.

For it was taken for granted, by friends and foes alike, that Parliamentary life was henceforth his vocation. The 'Argus,' which was, and, throughout his political career in the Colony, and beyond it, remained, constantly hostile, as it were, pinned him to it with angry apprehension. The Liberals on their part gladly welcomed him into their inner conclave. They were sensible of a lack of cultured leaders—here was an invaluable recruit. One of their chiefs, in proposing a vote of thanks to him for his Emerald Hill lecture in December 1876, had said: 'The best use should always be made of the best material, and Professor Pearson was evidently the material out of which a fitting representative of the people could be made.' A seat for him to contest was speedily selected, that for Boroondara, a Conservative fortress—which had been long held by Mr. Langton. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy pressed him to stand, being 'very anxious to see him elected,' on account of 'what he had read of his opinions and what he had heard of his character.' Indeed, no other Opposition candidate, he added, wanting Pearson's personal reputation and position, let alone his opinions, 'had the least chance of success.'

The only question could be of Pearson's own consent. As he wrote, in answer to Sir Charles's flattering assurances, he was very doubtful whether his health could stand the strain of Parliamentary life. Moreover, as has been explained, most of his former associates were in the Conservative ranks. But, whatever his bodily condition, he never lacked sufficient energy to accomplish a duty; and he felt there was one now obligatory upon him—'the great object of keeping the land for the people.' With regard to ancient acquaintanceships, it was not he who had broken the ties. As he somewhat bitterly exclaimed: 'I am left alone by almost all my old friends.' In truth, he scarcely had an alternative—his manifest destiny was politics. It was become, as he said, 'a point of honour to fight the best fight he could.' Once in the field, he showed no disposition to waver or dissemble. The political programme with which he had startled the patrons of the college in his lecture, he developed during the contest in electioneering speeches at other suburbs of Melbourne, such as Hawthorn, Kew, and Camberwell. That there might be no doubt about the position he took up, he printed, in 1877, a confession of Democratic faith, in the form of extracts from his various discourses.

In this pamphlet, entitled 'Political Opinions on some Subjects of the Day,' he treats with absolute frankness of many burning questions. Of Free Trade, he says: 'I am myself a believer in Free Trade.' But he does not therefore think that Free Trade is 'always the one question.' Investments in industries had been encouraged on the faith of a protective tariff. It would, he argues, be unfair to deprive them of the benefits of that tariff suddenly, and without due notice. Free Trade convictions were not incompatible with a sense of justice

to budding manufactures. They were altogether consistent with care for a financial equilibrium. Tariff reform was impracticable without a surplus. Brought up as he had himself been, in the school of Bright and Cobden, to believe in a free breakfast table, and consequently to dislike tea and sugar duties, he saw one way to make up for the 160,000*l.* obtained from them. The landed interest ought to provide it out of the increased increment accruing indirectly from the increase of population and wealth, and directly, from the expenditure, which in itself he approved, by the State of a million sterling a year on roads and bridges. Of the different possible heads of taxation, an income tax was inequitable and oppressive; a house tax was, for many reasons, undesirable; a land tax, a progressive land tax, was the true specific. Its measure might be found through a return by every proprietor of the price he had paid the State, with the cost of his improvements, and their present estimated worth. The reservation of a right to the State to purchase at the owner's estimate would be a ready security against undervaluing. Obviously there was the difficulty of passing the necessary enactments through the Conservative landlord-loving Council. His remedy, which he preferred to attempts to liberalise the composition of that branch of the Legislature, was to submit the question to a direct plebiscite whenever it and the Assembly should twice running disagree.

Though a progressive land tax and the removal of the obstacle interposed to it by the independent co-ordinate powers of the Council were his main themes, he stated his opinions on a variety of other topics. A representative who after election changed his views was, he considered, bound in honour to resign his seat. He

expressed his aversion from 'stonewalling,' holding that any legitimate results which the manœuvre of speaking against time is intended to secure can be reached otherwise and less tortuously. He was opposed to assisted immigration, which threatened to glut the labour market; he favoured at once the Sunday opening of picture galleries and libraries, and the Sunday closing of public-houses; and he had decided to vote against the payment of members. He had arrived at that conclusion, he said, 'in face of the scandal caused by the resolution of the present Parliament not to dissolve in any circumstances.' At the same time he confessed to much doubt whether, in order to admit a proportion of poor members, it would not be 'necessary some day to revert to payment.' Later, on that ground, he favoured it.

On a general view of this political programme, John Pearson, assuredly no violent reformer, came to the deliberate conclusion that 'nobody ought to accuse Charles of being intemperate.'

He made an excellent fight; but it had been recognised that he had been despatched on a forlorn hope. He was defeated by the squatter interest, which in places commanded a multitude of votes, though in the country at large the Liberals swept the polls. Mr. (now Sir) Graham Berry formed a Liberal Government in May 1877. In the same year Pearson was commissioned to inquire into the state of education in the colony, and the best means of improving it. The task involved weeks of travel through much unfrequented country, with rough accommodation and food, followed by months of exhausting labour in reviewing and digesting European State systems. He completed it in 1878; and the report—'enough for a reputation,' said Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff at Peterhead

in December 1880—amply merited the not excessive fee of 1,000*l.* he received for it. Adversaries in the colonial press and Parliament were fond of alleging that the commission had been instituted merely as a reward for a partisan; that the conclusions had never been meant to be acted upon; that the report, treated as a merely speculative document, had been consigned from the beginning to a ministerial pigeonhole, and there mouldered. Nothing could be more opposed to the true facts. It may be admitted that for a time the document was not embodied in legislation. The neglect while it lasted was a grief to its author. But a summary of its contents, which will be found elsewhere (*i*), is sufficient to prove to persons conversant with the existing educational system in Victoria, that nearly every one of its recommendations has been enacted and carried out. Only on two of the many has action in fact not yet been taken. One is in respect of day industrial schools. That formed the subject of a Bill which failed to pass, introduced by Pearson and Sir Henry Wrixon. The other was the scheme for founding State-aided middle-class schools. Against this, public opinion declared itself too strongly for the Government to care to attempt legislation for the purpose.

Having accomplished this really considerable task, Pearson appears to have meditated a permanent return to England. It seemed that there was no fitting opening for his abilities, either in education or in politics, in Australia. His wife and the two children went first. He was to have followed. Then, rather unexpectedly, he was invited to contest Castlemaine; and he was returned on June 7, 1878, with Mr. (afterwards Sir) James Patterson. His election determined him to stay in the colony; and with it his regular political career commenced.

He held no office at first, but played an important

part on the side of the Liberal Government in the contest between the two branches of the Legislature on Mr. Berry's Appropriation Bill. The strife kindled passions on the Conservative side as furious as had been excited among the Liberals by the clôture. On the rejection of the Bill by the Council, Mr. Berry, on the plea that the Council had—as was the fact—deprived the Government of the means of paying salaries, in January 1878 dismissed several hundred civil servants. They are admitted by Pearson, in writing of the transaction, to have been innocent victims. Though he warmly supported the Government through whose act they suffered, he disapproved of the failure to make pecuniary compensation to them. At all events, both they, their friends, and Conservatives in general were dangerously exasperated. 'The lives of the Premier and the Governor, Sir George Bowen, who supported the Cabinet, are threatened,' wrote Pearson in the 'Fortnightly.' It was, he further asserted, 'professional ruin for almost any barrister, doctor, or schoolmaster in Melbourne to express sympathy with the Liberal party.' Finally the Council was induced to pass the Appropriation Bill. But the danger of similar constitutional deadlocks remained. The Liberal Government determined to avail itself of its present apparently triumphant position to cut the knot once for all, by obtaining the consent of the home authorities to the withdrawal of the right to interfere with money bills from the Council. It procured the despatch of a mission to England in December 1878 with that object. The appointment of Charles Pearson as a commissioner to accompany the Premier and Mr. Hayter proves the height to which he had already risen in his party, and in the Legislature.

The expedition to London, though a welcome holiday after a period of difficult work and exposure to angry passions, was by no means pecuniarily to Pearson's profit. It was represented by party antagonists that the mission was a job arranged for the pecuniary benefit of the three delegates. In truth, though Parliament had voted 3,000*l.* —not, as was alleged, 5,000*l.*—for expenses, Pearson, like Mr. Hayter, determined to draw, in addition to his passage money, no more than 10*l.* weekly. That was the average amount of his hotel bills. For it he gave more than an equivalent in thought and labour. But he valued highly the opportunity of introducing his wife, who was already in England, to the many who loved and esteemed him.

In the course of their stay at South Kensington, on April 14, a third child was born to them—Maud Oriel Reata—'a daughter,' writes Mrs. Pearson, 'destined, in spite of her delicacy, which always caused him anxiety, to bring much happiness to her father. His last words were of her.'

Mrs. Pearson describes some social incidents of their visit:

'It was pleasant to see friendly faces around us once more. We had many more invitations than it was possible for us to accept in the few short months of our stay in England. The warm greeting Mr. Pearson received from his friends made him long to stop with them, but he never faltered in his determination to return. I remember among the few of the many invitations that I was able to accept with him, were luncheons with Professor Huxley and Canon King, and one delightful small party at Mr. Goschen's, where we met Mr. Green, the historian, and his charming, clever wife.

'A few days were passed at Sir Henry Acland's, at the old picturesque house in Broad Street, Oxford, with its quaint passages, and walls laden with art treasures. Mr. Pearson seemed supremely happy to be once again with his old friend, for whom he had always a loving veneration and regard, reciprocated by Sir Henry with "abiding respect and affection." Some more days were spent at Oxford with Professor Henry Smith, of whose intellect my husband had talked to me with unbounded admiration. There was an amusing little incident in connection with the respective hats of Professor Smith and Mr. Pearson. They constantly exchanged, without observing the mistake. Mr. Pearson had found to his cost that when anybody else took his hat, he could rarely wear the one left. His head was too well formed to give the impression of great size, but it was much larger than that of the average man. Once when he and Professor Henry Smith had exchanged hats, they laughingly measured their heads, and found that they were almost exactly of the same size. One evening at dinner, at Professor Smith's, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Pattison were among the guests. As the reputation for wit of Mrs. Pattison (now Lady Dilke) had reached Australia, I regarded her with great interest. She was sparkling both in looks and conversation, and brimming over with delightful talk on the Renaissance of Italian Art, on which she was bringing out a book. On leaving Oxford we went to Cambridge, where we stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Venn, and Professor and Mrs. Sidgwick. I always thought that he listened to Professor Sidgwick with a deference that he never showed to title or wealth.

'Many friends came to wish us good-bye. One of the last faces we saw was that of his dear old friend, Charles

Edward Johnston, who, Mr. Pearson always declared to me, was the handsomest man of Oxford in his time. He hurried up, just before the train started, and pressed into my hand a beautiful little travelling clock. We had not been able to engage berths by one of the regular P. and O. steamers, owing to the crowds of people returning from the Exhibition, but were forced to travel by a vessel chartered to supply the extra demand. It was a wretched old tub. I knew that there was cause for anxiety whilst we were in a storm off the Cape; but not until we were in smooth water did Mr. Pearson tell me that it had been touch and go whether the ship would founder. The rudder had hardly acted at all, owing to being lifted bodily out of the water. On the voyage Mr. Pearson devoted two or three hours every morning to studying Russian, which he had been working at for the last few years. He eventually knew it sufficiently well to converse in that language with some Russian officers who visited Melbourne in a ship-of-war; and also translated and reviewed several Russian books.

'The voyage was not agreeable, yet I did not rejoice at finding myself back in Melbourne and liable to the rebuffs offered to all reputed Liberals. For instance, when even the Governor and his wife issued invitations to a dance, nearly all so-called society declined in a body. I remember once at a dinner Lady Bowen completely breaking down as she talked of the position. At one entertainment, when Mr. Pearson was introduced to a Conservative lady, she left him suddenly stranded in the room. She did not mind, however, begging a personal favour a few years later, when he was Minister of Education, and entreating me to use my influence with him for her.'

As for the business of the mission, Pearson, with his colleagues, consumed several months on the siege of Downing Street. In the intervals of negotiation he did useful work for his cause in the colony by employing his pen to enlighten Englishmen on the nature of Australian Liberalism. The papers which, between December 1878 and his return to Melbourne in the summer of 1879, he contributed to the 'Fortnightly Review,' at the invitation of its then editor, Mr. John Morley, on Victorian Democracy, produced a considerable effect upon public opinion in England. Occasionally he addressed, and always with philosophic eloquence, public meetings, as when, in April 1879, at the request of Thomas Hughes, he presented the prizes to the students of the Crystal Palace School of Practical Engineering. But for its purpose of inducing the home Government to take sides with the Legislative Assembly by consenting to abridge the Legislative Council's powers, the mission was a failure. The feeling of the Colonial Office was not so much that one or other House in the Victorian Parliament was right or wrong, as that it was the business of both to settle their feuds by themselves without requiring the mother country to incur odium with either. The utmost concession the Office would make was a promise, if the dilemma recurred, to reconsider the question.

The commission came back in June 1879. At the next general election the Berry Government was beaten, and retired from office. Mr. James Service succeeded as Premier, in March 1880, for a brief period. Then, in July of the same year, Mr. Berry for the third time resumed power. On August 3, 1880, Pearson, who had been again returned for Castlemaine, joined the Administration. He became Minister without salary or portfolio, though at

different times he undertook the duties of more than one department, and already commenced, as will hereafter be seen, his work of educational reform.

The tide of opinion, however, was again turning. Having been refused a vote of confidence, the Cabinet resigned on July 9, 1881. Mr. Berry, when he was forming his Ministry, had given Pearson the option of a portfolio, or the office of Agent-General in London. Pearson preferred, as did his wife, the latter, but some rather tortuous negotiations, unknown to him, ensued, with the result that he received neither post. Mr. Patterson, who had principally conducted them, obtained the portfolio which would naturally have been Pearson's. Pearson, always loyal, in deference to the plea that his colleagues stood for the moment in need of his vote and counsel, temporarily waived his acknowledged claim to the office of Agent-General. On the eve of defeat the Premier pressed him formally to take up the appointment, which carried an ample salary for three years at least. He definitely declined the offer on July 4, 1881. He said to his wife: 'I cannot with honour to myself or my party take it now.' The Administration clearly was doomed. Magnanimously he scrupled to snatch an advantage to which he considered his opponents morally entitled (*j*). Mr. Murray Smith was offered and accepted the position, whilst Berry, Patterson, and other members of the outgoing Ministry pledged themselves to give it to Pearson should an opportunity again occur to them.

He remained a private member of the Assembly till 1886, though after the election of 1883, when he exchanged his seat for Castlemaine for the East Bourke Boroughs, he might reasonably have expected to be offered office. It was the year of the formation of the Service-Berry

Coalition Government; and he had a right to think that he would be among the selected Liberal contingent. He was left out, to the indignation of others, not his own. 'Little as such fairness is calculated,' exclaims a colonial friend, 'to push one's personal fortunes in politics,' he nursed no grievance on account of the neglect. On the contrary, he cordially helped those who had been preferred to himself. 'In opposition he was,' says the same writer, 'a model member.'

Pearson gives a lively account of the secret history of the formation of the Service-Berry Cabinet in a letter of March 11, 1883, to his wife, then on her return from a fresh visit to England.

'The O'Loghlen Ministry has at last been turned out. Its members stuck like limpets to office, trying to make terms with the Conservatives by which they should keep a few places for themselves. Service refused to listen to them, and we have now a Coalition Ministry under Service and Berry. I am not in it. Berry proposed Major Smith first, and my name second; but Service declared that the Conservatives would not tolerate Major Smith, and that Gillies, Kerferd, and the "Argus" were so bitterly opposed to me, that he could not accept me in the teeth of their opposition. He fought hard to get Patterson and Mirams accepted as representatives of the Liberal party; but Berry was not quite lunatic enough to allow this: and I gave warning that if Patterson was taken, while I was left out, I should regard it as a personal insult. Finally it came to each party excluding certain men: Service objected to Major Smith, Nimmo, and myself on the Liberal side; and Berry to Harper, Walker, and McIntyre on the Conservative. Langridge, Tucker, and Deakin represent the

Liberal side. After Deakin had been agreed to, Gillies, Kerferd, and the "Argus" tried to get his name struck out; but it was too late. Altogether the "Argus" considers itself sold, and says it can only judge the Ministry by its performances. It was bent on carrying Patterson and Mirams, and on excluding every one connected with the "Age," myself of course principally. Patterson is furious. He goes about giving three reasons for his exclusion: (1) that he is sacrificed on account of his zeal for Protestantism; (2) that Berry objects to him as a man of strong character; and (3) that I am jealous of him. I am convinced he intended, if I had stood for Castlemaine, to offer to resign his claims in my favour. Then, on Service objecting to me, he would have claimed my support for himself, and with my support, which I could hardly have refused in such a case, would most likely have been taken. As it is, he is completely isolated. I am afraid you will be very much disappointed. I was, a little; but the general results are so good for the country, that the sense of personal grievance is very much lost. We have got all the decent men of the two parties fused into one strong following; and Bent, MacIntyre, John Woods, &c., in opposition. Never was there such a strange blending. I took my seat on Thursday between Shiels and Zox, and we are all to occupy one room in Parliament House. I wonder how long it will last! It ought to last some time, as the Conservatives have completely adopted the Liberal programme, even down to Payment of Members.'

At the end of 1884 he felt weary, dispirited, and sick. He was recommended to take rest; and in January 1885, he made a half-year's excursion to England. There his old friends gladly welcomed him. He visited at Oxford Bonamy Price, and his old and dear friend Sir Henry

Acland, at the pleasant house in Broad Street consecrated for him by memories of its dead mistress, 'virtually my sister for twenty-six years.' He was the guest of Professor Henry Sidgwick at Cambridge, and was entertained by Mr. Goschen, Mr. Richard Holt Hutton, and a crowd of others, in London. In the course of his stay it was signified to him by Sir Charles Dilke, then President of the Local Government Board, that an application by him for a Local Government inspectorship would be favourably entertained. He declined the very courteous offer, preferring to champion unrewarded the Liberal cause in his adopted country. 'Another such year as last year in Victoria,' he had written from London to his wife, 'would certainly finish me.' Nevertheless he returned thither in the summer.

Early in the following year—1886—another Coalition Administration was formed by Mr. Duncan Gillies, a Conservative, and Mr. Alfred Deakin, a Liberal. Mr. Deakin had been among the first to welcome him into the Liberal councils. In June 1878 he had enthusiastically congratulated him on his election to the Assembly: 'With the exception of Mr. Higinbotham no public leader,' he wrote, 'possesses such general confidence as you.' Nine years later, when his Government's delegate to the Colonial Conference in London, he pressed upon the Secretary for the Colonies the appropriateness of the bestowal upon Pearson of the title of K.C.M.G. From first to last his appreciation never failed. Now, on February 18, 1886, at his invitation, Pearson, though he would have preferred a purely Liberal Government, became in the Coalition Cabinet Minister of Public Instruction.

CHAPTER XV

MINISTER OF EDUCATION

Charles Pearson entered upon office very conscious of the educational shortcomings of Victoria, and eager to supply them. The following account has been drawn up from materials furnished by his friend and colleague Mr. Thomas Brodribb, Secretary to the Education Department, Melbourne, without whose able and generous help it certainly could not have been composed. As will appear by it, he brought about many improvements during the years he was Education Minister, though not all which he had at heart.

Among the enterprises which he most ardently promoted was the establishment of a complete system of technical instruction. Many years before he arrived in Victoria a partial beginning in the direction of technical training had been made by the foundation of the Ballarat and Bendigo Schools of Mines. Each of these received a State subsidy, and was well attended by students. They came at first to acquire knowledge which bore upon the mining industry. Gradually the programme of studies was widened so as to embrace other subjects, including art, languages, and various sciences. However, it can scarcely be affirmed that technical instruction had been placed on an organised basis. Pearson sought to render it a matter of national concern. His aim was, in all centres of population, to give it a living existence. Through

his influence a Royal Commission had been appointed to inquire into the whole question. Its members were Francis Ormond; Dr. Dobson, a former Solicitor-General; Professor Kernot, of the University of Melbourne; Mr. W. J. S. Gordon; Mr. Edward Steinfeld; and Pearson. Pearson was chairman. In 1888, before this commission had completed its report, the Minister issued a digest of some of the evidence taken before the Royal Commission on Technical Instruction in Great Britain, 1881-1884. The paper thus sums up the general result:

'No one can doubt that the community is just now keenly alive to the necessity of imparting technical knowledge. As, however, is only natural, and perhaps unavoidable, it does not know very clearly what it desires to see done, and current opinion has mixed up some very sound beliefs with a great many that are lamentably false, and could only lead to useless expense if they were ever put into effect. Some of the most popular fallacies are that technical schools are necessary to industrial enterprise; that they can be started successfully only by the State; that they can compete in the work they turn out with private establishments; that they can train children to be workmen, and workmen to be foremen or managers; that industries depending for their success on cheap labour, such as the weaving of Würtemberg, or the toy trade of the Black Forest, can be naturalised in countries where labour is costly; that industrial school training is part of primary school training in Germany, and that the German continuation school is compulsory. The facts from which these conclusions have been distorted are that technical schools are the best possible substitute for the great industrial establishments which only a rich and highly advanced country like England can have in perfection;

that only the State can found them in poor countries, but that State control may lead to mannerism and inefficiency; that in countries where labour is dear, improved machinery is the only means of so cheapening production as to render competition with cheap labour possible; that the factories will always buy up the best practical men, and will never communicate trade secrets; that a trade cannot be taught in a school, though the eye and hand and brain may be improved by school teaching; that Germany does not mix technical with primary school training at all, and France very little; that the "continuation school" is not compulsory except in two or three small States, and in these only for a part of the population.'

In January 1889 the report of the Royal Commission was itself issued. It contained the evidence, filling sixty pages, of twenty-seven experts as to technical education in England, France, Germany, Victoria, South Australia, and New Zealand. The hand of the chairman is seen in the final conclusions and recommendations.

The most important conclusions are: 'That there is a dearth of highly skilled labour in every branch of industry and manufactures, and a growing want of young labour, especially in certain trades, such as cabinet-making, glass-making, and the boot trade; that although the use of tools and the details of a trade are best taught in a workshop or factory, technical schools are all-important to teach the theory of work, to give practice in some unusual but useful methods, and generally to quicken the intelligence of young workmen; that there is scarcely any occupation in which a knowledge of design may not be directly or indirectly useful; that it is desirable to introduce the teaching of the use of tools into primary schools: to teach geometrical and constructive

drawing in State schools more fully, and with more special reference to training for industrial pursuits; and to arrange for evening classes in as many centres of population as possible, so that apprentices may be able to study drawing, mechanics, chemistry, and other such subjects.'

It was recommended 'that the students at these institutions should pay small fees for their tuition, the State continuing to aid when local means are insufficient; that the Government should be requested to introduce a clause in the next Municipal Corporations Bill allowing any corporation to devote an amount not exceeding one penny in the shilling of its revenues to the establishment and maintenance of technical schools; that the statutory term of attendance at primary schools be raised from thirty days a quarter to forty or forty-five, but that the Boards of Advice receive a power to grant temporary exemptions; and that, as there are some trades, such as boot-making, to which children ought to be apprenticed before they are fourteen, it is desirable that the statutory school age should be reduced as far as this can be done without injury to the instruction given.'

Far from all, the recommendations have been as yet embodied in direct legislation. Pearson's Bill for amending the Education Act which he succeeded in passing in the session of 1889, itself scarcely dealt with the subject of technical instruction, though otherwise it introduced important changes. Both the report of the Commission and the preliminary document of 1888 testify indeed that his well-balanced judgment guarded himself from hasty hopefulness, and that he was solicitous to warn the public against it. Manual skill, he knew, cannot be taught finally in technical schools, or elsewhere

than in the manufactory. But he did what he could in the way of preparing for it. Thus he persuaded the Legislature to vote a liberal grant in aid of actual technical training. It is expended under rules approved by the Governor in Council, which are stated to have worked well.

The reduction by the amending Act of the age of compulsory attendance at elementary schools from fifteen to thirteen, in deference to the needs of the apprenticeship system, indicates no less his appreciation of practical requirements. He showed, moreover, that even in respect of primary schools, though he was aware of the absurdity of attempting to treat them as if they were workshops, he did not despair of laying at them the foundation of industrial training. With this object he instituted for the senior girls in the metropolitan district courses of experimental lessons in cookery and dress-making by highly competent mistresses of both arts. At the time he went out of office he was arranging for the establishment, for the senior boys, of elementary carpentering classes after the Slojd model.

In general, his ministerial energies were concentrated in the most thorough, but the least ostentatious, manner on the conversion of existing educational forms into working realities, and on the filling up of gaps in the system as it was. For example, by the amending Act, in accordance with the recommendations of the commission, he raised the term of compulsory attendance from thirty days a quarter to forty. He provided for the needs of infant pupils by enlisting the services of an expert in the Kindergarten system, to whose lectures hundreds of teachers voluntarily resorted; and he effected something, though much less than he wished, towards

the linking of primary and advanced education by the foundation of two hundred scholarships, of from 10*l.* to 40*l.* a year each. They were tenable generally for three years, and enabled clever boys and girls to proceed from the primary to grammar schools, four superior exhibitions being offered to scholars fitted for a university course. The pecuniary troubles of Victoria caused these advantages to be suspended; but there is little doubt that at no distant period most of them will be restored.

One of his greatest services to public education was the establishment of the unclassified schools. Population was spreading over the country, taking up and bringing into cultivation land in sparsely peopled localities. Under the then existing law, there could be no school without a technically qualified teacher, and a fixed amount of attendance was required. It was found impossible to collect a sufficient number of qualified teachers willing to go into the remote bush. A result of the absence of school provision was to check settlement. Many a man would not take up land on which otherwise he might have settled, from the fear that his children would be deprived of schooling. Pearson remedied the evil by providing temporary unclassified schools. Probationary teachers, chiefly women, who on trial showed aptitude for teaching, though they had not yet succeeded in passing the State examinations, were provisionally secured at a lower salary than the ordinary certificated teachers. On the whole they did capital work. The cost of buildings was not incurred; but some local church, or a room in a house, was borrowed, or more often a rough small building was put up by the local farmers. This was rented by the department, while school furniture and appliances were supplied by the State. By the establishment of

these little inexpensive places—sometimes one teacher conducting two half-time schools—education was brought to almost every remote cluster of families. The meshes of the education net were made so narrow that it gathered in nearly all children, even in the most outlying corners.

Another matter in which, even at an earlier period, Pearson's influence had proved most beneficial, concerned the State industrial schools. These schools, provided for neglected and destitute children, had collected in Melbourne and a few other populous centres some hundreds of the waifs and strays of juvenile humanity; children not yet criminal, but in danger of becoming so; children whose home associations were of the worst, and of whom many, without a wise and merciful course of treatment, might be expected to join the ranks of the vicious classes. Hitherto the State policy had been to bring these together in large numbers, instructing them by special teachers, and training them in separate buildings. Thus they had among their school-fellows none with good homes and wholesome home influences. They could associate with no children who had better habits and higher principles than their own. Under the given conditions, it was a question whether they did not in morale fall instead of rising.

Other difficulties existed, one of which was the religious question. Nearly half of these children were Roman Catholics, although Catholics numbered only one-fifth to one-fourth of the whole population of the colony. Hence, of every two teachers, one had to be of the Roman Catholic communion, in order to give religious instruction, even to the recital of a separate grace at meals.

In 1880, when Pearson was a member of the Berry Government without portfolio, he undertook an inquiry into the condition of the industrial schools. Some time previously the experiment had been made of boarding out the children at a small weekly fee—usually five shillings—with country people. The result of companionship with the ordinary children of the family and the village was most successful. The strangers, brought to quiet, happy homes, grew up in habits of steadiness and industry; and were saved instead of lost. Naturally so great a change as this was not adopted without hesitation and even opposition; but Pearson saw the evils of the barrack system. He laboured against it with tongue and pen. Eventually he had the satisfaction of seeing almost all except those who were blind, of weak intellect, or otherwise incapacitated, boarded out in foster-homes, at a cost probably less than under the old system. The plan was worked by the placing of Protestant children in Protestant families, and of Roman Catholic children in Roman Catholic families. In all cases they were under the supervision of an honorary local board of lady visitors. On every side it is now admitted that the method has answered admirably. Though it was not originated by Pearson, yet to him is due the merit of its rapid and thorough application.

Though here again Pearson did not originate, he was equally prompt to aid and encourage the academical training of teachers. Several years previously a large and costly building had been erected in the University reserve to meet this want. From the Victorian Training College proceeded a succession of excellently qualified teachers. Passing in numbers into the country districts, they spread around them the benefits of their training.

They were models for teachers young and old to copy and emulate. Pearson showed the keenest sympathy with the college, and on at least one occasion lectured to its students. As appears from his report of 1878, he contemplated improvements for it, and a larger measure of usefulness.

His incessant effort was to cause every portion of the educational machine honestly to produce the results for which it was designed. If there was a corps of cadets, he insisted upon a transfer of their drill inspection from mere civilians to military officers. Indeed, Mr. Brodribb says, he took the initiatory steps, in conjunction with the Commandant, Major-General Tulloch, towards forming a military college. So with elementary art teaching. Until his time it had been at a very low ebb. Drawing from lithographed pictures rather than from solid models was the rule. The Minister commenced the work of reform by sending home for a highly trained art expert, fresh from the latest teaching of South Kensington. With the advent of Mr. George G. Simpson began that wholesome revolution which has been effected in the Victorian teaching of industrial art. A new and better state of things has arisen. Like all the rest of Pearson's reforms, it demonstrates how much can be done by leaders in a nation's councils, when they are endowed, in addition to power, with earnestness, knowledge, and enlightened forethought.

That he was strong-willed and resolute in the endeavour to realise his educational programme no friend of his would deny, or desire to deny. In the struggle to render the system of national instruction more genuine, he encountered adversaries who doubtless were as well-

meaning as himself. Probably both he and they sometimes, with equally good intentions, misunderstood one another. That would be the case especially in the conflict on the subject of religious teaching. The three leading provisions of the educational system in Victoria since January 1, 1873, had been that national education must be free, compulsory, and secular. Facilities at the same time were afforded for the clergy to impart religious teaching after school hours. Pearson, personally, was averse from the extreme secularisation of the Act of 1872. But his duty was to carry it out; and he felt bound in honour to defend it from the charge of intolerance. As the Minister who had to apply it, he could not but point out the impediments to the introduction of theology into the ordinary course of any system of compulsory education. Independently of the unfairness of laying upon teachers the burden of inculcating doctrines they might themselves disbelieve, he felt obliged to show how certain it was that the several denominations would never agree on the form of theology to be taught.

His plain business was to see that education on the lines drawn by statute was efficient. Yet he was assailed by the Anglican, equally with the Roman Catholic, clergy, as fiercely as if he were the author of the system. In particular, a journal representing 'the Bible in South Schools League' denounced him as the supporter of a Godless education. He was even accused of having ordered the mutilation of poems in the school Readers by the erasure of sacred names and allusions. The only foundation for this slander was a piece of unauthorised folly in an official predecessor, who, to spare the feelings of the Victorian Jews, had taken upon himself to draw his pen, in a volume of poetical extracts, through four

references to Christ. His act was emphatically repudiated by Pearson. In a pamphlet he printed in 1889 he characterised his calumniators as 'men who must have known that they were propagating a deliberate lie.'

It was strong language; but he had a right to resent the imputation of striking an underhand blow against religion. The reports widely and malignantly circulated that he was privately without religious faith, were from first to last baseless. Before he came to Australia he had remained altogether a member of the Church of England. 'He had,' he wrote in the 'Fortnightly,' 'venerated it as at its best the Church of Fraser, and Maurice, and Dean Church.' Later his relations to the Anglican clergy in educational controversies affected his churchmanship, not the essence of his theology, which remained, as it had always been since early manhood, spiritually but undogmatically Christian.

'Some few months before he died,' writes Mrs. Pearson, 'when he was sitting over his dressing-room fire, stretching out his hands to the warmth which he loved, I pressed him on a matter on which he had never clearly spoken. "Tell me," I said, "what do *you* think about Christianity? All is so difficult—what do *you* believe?"

'He answered in that calm thoughtful way of his: "It seems to me to be the only solution of what would be otherwise inexplicable. I cannot believe, however, that God will be crueller than the worst human father would be. The only thing, it seems to me, is to do one's duty day by day, and to leave the rest to God."'

The character of his belief is indicated rather more specifically in letters to Canon Robert Potter, of Melbourne, on the subject of a lecture delivered by Pearson recently

at Melbourne. He writes to the Canon from the Education Office on June 15, 1888:

'I do not propose to enter into a newspaper discussion with any one, for I think public controversy rarely serves any good end; but I should like to say two or three words on some points you have touched.

'(1) You are of course right in saying that certain doctrines which I speak of as Puritan are of the essence of Christianity; but am I not justified in thinking that Puritanism, of all Christian systems, is the one that has given them most prominence? Of course there is a marked ascetic element in the Romish Church, showing itself in extreme forms sometimes, as the partial draping of ancient statues; but practically, I think, Rome takes a good deal of submission as a sound practical exchange for physical purity.

'(2) You say that if a portion of society becomes dissolute, it will die out. Yes, if it carries debauchery to an extreme; but I assume a world in which the tone will be laxity tempered by common sense and good taste.

'(3) In speaking of the imperishable protest science has delivered against popular superstition, I did include miracles as popularly conceived, and did not include the miraculous properly defined. I am no metaphysician, but I hold that the word "miracle" can only mean something that impresses the sense of man as a deviation from divine law. What we are bound to assume is that it has been in the purpose of God from all time. Take, for instance, the doctrine of the Incarnation. Practically I hold it as the only way of understanding the mystery of the Universe. A God who should be law without sympathy and will, would be to me an impossible and immoral conception. But science, while it teaches us to under-

stand God as law, cannot, I suppose, teach us to understand Him as will and sympathy.

'What I wish is that each process of thought should go on its own lines. I have tried to show that I do not believe in science as a guide for the future; and I wished to enter my protest against the idea that science could enlighten theology on matters where the verdict of theology ought to be supreme.

'Where I am despondent—you would, I think, say unduly despondent—is that I have not found any one who answers the theological doubts of the age satisfactorily. The old forms are dying out, and in place of some new thought we are treated to ingenious compromises or mediæval revivals. I speak, however, as one of the unlearned in these matters. Still, I think my difficulty is one that is very commonly felt.

'Excuse a hasty scrawl.'

He returns to the question on June 20, 1888:

'June 20, 1888.

'Many thanks for your little book on the "Relation of Ethics to Religion," some of which I have read with much interest, and all of which I hope to study attentively. When I was anything in metaphysics I was a disciple of Kant, and I am pleased to see the importance you assign to his teaching.

'I am not conscious of having said anything either to attack or to support Christianity in my lecture, and I think any statement of my actual views, given with the limitations I should feel bound to give in a confession of faith, would scandalise the mass of the so-called religious world, though half a dozen men like yourself would understand it. I have said, as it is, that the world has lost an inappreciable good by the dying out of an old faith,

which it has not been able to keep vital and pure; and I have protested as strongly as I could against the supposition that science could be a substitute for faith, or that religion could gain anything by surrendering its doctrinal teaching. On the other hand, I have no doubt spoken of the popular theology of past times as "bondage in Egypt," and have not been very hopeful of its capacity to subjugate men in the future. The simple fact is that I treated of religion only as a factor in the future of character.

'You will perhaps think it a bad reason if I add, that being, as a public man, constantly assailed with the most reckless dishonesty by the so-called religious press, and believing that clerical influence here—especially that of the Roman Catholic and Presbyterian Churches—is mostly exerted for evil, I am unwilling to say a word which may seem intended to disarm electoral opposition. All these men are right in thinking that there is an impassable gulf between them and me.

'Of all living English theologians, the one I most absolutely agree with is Dean Church; but it would be an imposture to represent myself as his disciple, for I undoubtedly hold a great deal that he does not.

'My two arguments may seem inconsistent. They are, briefly, that I should not tranquillise scrupulous consciences by enlarging upon my religious faith; and that I should seem to be courting the good will of the religious organisations.'

He addresses the same correspondent again on October 31, 1888:

'Your sermon on "Robert Elsmere," which I have read with great interest, tempts me to address you. I agree entirely with what I think is your main position, that there is a supernatural and moral order underlying

the natural and material order, and that the supernatural is the only reality. Holding this, however, I cannot regard the word "miracle" as anything more than an expression of our ignorance. In one sense we live in a world of miracles. Not a sparrow falls to the ground except as an incident in the Divine economy. That a man should find or miss his proper place in life may seem almost equally miraculous: the minute husbanding of power in some instances; its almost manifest waste in others.

'This of course you admit, as I understand you. But you say that now and again we come to a critical event, such as the Resurrection, which we cannot co-ordinate with others. To me, I confess, it seems, on the Christian theory, that the Incarnation and all its sequences are more severely natural, more intelligible, and less miraculous in the ordinary sense of the word than many personal experiences. If there be a moral order of the world, as I prefer to believe, it seems as if once in the world's history there was bound to be some emphatic act, asserting the eternal sympathy of the Creator with the creature; some central point toward which the whole history of men and women should converge.

'Take, on the other hand, some vulgar wonder like that of the cabman who drove his horse and cab over a cliff into the Yarra at midnight without serious injury to himself or his belongings. That is the kind of story which Catholics explain by the intervention of the Virgin, and popular Protestantism by a special grace intended to operate conversion. Probably either explanation is out of the question, and ordinary men have to explain the event as a combination of chances that is bound to occur now and again in a century, while the moralist can only add

that, in his estimation, it admits of having its moral significance in whatever way it be used. That is, the event was no more a miracle than if the cab had come to grief against the pavement. It seems to me that men of science and their followers are perfectly right in objecting to the word "miracle" in its ordinary sense, "a departure from Divine law arranged by God for special purposes." A miracle is really nothing but a term to cover our ignorance; we wonder and see exceptions where there are none. On the other hand, where the man of science often errs is in assuming that the material order in its uniformity or apparent deviations is not invariably penetrated by a moral purpose.'

On November 3, 1888, he replies to some comments by the Canon: 'You are quite right in what you assume my meaning to be. I object as strongly as Hume could to the supposition that God ever violates His own laws. I believe as strongly as Bishop Butler, that if we could survey the whole order of nature, all which now strikes devout men as miraculous, or is explained away by scientific men as coincidence, would appear to have been foreordered with a moral purpose.'

Happily there were colonial Churchmen and opponents who understood the man. Canon Potter, himself an Anglican dignitary and a Conservative, has attested his constant belief in him as 'in all essentials a Christian, not only in practice, but also in theory' (*k*).

CHAPTER XVI

OUT OF OFFICE

THE Coalition Ministry had governed with much success for several years. It had enjoyed many advantages. In the first place, having been drawn from both wings, it disarmed, at least at the commencement, much opposition. Then its chiefs were men of exceptional faculties. The Premier, Mr. Gillies, is described by Pearson as 'a hard-headed Scotchman, able to think out all the surroundings of a situation, and to develop a complicated argument with such clearness and simplicity as to persuade his hearers that no other view was possible—with a power in reserve of rising into high eloquence when the occasion demanded it.' Mr. Deakin, the Chief Secretary, a born and bred Australian, was—as he still is—'a speaker of the first class,' 'a man of great versatility and tact,' 'overflowing with ideas to the extent even of an excess of impressibility to them.' Sir Henry Wrixon, the Attorney-General, besides being 'a speaker of rare eloquence,' was 'a man of singularly high character,' 'eminently the reverse of a popular or superficial thinker.' He was, with Mr. Gillies, the last representative in the House of the fast dying-out 'generation of giants.' Last, but far from least, there was Charles Pearson himself. The ferocity with which censors of the Cabinet singled him out for attack is a measure of the importance of the position he filled in it. His name gave it intellectual distinction. Recognitions

of that from abroad, such as the rank of Officier d'Instruction Publique bestowed by the French Government, and the honorary degree of LL.D. conferred by the University of St. Andrews, were valued by his fellow-colonists more than by himself. But in addition to their personal merits, he and his ministerial brethren had been so fortunate as to fall upon a period of exuberant material prosperity. It had only been necessary to intimate that capital from the old world would not be rejected, and treasure was thrust into the Exchequer. The one deficiency of the Government had always been in numerical strength. It had come into office and was kept there, less by its own following than by the disinclination of opposing parties to combine for its overthrow.

For some time past, however, Pearson had seen symptoms of trouble ahead. When Ministers, as in July 1890, mustered a majority of twenty-one in a House of ninety-one, he noted that half that majority was drawn from hostile ranks. Unless for the obstacles to combination between Catholics and Orangemen, teetotallers and publicans, for the construction of a Cabinet which would have to decide on educational and social reforms, he plainly understood that the Gillies-Deakin Ministry would already have been 'fighting for its life.' The utmost he hoped was that 'the dexterity of its chiefs might keep a majority together till the end of the session.'

The crisis, as foreseen by him, came in November 1890. It was precipitated by the large expenditure on railways, and by a disastrous and general strike. Pearson never denied that the financial calculations of Mr. Gillies turned out incorrect. He pleaded for them that they were falsified by circumstances over which this particular Government had no control. The artisan classes had been

encouraged, not specially by the actual Government, to assume privileges and prerogatives resulting in an anarchically extravagant State management of public works, and in suicidal leagues of men against masters. At all events the heterogeneous Opposition found in the prevalent public gloom a force of passive discontent ready to be massed against any existing Cabinet. Then the allegation that the country had been deluded with a bogus surplus supplied a cry in which its discordant sections could all join.

The underlying motives of the strange allies were various. Disaffected Radicals imagined that they were about to replace a coalition by an unmixed Liberal Ministry. The Trades Hall leaders were actuated by thirst for revenge upon statesmen who had repressed lawless by lawful violence. But the division of the spoil, far from an easy question, was one for the victors to decide thereafter as they would, and could. Meanwhile it remained for them only to deliver their blow. They struck it in November 1890. The Gillies-Deakin Government resigned, and Charles Pearson ceased to be Minister of Public Instruction.

Though no longer a Minister, he remained, however, a member of the Legislative Assembly. While in office he had not been in the habit of speaking often. As a private member he was yet more rarely heard. He was not therefore the less watchful of the current of affairs. His sympathies, his fears, are traceable in the periodical letters he despatched to the London 'Speaker.' The series commenced at the invitation of Sir T. Wemyss Reid, the editor, with the foundation of that journal, when Pearson was still in the Cabinet. The authorship, an open secret, was soon turned into party capital by

the 'Argus.' He continued the correspondence till his departure from the colony.

For the information of the English public he records the opening of the Intercolonial Conference, assembled to discuss the question of Australian Federation in January 1890. He began by a manifest sentiment of scepticism: 'If it advance the cause at all, it will be an agreeable surprise to many of us.' His view scarcely altered as the debates proceeded. At its close in February 1890, he thought it 'would have a wholesome effect on public opinion, and might be shaped into something good.' But it could not, he considered, 'as it stood, be regarded as a substantial success.' With the progress of the movement, he saw the obstacles looming larger and larger. He dwells, in April 1891, during the gathering of the Federal Convention, on the question of State boundaries, which, by reason of the enormous diversities of the colonies in size and in population, constituted, in his judgment, 'the real difficulty in the way of Federation.' His mind was equally perplexed by that 'most momentous issue'—the seeming irreconcilableness of the position of Queensland demanding coloured labour, with that of the other colonies which abhorred it. His own sentiments agreed with those of Victoria and New South Wales: 'Personally, I would sooner see the North a desert than developed and peopled by coolies, Chinamen, or Hindoos.'

Federation was not a party question. Many of Pearson's political friends favoured it. His colleagues, Gillies, Deakin, Wrixon, were among the delegates to the Federal Congress. About it he could feel and reflect, though with some personal mistrust, no sort of party bias. But his London letters on topics strictly of party interest are no less just and independent. A month after

the retirement of the Gillies-Deakin Cabinet, the dissatisfaction of the other sections which had joined to eject it at the 'predominantly Conservative' colour of the Munro Government, was threatening a second ministerial collapse. Pearson argued strongly against a fresh administrative change at the instance of twenty aspirants after portfolios, 'among whom not four moderately strong men were to be found.' His opinion of the new Premier—'a conspicuous failure'—was a low one. He held that, both as Opposition leader and as minister, Mr. Munro had brought unscrupulously exaggerated charges against the finance of his predecessors. At the same time, the general and abiding dangers of the situation in Victoria were, as he saw them, of a gravity which rendered him careless of party strifes and ambitions.

The intrinsic resources of Victoria were, he knew, such as to enable her to live down in time extraordinary commercial and banking crises, like those of 1890 and 1891, as easily as the extraordinary land boom of 1888. The colony was rich enough to justify the inflation of her capital, the city of Melbourne. Railway extensions, if left to private enterprise, would, however ample, have been remunerative alike to the promoters and to the country. The evil, the essential anxiety of the present and the future, was the industrial one, aggravated as it was by the moral weakness of the classes whose duty it was to grapple with it. Thus, he writes, in July 1890, when he was yet in office, of state railway management: 'The fatal blot is that the Commissioners are not allowed to engage the best men they can find, to dismiss lazy and insubordinate hands, or to pay the market rate of wages.'

That was the spirit which pervaded the entire labour system, and ensured, in Pearson's judgment, a series of

labour troubles and financial disorganisation in Australia. In the summer of 1891 he described in the columns of the 'Speaker,' 'the outlook for some years to come as, I fear, one of violent speeches, impaired credit, and industrial distress.' Though the labour faction was itself a small minority in the Legislative Assembly, it was potent through the moral feebleness of successive Governments. He was too impartial to have attempted to except his own administration wholly from condemnation in this respect; much less those which followed. It would seem to him of secondary importance whether a Munro Cabinet lingered in office, in the face of a 'conclusive adverse majority,' till 1892, or a Shiels Cabinet took its place.

Certainly, he had himself no inclination to play a further active part in struggles carried on under the conditions which were continually becoming plainly indispensable for success. So long as he remained in Australia he retained interest in Victorian politics. But it was a detached interest, the interest of a spectator, of a critic, not of a combatant, still less a competitor. His career as a colonial statesman was completed; and it becomes possible to review the qualities he brought to its pursuit, and the amount and kind of acceptance they procured.

CHAPTER XVII

STATESMAN, ORATOR AND FRIEND

To many of Charles Pearson's intimates it appeared, as to a sympathetic reviewer in the 'Spectator,' that it was among his chief and most distinctive characteristics to be 'The onlooker pure and simple; pouring out white light;' enabling readers or hearers to 'form a judgment, without performing that duty for them.' They would hardly have been surprised had circumstances thus summed up his career. At any rate, when the general bent of his genius is considered, his temperament, and the direction in which his energies for a large portion of his life had been turned, his Oxford and London contemporaries may be pardoned for having regarded him as among the least fitted of men to cast himself into the whirlpool of strange colonial controversy.

Some of his closest associates in Australia were themselves tempted to lament his choice of a political career. 'I have always thought,' writes Sir Henry Wrixon, 'that his talents were somewhat thrown away in politics.' Similarly, Mr. John Gavan Duffy, the son of Sir Charles, and himself a statesman of high distinction, is of opinion that, 'however useful it is to have men like Dr. Pearson in Parliament, he would have been better and happier if he had devoted himself to literature, and never mixed himself up in the political rough-and-tumble.' Sir Charles Gavan Duffy himself 'could not but conclude

that, though he shared the ambition of most capable and cultivated Englishmen for a Parliamentary career, his mind still lingered among his books' (*j*). Not merely, as his English acquaintances, were Victorians, in uttering such regrets, sensible of the loss to letters from their friend's adoption of politics as a vocation, but they knew of traits in himself which might seem opposed to its satisfactory pursuit.

To the popular colonial judgment his bearing suggested, though falsely, intellectual contemptuousness. He carried about with him the air of the student, or, rather, of the professor addressing students. His voice retained, though modified in time, what it pleases Australians to describe as 'the Oxford drawl.' There was too much of the 'customary English coldness of demeanour.' His care in dress—for, as his wife says, 'he never gave up his Bond Street tailor'—his hands so small that he could never find gloves to fit them; the semi-blindness, which necessitated the use for the one effective eye, besides his spectacles, of a strong glass, all produced an impression of refinement and fastidiousness. To his short-sightedness in particular was due 'an abstracted manner'; and from a want of physical robustness came a 'deficiency in the rough vigour often mistaken for resolution.'

With these characteristics he failed, as might be supposed, to make a good canvasser. In some lively 'Election Sketches,' published in 1888, in a Melbourne paper, 'the Professor, still for the general public the solitary example of the cultured Radical which our political life has produced,' is portrayed in the process of being heckled at Brunswick. 'Scrupulously careful in his attire; the airs and manners of collegiate halls still clinging to him; his face pale, clean-cut, impassive, with its

far-away gaze behind the eye-glass—he bears it all with the fortitude of a Stoic.' Finally, the meeting over, 'the flushed burghers shuffle off the platform; the motley audience flock into the road; and the Professor fades into the night with the rest, looking to the last as solitary and as out of keeping with his surroundings as ever.'

It was the effect produced upon all, whether they saw him habitually, or only occasionally. Dr. Cameron Lees, one of her Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland, paid Australia a visit in 1892, and recorded his impressions. In a description of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria, he refers to Pearson: 'The Minister of Education is a conspicuous figure in the House. He is the only man that bears on him the evident stamp of high culture and refinement. His fine, thoughtful face, resembling that of the late Dean Stanley, seems out of place in what, to tell the truth, looks rather a coarse and vulgar assembly.'

Always and everywhere he stood rather apart and aloof. Naturally shy, and with a strong sense of personal dignity, he did not change in the hurly-burly of public life. The unscrupulousness, on whichever side, of popular assemblies disgusted him. The policy of the party he had joined presented certain features which it was impossible for him to favour. Any tendency to mob violence and mob rule he vehemently detested. 'Stone-walling,' as an engine of Parliamentary warfare, disgusted him, as we have seen, whether friends or foes wielded it. During an all-night sitting he was heard to ejaculate: 'Was it worth a man's while to be a member! Could he do any good?' Even in the earlier years of his Parliamentary career he felt acutely the tedium of the continual wranglings of party debate. Writing to his wife on the eve of the commencement of the Session, in May 1880, he exclaims: 'On Wednesday

the jabber-jabber begins!' The feeling of nausea increased in time, and was aggravated by the bitterness of personal spite towards himself. The poisonous malice of party hostility, though it could not sting him to retaliatory insolence in journalism, or disturb the tenor of his official activity, is declared to have 'saddened' his political existence. He had felt it painfully from the beginning, when it endeavoured to bury in obloquy, and in oblivion, so unpartisan and national a work as his education report of 1878. He could enjoy the open fray; his armour was not proof against underhand thrusts. Confidants thought they perceived in him as a politician 'a growing discouragement.'

But for himself there were compensations which English friends of the historian and critic were not likely in general to appreciate. Australian associates themselves would hardly measure their full value. He was buoyed up by a fulness of hope, undimmed at first, and never extinguished, both in the future of Australian Liberalism, and in his own ability to serve it. The defects in his equipment for combatant politics, of which his Australian allies and opponents, and assuredly himself too, were acutely conscious, were not without their favourable counterpoise. In their own nature they implied, to friends and foes, an unknown force, with a mystery in its weapons both of defence and offence. Then, again, and above all, he had the pleasure of a sense of power not positively realised by himself before, but half suspected, and of an exercise of his faculties in ways and to an extent alike novel. Beneath the characteristics, mental and moral, which his companions, whether in England or at the antipodes, recognised and prized, had always lain a restless, adventurous instinct, the desire to

apply in action his mental endowments, to be part of the affairs he had the literary genius to narrate. Australian politics furnished the arena he had missed in Europe. He was willing to undergo some rough experiences in return for the feeling that he was engaged in doing as well as in philosophising.

He comprised, as he now proved, among his other gifts, that of a latent serious business capacity. He owed it to Victoria that the colony clearly discovered the faculty to himself, and provided opportunities for its exercise. His was no merely sentimental statesmanship, though he had his enthusiasms. Imperialism probably would have to be classed among them. Being at the time in office, he strenuously promoted the offer of a contingent for service in the Soudan. He fretted at the acquiescence of Mr. Gladstone's Government in the defeat at Majuba Hill. He was indignant with the Queen's military officers in the colony—who, otherwise, do not seem to have tried to ingratiate themselves with the residents—for deprecating a movement to relieve the rumoured pauperism of the survivors of the Balaclava Charge as an interference with the private concerns of England. His grief at what he considered the desertion of General Gordon by the Home Government was extreme. Pride in everything noble which was English as an Australian heritage ought, he urged, to be cherished as the true bond of British unity and British supremacy. In matters of social and local politics he had his enthusiasms too. Old ministerial colleagues affirm that he had 'a sincere inclination in favour of all advanced views'; that he deemed it 'the part of a good Liberal to keep a receptive mind for all new proposals.' In the 'Fortnightly Review' of May 1879, he had

publicly acclaimed democracy as 'the most sensible and flexible, as well as the only just form of Government.' He gloried in the fulness of the freedom enjoyed under it by the people of a virgin continent with its own future to mould, to meditate on socialistic antidotes for socialistic poisons: 'For us,' he wrote in the 'Age' of March 1, 1890, 'the passage from the old richly coloured and various world to the new order has all the charm of adventure. It is, perhaps, the conscious sense of creative energy, the feeling that we are building up something such as history has never yet recorded, that fascinates us with such a belief in progress as our ancestors have not known even in dreams.'

But he would not have sacrificed the smallest essential interest of Victoria to theories of Imperialism; and it never entered his mind to attempt to abolish private property in favour of communism. The Conservative press, which had contracted a habit of inveighing against him as a revolutionary doctrinaire, adduced no evidence from his actions, whether legislative or official. He never showed himself a firebrand or a despot, either in carrying out his personal fancies, or in plotting against existing institutions not to his taste. When he knew that an issue was settled, at any rate for the time, though he might not agree with the decision, he would not waste energy in assailing it. On the Free Trade question, for instance, so far as Mr. Deakin can remember, he never, while in the Assembly, spoke or wrote. He did not care to tilt against windmills, any more than to build houses on sand. That was not, it may be admitted, the notion of him among the Victorian public, any more than among Conservatives or Conservative pressmen. An Englishman, ripe in reputation as a writer and thinker, a typical

Oxford don, it was popularly taken for granted, must be a theorist, perhaps a visionary, certainly not an administrator. It was hard even for friendly politicians at first to understand that a scholar may, on one side of his nature, be a practical man of business, and, yet more, that he may manifest that phase of character for years, and by predilection. Nevertheless, it was the fact; and all with a right to judge came to acknowledge it.

He liked his work, and, liking and respecting it, he did it well and soberly. His fellow members, beginning with some scepticism, soon had it dispelled. Mr. Gavan Duffy, whose lament for the friend lost to literature has been quoted, recognised fully, as will be seen later, the 'practical ability of the administrator.' Mr. Deakin testifies to the joint belief of Mr. Gillies, the Premier, and himself in their colleague's merits as such (*j*). In any case he would have been 'invaluable because of his great knowledge of recent history, and facts of current politics in England and abroad, and of his literary ability, which was often employed in state papers.' It is not surprising that Ministers regularly looked to him to cast the Governor's speech at the opening of Parliament in its final shape; or that his hand may be discovered in the Address from Sir Henry Loch and the Victorian Government presented to the Queen by Chief Secretary Deakin at the Jubilee. So much was of course. But it is further declared, on the same authority, that he was yet more prized 'on account of his capacity for judging between opposing views, and forming a mature opinion after discussion. He had always the ear of the Cabinet.' He had also its 'affection.'

Departmentally he evinced excellent abilities. He was sure to be full of ideas; he was also highly methodical,

patient and painstaking, leaving no letter unanswered. The keenness of the anxiety he felt, never sparing himself, to arrive at the best possible results, was almost excessive. He was disposed to be over-sanguine in reckoning upon the same ardour and unflagging devotion to duty in others. But he was no slave-driver. There is abundance of testimony to his considerateness and kindness in the treatment of his subordinates. The body of teachers owed to his sympathetic efforts an increase of their pay. They and the officers of the Education Department found him—wrote, after his death, in the 'Australasian Schoolmaster,' Mr. Brodribb, the head of the staff of the Education Office—the 'ideal of courtesy and kindness.' When he had to deal with an offender, if the error were one of mere ignorance or heedlessness, his rebuke was so sweetened with indulgent sympathy that many a careless fellow went away contrite and zealous.

Sir Henry (now Lord) Loch, while expressing his personal admiration for one whose death he deplored as a great public loss, testifies, as Governor-General from 1884 to 1889, to his merit as one of the Governor's Constitutional advisers and a practical statesman. Cautious, writes Lord Loch, before accepting any new theory, he was acutely alive to the wisdom of moving in advance of changes, either inevitable or which the conditions of the country rendered necessary. He understood that authority would thus be enabled both to guide and to check a too rapid movement, instead of being dragged forward, powerless to control what consequently might be disastrous to the best interests of the country. As an administrator he was able, adds Lord Loch, through his grasp and knowledge of the questions coming before him in connection with his office, to speak and act with an

influence only to be acquired by a practical acquaintance with the subjects.

The Assembly, like the Governor and the Department, learnt to recognise his possession of exceptional qualities. A thorough master of details, he was ever ready to explain. Neither as a minister nor as a politician did he seek to browbeat, or betray impatience of ignorance or stolidity. Though vigorous and incisive in exposing sophistry, he was most tolerant of honest antagonism. He could differ from a friend without becoming an enemy, as Sir Henry Wrixon bears witness, recalling their variance upon Mr. Shiels's Divorce Bill, which was favoured by Pearson. Towards direct adversaries he always observed scrupulously the courtesies of debate. It was not his habit to conclude that men were rogues or fools for not agreeing with him. Outside the field of party strife he was, writes Mr. Deakin, 'ever ready in Parliament to lay aside the animosities and pettinesses of controversy. He was rejoiced to help anyone, especially the young, from his richly stored memory.'

As an orator, though, as has been mentioned, not a frequent speaker, he is admitted to have distinctly raised the level of Parliamentary eloquence. The beautifully cut features, the well-shaped head, the slight, emaciated figure, an air of culture, and the studied choice of literary diction, with the impassive demeanour, which even in the heat of controversy, seldom, though occasionally, blazed up, impressed more than conciliated or stirred. In spite of all, he won the admiration of the Assembly. He supplied, said Mr. Deakin, 'a note of intellectual elevation, which has been greatly missed since his retirement. The graceful periods and ornate phrases with which his speeches abounded, always stood out from the mass of slipshod

loquacity which goes to make up Parliamentary discussion, and helped to break its monotony. Though he rarely interjected, he did so at times, and with excellent effect.' For appositeness of historical and literary illustration he was without a peer. He was always earnest, always pertinent, never tedious or commonplace; when warmed he could employ satire, not rancorous or rude, with disconcerting effect. From the first, when, as the new Member for Castlemaine, he moved the Address, he took rank in the front of set speakers. After a few years he ripened, without diminution of polish, into an easy and effective debater. Mr. Gavan Duffy, who heard most of his speeches, from that at Emerald Hill to the last at the dinner given to him before he embarked for England, witnesses that he constantly delighted his audiences and 'quite carried them away when he felt that the subject was one to compel him to put forth his full power.' The veteran Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, who was Speaker for the first two or three years of Pearson's Parliamentary career, had begun by being doubtful of the success in a popular Assembly of a 'Democratic philosopher.' With an experience gathered from the British House of Commons, as well as that of Victoria, he confesses himself to have been agreeably disappointed. Though otherwise 'languid or insouciant,' Pearson 'spoke rarely, but well, when the subject kindled him. He spoke like a man whose opinions were carefully considered and deliberately adopted, and who knew where he was going or wanted to go. In the daily business of Parliament many members exceeded him in promptitude and agility; but when principles came to be debated, he was a plain head and shoulders above them all' (*j*).

Difficult though it necessarily is to render by printed

extracts, and years after delivery, the effect of oratory, even 'finished, balanced, and punctuated,' as was Pearson's, I had hoped to convey some idea of its power—an enduring power—by inserting at the end of the present volume a few passages which Victorian friends have selected. Space forbids their publication; but their subjects may be mentioned. The speeches from which they are taken relate to questions so various as the Conservative attempt in 1880 to abolish the payment of Members, as tending to produce a crop of political adventurers; in 1882, the superiority, for colonial defence, of regular soldiers to raw volunteers; the Sunday opening of public libraries, museums, and picture galleries, in 1883; in 1885, the duty of the State to see to the regulation of factories, workrooms, and shops; in the same year, the proposal to imitate New South Wales by the despatch of an infantry battalion in aid of the British expedition into Egypt; in the following year, a motion for a grant to the widow and children of Marcus Clarke, author of the once famous 'His Natural Life'; the question raised, in 1888, by the action of Ah Toy *v.* Musgrove, of the prerogative of a Colonial Government to refuse admission to aliens, as, for instance, to a shipload of Chinese labourers; the Bill in 1889 for a reform of the Law of Divorce; and, finally, in 1890, not long before Pearson ceased to hold office, the assertion of the obligation on every Government to keep order, even by force of arms.

All attest an intellectual grasp, the ascendency of moral character, which, notwithstanding Parliamentary defects, explain the fact—something of a phenomenon even to political allies—of the greatness of the influence, though hardly 'visible,' which from first to last Charles Pearson exercised in the Assembly; how one who, as

Mr. Deakin says, was 'not a party leader, or even spokesman of a faction, affected the tone of the House, and to a certain degree its manner.'

It was a busy life which Pearson led. Though, as his Victorian friend has mentioned, not a party leader, his eloquent voice and sagacious judgment were perpetually at the service of his allies. Manifold were the requisitions upon both. His Ministerial and Parliamentary work was not confined to his office, cabinet meetings, the sittings of the House, and the Committees, of which he was one of the most assiduous and influential members, whenever, as rarely, he had to accept a seat. There were other and pertinacious calls upon him. Political life is absorbing, to the point of tyranny, in any country, and not less so in Australia than elsewhere. Pearson undertook all its obligations as entirely as if he had never been given to other pursuits and ambitions.

Not every article in the party programme can, as has been intimated, have been precisely to his taste. He must have been yoked occasionally with very unsympathetic companions. There would be intervals of despondency. The popular functions, agricultural shows, and the like, at which his presence was expected, must often have been painfully burdensome. Though there were duties connected with his official character, like his trusteeship of the Public Library, and membership of the Councils of the Melbourne University, the Ballarat School of Mines, and the Working Men's College, which were more congenial, they too would add to the strain on a constitution far from robust. But the energy he displayed in the discharge of his multifarious responsibilities was not affected. He was content to know that he was aiding in the

direction of a form of national life. He accepted all its incidents, however apparently alien to his nature, with no consciousness of self-sacrifice. For one gifted like him with a sense of humour, even the distasteful drudgery of politics would have its occasional compensations. While he complains to his wife that he is 'horribly weary of electioneering,' he is at the same moment describing to her, with keen enjoyment, how his fellow-canvasser was offering marriage to all the young women possessed of voting relatives, and, in the case of Teutonic colonists, expecting his companion, as the linguist, to translate the love-letters into German. The statement of a close observer that he even 'entered into the diversions of his associates with general sympathy and unfailing tact' may be taken as no mere compliment to his powers of acting. It would be an utter mistake to suppose that he was a disappointed man of letters, who, having put his hand to the political plough, was always glancing regretfully back.

Looking to great ends, with a justifiable confidence in his own ability to further them, he would not have repined had official work and his democratic opinions condemned him to a social Sahara. Victorian society had indeed often shown him its seamy side. His political opinions gravely jarred upon the prejudices of its leaders. They had expected a confederate in the learned Englishman, the ex-fellow of Oriel. His first friends in Victoria were vehement Conservatives. With bitter disappointment they continually resented what they chose, without cause, to consider his defection. In December, 1877, an old friend wrote to notify the breach of an engagement to dine: 'I'm not coming to-morrow, of course;' adding, magnanimously, 'but be it understood that we can meet one another amicably at other people's houses.' He had

to leave home on his arduous education mission the day after the birth of his second child. During his absence the elder daughter fell ill. Not a soul called to inquire after the young mother or her sick child. The family was exposed to a social ostracism by the wealthy classes. Only the Governor, Sir George Bowen, who himself, on account of his Liberal predilections, was involved in it, manifested the least friendliness, outside the narrow circle of democratic professional men. When Lord Normanby succeeded Sir George, Government House itself was shut. Sir Henry Loch better appreciated the constitutional duties of his office, as well as social amenities. But the landed interest in the colony never really pardoned Charles Pearson; and his theological Liberalism equally estranged the religious denominations.

Melbourne itself cannot pretend to the social variety of London or Oxford. In the 'Story of My Life,' society there is not represented in bright colours. It was, however, not only the prejudice from reminiscences of his first chilling visit which lingered in him, but the fact of positive political rancour wreaking itself in the shape of social offensiveness. Though time had somewhat mitigated the original bitterness, he continued, so late as February 1884, to have to note some important exceptions —'the Governor, rabid Conservatives, the "Argus" clique, Catholics, Jews, publicans; and the Scotch clergy'—to 'all the respectable part of society,' with which he boasted playfully that he was 'on the best possible terms.'

Yet it would be an utter error to imagine that Pearson's Colonial life was a dull routine of toil at a departmental desk, or of sparring in Parliament. With all his reserve and exterior coldness, he had always moved in a circle of familiar friendships. In very different circumstances, and

with constituents continually fresh, a coterie would ever collect around him. Perhaps jealousy at the sense of being left outside may have had something to do with the vindictiveness, as well as the devotion, which he had the power of arousing. In Melbourne, as elsewhere, he made an atmosphere of intimate sympathy and understanding to breathe about him. Even there he diffused, and he enjoyed, the charm of the response of brain and heart. It was not easy to force the barrier to acquaintanceship. But acquaintanceship had, with him, a vigorous tendency to develop into friendship. He was of the type which scarcely recognises a middle term between stranger and brother.

They, few in number, who had learnt to break the ice of his shyness, found themselves admitted to a fulness of communion of spirit equally refreshing to him and to them. For the initiated the intellectual treat was always available. It might be at his own pleasant house, where a brother scholar, his partner in learned work done in the difficult intervals of political toil, Herbert Strong, then Professor of Classics at the University of Melbourne, tells of many delightful Sunday evening literary talks. It might be in Parliament itself. 'Often,' writes Sir Henry Wrixon, 'during the long nights I enjoyed his interesting conversation, when we could get away from the debate to the Ministers', or Speaker's, room;' where, as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy also recollects, he rarely spoke of the current politics of the hour, but 'rather of literature or philosophy.' It might be in his own house. Thither resorted an increasing stream of tourists from Europe and America. He was an Australian notoriety; and very many either had known him in England, or brought, like R. W. Dale and others, letters of introduction from English and

American friends. They met the most interesting local figures at his table, for he was glad to play the host; and he performed the part—as Mr. Deakin attests—'incomparably.' He 'was certainly one of the finest conversationalists, if not the very finest, I have ever met. His command of anecdote, jest, quotation, and reference, ranged over all literature and all times. His repertoire was astonishing, even after repeated experiences. He was witty, vivacious, and full of sallies of humour often based upon incidents drawn from his own wide experience.'

At the rare houses within which he felt at home, he was as expansive and as fascinating. Mr. John Gavan Duffy, who recalls regretfully the many Sunday afternoons when he came over to drink a cup of tea, says he was at his best in the sunshine, the fiercer the better, seeming to expand in the heat. Then he would talk, not at once. He required to be led up to a subject, shrinking from the appearance of superior knowledge. But, once started, he surprised with his wealth of knowledge on all sorts of out-of-the-way topics, which he illustrated with rare eloquence and admirable simplicity. His conversation, adds Mr. Duffy, was untinged, or only just tinged, with the cultured pessimism, which was the key-note of his latest book. The Liberalism he preached pointed rather to the gradual advance of all mankind to a higher state and happier conditions under unerring laws of development.

A lady, who is an equally good witness on such a subject, dwells on this extraordinary conversational gift, 'to which nothing came amiss, though without a grain of pedantry, from a discourse on the Russian language to the selection of a dress for a fancy ball.'

With real friends he could talk by letter as freely and

delightfully as by word of mouth. He was singularly fond of receiving letters, always declaring that a man's letters best explained his character. There was no better writer of them. His correspondence, described by Mr. Deakin as 'in an extremely small and crabbed hand, dashed off without hesitation, yet all stamped with his grace of style,' repeats the same tale of a vocation which might be fatally exhausting, but was not felt to be a mistake or a failure.

CHAPTER XVIII

HIS MELBOURNE HOME

Mrs. Pearson has been persuaded to put together some interesting recollections of her husband's social and domestic habits, which indicate his power of communicating, and also receiving, pleasure in circumstances not altogether promising :

'The first few months after our return from England to Melbourne, in 1879, had been sadly dreary, but young people do not trouble themselves much about politics, and officers from the "Bacchante," with the Dukes of Clarence and York on board, and from the other men-of-war, with pretty young married women and girls, seemed to like to come to our little dinners and suppers. Although this was not the kind of society to which Mr. Pearson had been accustomed, as it did not claim any intellectual superiority, I think he enjoyed it, for he always seemed to get on with charming women.

'He had many warm women friends, and some of the pleasantest letters he received were from his English countrywomen—Mrs. Acland, Mrs. Luard, Mrs. Lumby, Mrs. Lloyd Evans, Mrs. Venn, and the Baroness d'Hozier. He was very fond of women's society, and I think revealed his true self to them, more than to his men friends. Some of his poetry shows that a deep, passionate nature underlay his impassive exterior. Having, however, a chivalrous

regard for woman as woman, he was singularly pure-minded. The passage in the Bible, that "the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost," had impressed him powerfully as a young man, and I think always gave him a peculiarly delicate respect both for himself and women.

'Once he said, about this time, that I did not invite his friends sufficiently; but, on considering who were his friends, we found that those so called had deserted him, for he had none in those days, except half a dozen new ones, whom we saw constantly, and for whom he always retained the most affectionate regard. One was Professor Strong, who held the chair of Classics at the Melbourne University, and is now professor at Liverpool University. A Winchester boy still, genial and warm-hearted, unable to abide shiftiness or trickery, I think he understood Mr. Pearson better than any other man in the colony, and his lovely wife was my chief woman friend. Chief Justice Higinbotham, formerly Premier, a truly great Liberal, with a high ideal of honour and life, was another man after Mr. Pearson's own heart. I think he resembled him both in character and temperament as nearly as any man could, without, I should say, the sense of humour which helped Mr. Pearson to bear up against blows from friends and foes. We always felt honoured when he came to us, as he did oftener than to others. His benevolent countenance, with the beautifully cut features, large head, and snowy white hair, would have made an impression anywhere. Mrs. Duffy said to me, on the occasion of the first Jubilee fancy dress ball given by Lady Loch at Government House, "Mrs. Pearson, I think your husband and Chief Justice Higinbotham are quite the most distinguished-looking men in the room."

'Others among the few whom we could count as

friends were Mr. Justice Holroyd and Mrs. Holroyd, Mrs. Bartrop, a cousin of Miss Nightingale, Sir George and Lady Verdon, and Mr. and Mrs. John Gavan Duffy. At Mr. Duffy's house Mr. Pearson had always a cordial welcome. Mrs. Duffy had the fascinating Irish manners and conversation of her nation, and he loved a chat with her over his favourite cup of tea. Mr. Duffy, with his sparkling wit and humour, never seemed serious, although I think he intended occasionally to be so. Mr. Pearson used to say that he thought it rather a misfortune for a man in Parliament to have the reputation of being a wit, for hardly did Mr. Duffy open his mouth to make a speech, before the House broke into roars of laughter. Sir Henry Wrixon, again, became in time one of our most frequent visitors. His friendship was highly valued by Mr. Pearson. Sir Henry reciprocated his esteem, and was indignant at the newspaper attacks upon him. I remember him saying to me more than once in those days: "I hope, Mrs. Pearson, that you do not mind what the 'Argus' says—nobody minds the 'Argus.'"

'Then the term of office of Lord Normanby came to an end at last. He had seemed to regard himself as a representative solely of the Conservative party, and scarcely ever invited a Liberal to the meagre hospitalities of Government House. When he did give a general reception, it was sufficiently dismal. Never shall I forget the Marquess and Marchioness on such occasions, seated on a daïs, with their aides-de-camp grouped behind, their guests filing past them like so many soldiers on review. The host and hostess were for all the world like two Chinese Mandarins, nodding their heads. There was no grace or courtesy in the proceedings. Even the figure-heads lacked all dignity.

'When Sir Henry Loch succeeded, it was entirely different. In 1883 our youngest daughter Maud became very ill, and the doctors advised a sea-voyage. Mr. Pearson was passionately fond of the child, and it was decided that I should take her to England, and obtain the best advice possible. I returned just after the retirement of Lord Normanby, and witnessed Sir Henry Loch's entrance. Collins Street looked imposing and even magnificent, lined with soldiers, and thronged with people, the bands playing the National Anthem. Sir Henry, while being sworn in as Governor in front of Parliament House, impressed everybody pleasantly with his soldierly bearing and kindly face, and was regarded with special interest owing to his terrible experiences in China in 1860. Lady Loch, tall and graceful, looked younger than her years. She had refined, aristocratic features, or, rather, what it is supposed that high-born features should be, but rarely are. We dined with them soon after their arrival. Mr. Justice Holroyd and Mrs. Holroyd, Mr. Justice Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Simson, and Dr. Charles Ryan were the other guests. At other times we met Bishop Moorhouse, now of Manchester, who, though he never ceased to oppose Mr. Pearson's Education Act with his strong will, and great powers of oratory, was a courteous antagonist. Once, after a speech of Mr. Pearson's, he came and warmly shook him by the hand. "We are evidently friends, not enemies," he said. Not rarely, also, there would be at Government House tourists from England, as, in 1887, Lord and Lady Carnarvon. Mr. Pearson had several long talks with Lord Carnarvon; and they seemed to enjoy recalling old Oxford days. Lady Loch, whose personality gave a peculiar charm

to her brilliant entertainments, held receptions every Thursday, which were well attended. Lawn tennis was played, if it was fine, on the large asphalt court in the grounds, and the visitors sauntered about, watched the players, or took afternoon tea in the large reception room. No one could help comparing the then tasteful condition of Government House with its lovely fern decorations, and pleasing, harmonious arrangements, with the cold, bare, poverty-stricken grandeur which reigned in the time of Lord Normanby.'

Lord Hopetoun, who succeeded Sir Henry Loch in 1890, acted on the same principle as Sir Henry in behaving with absolute courtesy to all parties. Mrs. Pearson attests that her husband considered him 'a thoroughly constitutional representative of Her Majesty, and also most happy in his speeches.' Lady Hopetoun, 'a daughter of Lord Ventry, a tall and handsome Irish brunette, was devoted to animals and pets, and was a good horsewoman and rider to hounds.'

Representatives of the Crown like these helped to soften the asperity of political conflicts. Parliamentary adversaries assembled at Government House on neutral ground, and Pearson had the pleasure of varied intercourse, in addition to the more intimate society he had gathered about himself from among his personal colleagues and fellow-workers. Long before his final departure from Australia it is clear that the cloud of social ostracism incurred by his conscientious resistance to the squatter system and to denominational education, which, it cannot be denied, had sadly shadowed, for himself, as well as his wife, his political career, had virtually lifted. Then, too, the springing up of a family about them rendered them more or less independent of social caprices and rude-

nesses. With his children around him it was manifest to everybody that Pearson had abundance to satisfy his cravings—and they were large—for human sympathy. Mrs. Pearson writes:

'He had always said that he could be quite happy without children. But the deep tenderness of his nature, the existence of which probably the outside world did not suspect from his rather cold, impassive countenance, revealed itself with them. He would walk for hours together at night with his child in his arms to soothe her when in pain, and few, who only knew him as the "Professor," would have recognised him when at play with his children. Hilda (now Mrs. Frank Clerihew) at eighteen months old had golden curls over her head, and deep blue eyes. She queened it over her father, as she did over everyone with whom she came in contact. One of her games was to push him with her baby hands, when he would naturally fall down at full length on the carpet. Then she would cover him with cushions, and promptly deposit herself on the top of one of them, sometimes choosing the one on his head, when smothered protests choked with laughter would be heard. She would bump herself up and down on him until she thought he slumbered, when she would carefully take off the cushions, but if his eyes were opened ever so little, the same process would be repeated, until his powers of endurance being exhausted, he would feign deep slumber. He never minded what he did to give pleasure to his children. In illness he would deny himself to any extent for their benefit, and was as tender to them as any mother could be.

'He was exceedingly fond of animals. During his bachelor days, when he was much alone, he had contracted

an unconscious habit of quoting, sometimes Greek or Latin, sometimes poetry, half aloud. I have heard him murmuring :

> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small ;
> For the dear God who loveth us
> He made and loveth all.

He was very anxious that his children too should love animals. One day he returned home, bringing in his hands a large bird-cage, with a parrot inside it. Another time a beautiful little collie pup was nestling in his arms. On another occasion he brought with him, in a huge brown paper bag, a pair of the tiniest bantams, of a rare kind. He loved cats particularly, and on passing one in the street, would invariably stop and stroke its back. Kindness he taught by example. We had two, and sometimes three, dogs, which he insisted on washing himself once a week, as he said he could only thus be sure that the animals were properly clean. When one of the dogs, of which he was very fond, fell ill, of a horrid dog-illness, he persisted, though extremely particular to have everything about his person faultlessly and spotlessly clean, in treating it himself with the lotion. No servant would touch the animal, and although its disease is generally fatal, he saved its life.

'Whilst I was in Europe with my daughter Maud, in 1883, he devoted himself to the two children, Hilda and Muriel. He had them always to play with him on his return from the House, and refused all invitations on their account. However tired, or suffering from his habitual headaches—"no worse," he writes to his wife, "than they used to be"—he never failed to tell them their evening story before they went to bed. He did not teach them

the Old Testament; but he had a number of beautiful little Bible pictures of incidents in the New Testament. These he explained to the little girls on Sundays, instead of sending them to church. He declared that the Bible, apart from its teaching, was beautiful for its English. He knew much of it by heart, and a great many hymns. He often said he should like the children to have a store of hymns in their minds. "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty"; "The Son of God goes forth to War," and "Lead, Kindly Light," were, I think, his favourite three, though he was very fond also of many in Keble's "Christian Year."

'He had no leaning whatever towards Roman Catholicism, holding, among other objections to it, that compulsory confession tended to deceit or morbidness. He particularly disliked the idea of a priest coming between husband and wife, and contended that he was often the source of discord between them. I remember how delighted he was when one of his daughters, at the age of thirteen, declined to go to confession, when pressed to do so by the Principal of her school, who approved of the practice. He wrote to her: "I am very glad you refused to confess. It is not a Church of England practice, and I think your parents ought to have been consulted before you were asked to do it."

'He was pleased to have his children's friends staying in the house; two special small friends of his being Margot Duffy and Annie Gordon. He played croquet or tricycled with the children, and liked to have them around him. "I love the patter of their little feet," he would say. As the children grew older our late dinner turned into a kind of high tea; in order that he might have them with him. I protested that this was not a good arrangement in many ways, and, in deference to my wishes, they had

tea in the schoolroom, but only for a short time. "I like having the children," he said one day simply. So we had high tea again—with the children. One of them often diverted him by her adaptation of his conversation. Listening open-eyed and solemn, she would drink in every word. Little we knew that each word of her father's sank into the mind of the five-year child. Conscientious and truthful mite as she was, from that time she verily believed that "she could not help it" when she was naughty, and it seemed brutal to punish her.

'It is an instance of how conversation, which one might naturally imagine to be above the understanding of a small child, may, on the contrary, be the means of moulding and forming character, making an indelible impression on the mind. When, as at this period, he had to dine at the House most days in the week, he insisted upon seeing as much as possible of them when he was at home. He dearly loved a rubber of whist with them in the evening, and was proud of the good game played by his small daughters. Mathematics he considered one of his weak points. Consequently, he devoted one Parliamentary Vacation to working out mathematical problems at odd moments. I used to wonder at the unwearied good humour with which he would break off even then to answer his children's questions over the preparation of their lessons. It was the same at another time, when he was translating, and revising for the press, Russian novels, which appeared to have a fascination for him.'

When he was obliged for health to leave home on short visits to England, or elsewhere, he wrote his daughters, in the course of his journeys, a series of delightful letters, which children could at once understand and profit by. Here are a few of them:

'Réunion: January 21, 1885.

'My own darling Hilda,—I sent Mother a letter from the Mauritius yesterday, so this time I think I must write to you, and remind you that you have a Father who never forgets you. We nearly came in for a terrible storm, called a cyclone, two days ago. It goes round in circles or rings, whirling things round and round, and it once lifted up a watchman in his sentry-box and blew them several hundred feet away into the water at Mauritius. Luckily, though it was going round the Island of Mauritius for two days, we only came in for the rough sea it caused. Mauritius is a beautiful island, which we were obliged to take away from the French many years ago, because they used to sail ships against us out of it. So now there are English and French mixed together, and they have Hindoos and negroes and Chinamen to work for them, because it is too hot for white men. The people are very poor, but seem very happy. They live in tumbledown houses, but they get plenty to eat and drink, and are able to spend something on fine dresses for their wives. The Hindoo women wear silver bangles on their wrists and ankles; and the African women wear bright-coloured handkerchiefs, and silver rings in their noses. I went to a beautiful botanical garden, but we only had six hours on shore, because we came from Sydney, where there is small-pox, and the Government would not let us land at first.

'This morning we got to another island, the Island of Bourbon or Réunion, which we have allowed the French to keep. The people here are much richer than at the Mauritius, and their town is much prettier. Unluckily, it is very difficult to get to it, as there is always a heavy swell on the sea, and people sometimes have to be pulled up out of the boats in a barrel. However, I am very glad I went

this morning to it, as it is a pretty place with a nice garden, and I should think would be a pleasant place to live in for those who do not mind the heat. I hope we shall steam away to the Seychelles Islands in an hour's time, and when we get to them we shall be out of the way of cyclones. I wonder if you have gone yet to the sea-side for a holiday? I shall be so anxious till I hear about you, and that you are all well.

'January 22. I find my best plan will probably be to post this letter at Mahé, which is the name of the island of the Seychelles where we are to stop. We have had a death on board. The purser died yesterday quite suddenly. He had been ill for some days, but was not thought to be in danger. I am afraid they gave him the wrong medicine.

'There is a little girl on board just your age; and her mother tells me that she makes her do music lessons for three hours a day. She plays very nicely on a small violin, and is going to Germany to learn more. We have a great many passengers now; but they are not in the first-class. There are forty sick soldiers among them. Also we are taking a great many pretty birds home. I wonder if you will write me half as long a letter as I have written you. Good-bye, darling Hilda,

'Ever your most loving Father.'

To the same.

'Red Sea: January 31, 1885.

'I told Mother that I did not think I should write from Port Said as I should have nothing to tell her; but perhaps you will be interested in hearing about Aden. It is a strong place, which belongs to the English, and the steamers go there to get coal. When we got

there a number of Arabs and Hindoos came on board with beautiful things to sell—gold-embroidered cloths, and pretty shawls, and ivory boxes and ostrich feathers. As the people on board our ship are all French or Germans, the Arabs do not ask them for as much money as they want the English to give; but I do not think many things were sold. I bought some embroidered work, and got it very cheap, but then I took care only to talk French and German. Then the captain took me to see a beautiful new French ship, the "Oceanic," which is on her way to Melbourne, and which has a splendid dining-room stretching all across the ship, and beautiful cabins with electric lights, and a drawing-room with writing tables. A day or two ago I saw some porpoises trying to catch some poor flying-fish. The weather is now beginning to get cool, but is still very pleasant. The poor captain had bad news at Aden. His little girl, who is only two years old, has been ill for nine weeks with a cold and fever. I am afraid her mother lets her eat whatever she wishes for. I wonder how all of you are, and whether you have been to Lorne. Pray, darling Hilda, remember to be very careful, and not to lead your sisters into mischief, or to go into danger yourself.

'February 4.—To-day we are in the Suez Canal, and I am afraid we shall have to stay there a long time, as a ship in front of us has run into the bank, and is stopping the way. The weather is fine, but is quite cold, and I hear there has been very stormy weather in the Mediterranean, and that part of Cannes, where Aunt Carlotta lives, has been blown down. Happily, it is not the part near her house. We have not got any news at Suez; but there are fishermen boating about the ship and people came on board as they did at Aden, only the things were not so good, and they asked higher prices. I am longing very

much to get to Europe, and shall look out very eagerly for letters from Australia.

'I hope your puppy and the dogs are all going on well.

'February 5.—We are getting on better to-day, and hope to arrive at Port Said about 3 o'clock. We have passed a French ship taking out troops to Cochin China, and a Dutch ship taking out soldiers to Acheen. It is a beautiful day, and we hope it will be fine in the Mediterranean. Give Mother and Muriel each a good kiss for me, and believe that I am always your most loving father,

'CHARLES H. PEARSON.'

To the same.

April 8, 1885.

'I am so glad to hear you have been sorry to hear of General Gordon's death. We English are never likely to have so good a man given to us again, and it is very sad to think that the Government did nothing to save him till it was too late. The Arabs of Mecca are saying prayers for him, and are very angry with the Arabs of Egypt who killed him, because they say he was such a holy and just man. When General Gordon had any work to do he never stopped to think if it was dangerous, but went and did it. He always expected to be killed in Egypt, but went there because he hoped he could save other people. When money was given him, he used to send back all that he did not want, and he lived in a very simple way, not half as comfortably as you or I, though at one time he was almost a king. Nobody thought of giving him a title, because he was so simple; but his name was known all over the world, and all kinds of people used to come to him for advice. When he was in England he used to spend his time in teaching a class of poor boys. People who only care for money and

for getting on, would say that General Gordon was a very foolish man; but now that he is dead, it makes no difference to him whether he was rich or poor, and it makes a great difference to his relations to know that everyone is sorrowing for him, and that his name will not be forgotten.

'This is a very sad subject to write about, but we live in very sad times. However, I hope you are enjoying yourself very much at home, and that I shall find you well and strong when I come. Your Aunts Hatty and Louisa, with whom I have been staying, have asked a great deal about you, and I think if you ever come to England you will find a great many people to love you. You are constantly in my thoughts, darlings, and I am wishing I could see you again. I hope soon I shall.

'Ever your loving father,

'CHARLES H. PEARSON.

'I have just got a letter from you, in which you say I am very naughty for not writing. My dear Pussie, I have written to you oftener than you have to me.'

The two following letters were written on a visit to his old home, Haverhill, in South Australia, when he took occasion also to go over the famous Broken Hill silver mine.

'Broken Hill.

'My own darling Maudie,—As I have written to Hilda and Murie, I suppose I must send you a few lines, though I have not much to tell you that will interest you. I went down a big mine yesterday. It is not very deep yet, but as far as they have gone, 200 feet deep and many hundred yards long and wide, it is all stuffed with silver. When you strike a bit of clay out of the sides, you see little bright specks which are silver. There are 1,600 men working on

this one mine alone to dig out all the silver, that it may be made into sixpences and shillings.

'Only think that Margot Duffy has come to Mount Lofty near Adelaide. Her father brought her, and I began to think whether I might not have brought a small daughter with me, but then I remembered that I could not have taken her up to Broken Hill.

'Tell mother I hope to leave Melbourne for Woodend by the 3 o'clock train on Saturday.

'Now, suppose I fill up the rest of my letter with kisses, as you and Murie did with yours.

Hilda	Muriel	Maudie
* * * * *	* * * * *	* * * * *
* * * * *	* * * * *	* * * * *

'I think it is less trouble to write.

'Ever, darling,

'Your loving Father.'

'Jan. 1889.

'My darling Hilda,—Just a line to say I am coming back to you. I have been into the country to see the house where Mother used to live. But the dear ponies are not there, and no one has taken care of the garden.

'Good-bye, darling Hilda,

'Your affectionate Father.'

To the same.

'Portland: Feb. 1890.

'I think it is your turn to get a wee note. I left Ballarat yesterday morning, and had a pleasant railway journey to Portland, arriving here at 7.30. This is a very dead-alive place; rather like an English country town. It is beautifully situated on the sea, which

forms a small deep bay here; and the people have built some capital sea-baths, hot and cold. I took a hot one. The white grapes are now ripe in our garden, but I am sorry to say are sweet-water and very small, not worth having.

'Since I began this I have been out for a drive to see the Cape Nelson lighthouse. It is on the shore, and the men have a very comfortable time of it with good houses and plenty of visitors. The day was delicious, though a little moist, and it was quite a treat getting a regular bush drive again; but I doubt whether it would be very pleasant in winter.

'I go to Branxholme to-night, and to-morrow by Casterton to Mount Gambier. I shall be travelling all day to-morrow, so I must post this letter to-day, and shall not write again till I get back to Melbourne, which will, I hope, be on Saturday. I hope you are all continuing to enjoy yourselves at Hobart. With much love to Mother and Muriel and Maudie, I am, darling Hilda,

'Ever your loving Father.

'I have ordered Hill to send on the papers.'

'34 Harrington Gardens, September 7, 1893.

'My dear Muriel,—I am sorry I cannot be with you to give you my best wishes on your birthday, but as that is out of the question, I must say a few words to you by letter. I have little better to wish for you now than that you may improve very much in health, and go on in other respects as you are doing. . . . I cherish the hope that whatever troubles you may have in life, they will not keep you from being a happy and useful woman.

'Since I began this I have received a very kind and pleasant letter from you congratulating me on my birth-

day. Birthdays at my age are not very cheerful events, and there is a good deal happening just now which is not calculated to make me cheerful. However, I must hope that some of the clouds will blow over. I hope Maudie will not forget to give you some little presents that I have bought for you. The photo-frame you told me you would like. The poems by Mrs. Browning you will, I think, enjoy reading, and will, I hope, learn some of them by heart, on account of their beauty. Perhaps I ought to apologise for sending the bon-bons, but I dare say you have not outlived the taste for them quite yet. . . . I have not heard from your Mother for a day or two. I fancy she must have left Zermatt, and have begun to move homewards. . . .

'Ever, my dear Muriel,

'Your most affectionate father,

'CHARLES H. PEARSON.'

'34 Harrington Gardens, Dec. 16, 1893.

'My dear Maudie,—It is pleasant to think that I shall soon have you here, and need not write to you, for letters after all are a clumsy way of expressing one's thoughts. I shall be at the Victoria Station on Tuesday at 11.7 to look out for you. If you do not at first see me, you must give a loud cooee, and I shall know in what direction to walk.

'You will not find Hilda with us, as she has gone to Tickford Abbey with your grandfather. He, I am sorry to say, was looking very ill when he started, but I hope it was only fatigue from the preparations for the journey.

'We dined with the Ogles on Wednesday last, and had a very pleasant party. I met two ladies, whose

fathers I had known many years ago—the daughters of Dr. Bence-Jones and of Archbishop Trench—as also Mr. Palgrave, who edited the Golden Treasury of Verse, which you well know. . . . On Tuesday we are to dine with Mrs. Clough, so you, you poor little mouse, will have to take dinner by yourself; but I will take care to have a book for you to read. . . . With Mother's love and mine.

'Ever your affectionate Father,

'CHARLES H. PEARSON.'

A little earlier in 1893 he writes about his book, 'National Life and Character': 'The "Westminster Gazette" has published my portrait, and a very flattering review of my book. The "Pall Mall Gazette" has also reviewed me very favourably. Last of all, I have had a very kind letter about it from Tom Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown at Rugby." So you see I am very cock-a-hoop.'

It is no matter for surprise that his children honour and love his memory, and can never forget him. One of them has put upon paper a few thoughts, though finding it, she says, impossible to express what she really feels. She writes:

'My father did not hold the old-fashioned views concerning children; and we were with him as often as his work permitted. He encouraged us to talk with him freely, and always took the greatest interest in our studies and amusements. I think he taught us more by his own beautiful example than by anything else. There seemed to be no end to his unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others. I do not remember ever hearing him say an unkind thing of anyone. He always seemed to remember the good in people, and would expect one to do the same.

Perhaps one of his highest qualities was his unbounded sympathy. As a little child I was very delicate. I can clearly remember on more than one occasion waking up at night in pain, and my father—often after a long day's hard work—carrying me up and down the room until I had dropped off to sleep again. I can never, nor do I ever want to, forget his untiring goodness to me when I was ill. He would amuse me by the hour; and I used to love hearing him read to me. Sometimes he would translate some quaint Norwegian stories. At other times he would read one of Charles Kingsley's or Dickens's works. I used to long for his return, and he would always be ready to come to me directly, however tired he might be, often bringing with him gifts of books, toys, or fruit, which he thought I might like. Again, only a little time before his death, when he was both hard at work and out of health, I fell ill at school, and my otherwise dreary days were brightened by his long, loving letters which I received nearly every day. Children delighted in his bright and amusing conversation, which was full of stories and anecdotes, related in so kind and simple a manner as to charm his listeners. He never minded what pains he took, so long as he could give us pleasure. Many a time did he bring us home a bird or a dog from the market, and he felt his trouble amply repaid when he watched our delight over the new pet. My father was a capital hand at whist, and we seldom failed to have a rubber in the evenings when he was at home. He was also very fond of croquet and bagatelle, and I never enjoyed the games nearly so well when he was unable to join us. He was always very anxious that we should get on well in our studies. I remember, when I was about twelve, he put me through a short examination on a few subjects, and was much dis-

appointed when I failed to answer his questions. And, again, barely a month before his death, when I had come out head of my class at school, he told me that it had given him more pleasure than anything else had done for a long time.'

Another daughter testifies:

'One of my father's chief characteristics in home life was his thoughtfulness for the comfort of those around him; in order to ensure this no trouble was too great. He would spend great care in selecting Christmas and birthday presents for his children, sparing no pains to procure the exact thing he thought they desired, his face beaming with satisfaction at the pleasure of the recipients. Should one of his children be confined to her room with a cold, he would come and do his best to amuse her in the evenings by reading to her, etc., tired as he often was then. He had a strong sense of humour, and possessed a large store of amusing anecdotes and good stories, over which he would laugh with the keenest enjoyment. He also appreciated the important relation the manner of telling a joke has to its degree of success. His own habit was to tell the most humorous anecdote with a perfectly grave countenance, in order that the essence might not be lost, until it was sprung on his hearers in its completeness. He would then join in the laughter as heartily as any. Intellectual as my father was, his wide range of sympathies made topics congenial to the person who happened to be engaged in conversation with him of interest to him too. The young and unsophisticated shared his sympathies alike with those of his own age and pursuits. He always showed anxiety as to the education of his children, and I remember him devoting some of his leisure time to assisting me in my studies.'

To the young in general his kindness was overflowing. A lady, a Melbourne neighbour, remarks: 'Till you had watched him with his children, and the children of his friends, you only half knew "our dear Professor," as he was called in our household.' He was in the habit of making birthday presents at houses where he familiarly visited. On an expression of astonishment that he never forgot a certain anniversary, his answer would have amazed his Roman Catholic fellow colonists: 'I always remember, because it is near the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.' One of his little friends had an illness, during which she was confined to her room for many weeks. Her solace was reading, and her people had much difficulty in keeping her supplied with books. Pearson heard of it, and bade her parents not trouble. 'Morning after morning the package of books would be left with his own hands at our door; and this was during the period that he was a busy Minister of the Crown. But how hopeless to try to depict the real man to those who knew only the cold exterior!'

CHAPTER XIX

THE RETURN

After the resignation of the Gillies-Deakin Cabinet, Pearson, as we have seen, retained his seat for a time. He even continued to review the course of politics. But he had accomplished his own political mandate, and had earned rest. A dozen years of active opposition, and yet more active administration, had told upon him. Victorian intimates detected in him signs of dejection at the unceasing battle with party violence. The storm clouds, moreover, of financial disaster, succeeding a burst of financial inflation—both aggravated by the unreasonable demands of labour—were visibly brooding over Australia. For the present, at any rate, there was no room for the educational reformer.

The man of letters remained. At the General Election of April, 1892, Pearson declined to stand for the East Bourke boroughs, and resumed the professional use of his pen. He had always been 'the Professor' in the eyes of the public, as of his child admirers, until, after the grant of the St. Andrews degree, in 1889, he became more authoritatively known as 'Doctor.' Within himself, the scholar, if postponed to the politician, had never been extinguished. The store of classical learning he had brought with him to Australia, which Professor Strong described in the 'Academy' as 'profound,' had not appreciably rusted. He had maintained his intimacy

with the whole range of English literature from its earliest beginnings. He knew most of the European languages, and so familiarly as to be able to enjoy Ibsen and Gogol in the original. Endowed with a marvellous memory and rapid power of generalisation from facts, he forgot nothing, and could apply all. Throughout his stay in Australia he was constantly increasing his acquisitions. He would while away the hours of a tedious wrangle in the Assembly with a book or the study of a fresh language. His favourite topics in converse with his colleagues themselves were more literary than political. But office had allowed him little leisure for authorship, though even as a Minister he stole a few occasional hours to help his friend Strong, in 1886, in annotating 'Juvenal.' Now he began to return to literature as a profession, by which he meant both to live and to be permanently known. His contributions to the 'Age' became again frequent, and more distinctly literary. Though he preserved, and from time to time showed in journalism that he preserved, a vivid sympathy with political issues, he was once more emphatically and mainly the scholar and writer. It was at this period, indeed, that he began seriously to work upon his book on 'National Life and Character.' He had long brooded over the idea. Henceforth he devoted his mornings to actual composition. Every afternoon he copied in typewriting a certain number of pages. When Mrs. Pearson offered to relieve him of the drudgery he refused on the ground that he revised as he went on.

With the withdrawal from regular political life the reason for continued residence in Australia itself diminished. The sphere for professional authorship in the mother country obviously was larger. He had a family of three daughters, to whom naturally he and his

wife wished to afford ampler educational opportunities than a colony generally can supply. There may, too, have been something of home-sickness.

He had never severed, he had never attempted the impossible task of severing, the links of intellectual, literary, and social sympathy between himself and his old associates in London, Oxford, and Cambridge. From the beginning to the end of his sojourn in Australia the interchange of thought with them went on. They wrote, and he answered, as if no more than two or three hours of rail separated them. There would be a letter from Henry Fawcett, just appointed to the Post Office; or one from a Cambridge professor consulting him on the education of women—interrupted by the mournful cry: 'I cannot go on; Mill is dead!' It might be an introduction of a tourist—a Mr. Drage or a Miss Davenport Hill—inquisitive as to the mode of settlement at the Antipodes of labour or educational problems still agitating the effete old country. Mr. Bryce would describe from the House of Commons the fortunes of an International and Colonial Copyright Bill. Canon Fremantle and Henry Boyd would be despatching budgets of Oxford chit-chat. Mr. Goschen would forcibly express his views, not altogether similar to those of his correspondent the Victorian Minister, on the great Chinese immigrant question, or picture the humours of an Oriel Gaudy. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff would describe his winter's tenancy of Laurence Oliphant's house at Haifa, under Mount Carmel, or reply to the expression of his friend's astonishment at his acceptance of an Indian Governorship — 'I am astonished myself.' Mr. Brodrick would refuse to be surprised that the recluse of the Bush was engaged to be married, and would over and over again hope that an English

academical post worthy of his historical genius might yet be found for him. Now would arrive details of a friend's house furnishing; now, and too often, of a death —from that of F. D. Maurice, at the beginning of Pearson's expatriation—with accounts how, just before the end, Maurice had been telling 'how much he used to enjoy having Pearson at Cambridge, and his grief at losing him,' with 'all sorts of pleasant schemes for getting him home again, and of possible professorships'—to that, nearer to its close, of Henry Smith—a sorrow which, exclaims the writer, 'you are sharing with all your heart, I know.'

There had never been a break of continuity between the man of letters and England. More especially, however, from the time of Pearson's relinquishment of office 'his thoughts,' writes his wife, 'had turned towards the old country, which he always called home. On hearing of Dean Church's death, he said: "Ah! another old friend gone—they are slipping away one by one; if I do not go home soon, I shall hardly see any of them alive, that is, if I live to go home myself. If we could sell this house, I would go."'

For ten years Pearson had been content to take houses on lease. He had thus occupied, successively, residences in Eliza and Burlington Terraces and Grey Street; an old-fashioned rambling house, Clairville, with old grounds and a paddock of two or three acres, in Alma Road, St. Kilda; a cottage in Hawksburn, and a new stone house, 'Ediowie,' in Williams Road, Toorak, with a wide verandah and picturesque corners. 'Unfortunately,' writes Mrs. Pearson, 'we had so far been infected by the fever of the land-boom, which commenced in 1888, when the prosperity of the country seemed to be boundless, as to buy a house half an hour's railway journey from

Melbourne, at Brighton, a seaside suburb of Melbourne. 'Narrabeen's' charm lay in its garden, full of lovely flowers, and a lawn tenanted by exquisite blue-breasted birds of the kingfisher species.

Mr. Pearson had always set his face against purchasing, he preferred to be untrammelled; but now it appeared to be a certainty that we could sell whenever we pleased, and at a good profit. We had not reckoned for the Crisis. Estates, sold at fabulous prices, on paper, for building allotments, were thrown back on the hands of the vendors. Real purchasers there were none.

To the temporary difficulty of realising an investment in which he had locked up most of his now available means, was added some sense of a painful wrench at the thought of parting finally from his adopted country. He had made at last a home there. Its climate at its worst was grateful to his constitution. Even when taking his holiday in 1885 among a crowd of cherished London and University friends, after a term of work in Victoria so unpalatable that 'another such year would certainly finish' him, he found 'the English climate yet viler than he remembered.' He revelled in the Victoria hot-wind days which shrivelled up everybody else. He was the cynosure of a group of sympathetic friends recruited from all quarters of the globe. The native Anglo-Australians themselves, with their genial frank affectionateness, notwithstanding the defects he never feared to point out in them—the 'fluidity,' the 'want of political backbone,' as he has himself expressed it—had attracted, Professor Strong testifies, his 'unbounded love.'

'For several years,' says Mrs. Pearson, 'Melbourne society had shown us its brightest side. Amongst others,

squatters, and merchants no longer ruffled by the prospect of new taxes, were unbounded in their hospitality. Many of their entertainments compared in magnificence with those given by our great English houses. Conspicuously so those given by Sir William and Lady Clarke, the latter of whom was generally recognised second only to the Governor's wife as a leader of society.

'For some of the squatters Mr. Pearson held a high regard, and, to judge by their words, when we wished them farewell, the esteem was mutual.'

A variety of obstacles, material and sentimental, accidental and essential, might have indefinitely deferred departure from Victoria but for a sudden failure in health. 'It was curious,' remarks Mrs. Pearson, 'that he never complained; but it was always work, and it is no wonder that he broke down. Influenza came like a plague into Victoria, and he was stricken with it. He had not been well for some time, and occasionally suffered terrible pain; but he would not give way, toiling with almost feverish haste at his book. He would read out passages to me, and the last words struck me at the time as a picture of himself; the patient well-doing, all hope and ambition over, there remained to him himself: "Simply to do our work in life, and to abide the issue, if we stand before the eternal calm as cheerfully as our fathers faced the eternal unrest, may be nobler training for our souls than the faith in progress."' Only when the whole was finished and packed up, and despatched to the English publishers, did he allow himself, Mrs. Pearson proceeds: 'to be put to bed like a child; and I do not think that he expected to rise from it again. The doctor did not hold out much hope of his recovery, as, besides influenza, he had acute pneumonia.

'In this long, weary illness, although suffering so much, he was wonderfully thoughtful and considerate to me his nurse. He was difficult in the way of his health when fairly well, but, when really ill, he was docile and patient, and very grateful for all that was done for him. He pulled through this illness, but it left him with his chest affected. Although knowing what it meant, he always spoke cheerfully and with a sort of indifference about "the patch on his lung," as if it belonged to a stranger. On his partial recovery he went to Stawell with his daughter Maud, and then to Corrowa, a country township, for change of air; but neither did him any good. Accordingly we hastened our departure for England, which he longed to see again.'

Then the colony at large became sensible of the loss threatening it. Not Pearson's private friends and political associates alone deplored his departure, but a multitude, of high and low, of all shades of politics or none. Very many convinced Conservatives would have agreed with a Liberal like Mr. Deakin that the colony, 'in summing up its obligations to Mr. Pearson, needed to throw into the credit scale of the account an immense amount of other men's actions and words of which he had really been the parent.' They would have endorsed the testimony of one of themselves—Canon Potter—that 'candour and honesty, combined with high intelligence, profound scholarship, and charming manners, must always tell for good, no matter in which scale of party politics they happen to be thrown;' and that the highest part of Charles Pearson's work was to show Victorians how the combination of these qualities, as possessed by him, 'whatever the politics may be, can raise the tone of public life.'

On August 10, 1892, shortly before he left, his old fellow members, headed by the Speaker, by Mr. Shiels, the Premier, and by the leader of Opposition, his late chief, Mr. Gillies, entertained him at a farewell dinner in Parliament House. In reply to the toast of the evening, proposed by the Premier, Pearson spoke with eloquent feeling. He expressed his gratitude to the land for its gifts of nature which had solaced and cured him, when he arrived 'threatened with total blindness;' to the people for its kindly welcome; to a public life which, rough as it had been rumoured to be, he could testify, 'presents no rude shock to the sensitive mind'; and, finally, to the Victorian Parliament, which, as a private member and as a Minister, he could affirm to be high in the quality of its oratory, and, for honour, 'as free from corruption as any Legislative Assembly in the world.'

There were other manifestations of regard and sorrow. Mrs. Pearson records:

'The day before I left Melbourne I was "at home" at the Grand Hotel to our friends to wish them farewell. People came of all shades of opinion, political as well as religious. Squatters and clergymen with their wives, Conservatives and Liberals, most that we had ever known or met, came to wish us God-speed. Many were the kind words said about Mr. Pearson, and the good wishes expressed for him. It was pleasant to feel that, with the exception, perhaps, of one party leader and of the "Argus," with its particular clique, he had left no personal enemy in Victoria. All recognised that, whatever might have been the difference of opinion between them, his intentions had been good.'

Again, on August 18, 1892, on the eve of his embarkation for England, Chief Justice Higinbotham presented to

him an address. It ran: 'Dear Mr. Pearson,—We feel that we cannot allow you to leave Victoria without expressing our esteem for your worth as a man, and as a scholar, and our sense of the public services which you have rendered to the colony. A public life of some fifteen years has left your heart and mind unspoiled by the rough storms of politics. We have observed that high-mindedness, candour, and gentleness in dealing with others have marked your career, and we feel that your example has tended to raise political character amongst us. Many of us have enjoyed the pleasure of your private friendship, and heartily regret that we are losing you. We hope that the voyage home may completely restore your health, and that you may have before you many years of happy life in England.' The signatories were: Mr. Justice á Beckett, Dr. Bride, Mr. T. Brodribb, Dr. Brownless, Mr. R. Craig, Professor Elkington, Captain Evans, Mr. T. N. Fitzgerald, the Rev. Canon Handfield, Mr. Andrew Harper, Mr. H. B. Higgins, Chief Justice Higinbotham, Dr. Leeper, Dr. McFarland, Dr. McInerney, Professor Morris, Dr. Morrison, the Rev. Canon Potter, Professor Spencer, Mr. C. A. Topp, Mr. Turner, Sir George Verdon.

A purse accompanied the address, with a request that Pearson should apply the contents to the purchase of books in remembrance of the signatories. It was a kindly thought, for, before leaving, he had decided to sell his library, and had despatched it to London for the purpose. It had been painful work sending off his books, which he looked upon as friends. 'I can find any in the dark,' he used to say. When he was uncertain on any point, he would immediately go and pick out a volume, and satisfy himself. He never had to absent himself for more than a minute or two, knowing exactly which book and page

would give him the desired information. With the money presented to him he subsequently replaced, and with joy, many of his favourite volumes—poetry in particular. A complete set of Browning was the first to go upon the shelf.

It was settled that he should start first and stay in Colombo, where his wife, having wound up affairs in Victoria, was to join him with the children. Sea air and rest were the main prescriptions of Dr. Fitzgerald, a doctor of world-wide reputation, whose treatment Pearson always considered prolonged his life. They seemed to produce an immediate effect. The patient wrote to Mrs. Pearson from on board the 'Arcadia,' off Adelaide, on August 15, 1892: 'I can give a very good account of myself so far. The day as you know was charming, and sea air or something seems to have acted upon me like magic. As for sleep, I get much more, and much sounder. My cough seems so much improved, that if the favourable change continues, I ought to get rid of it by Albany. Yesterday was rough, but I was one of the twelve out of fifty who did not feel it. I feel rather guilty at being so well, when you are fagging beyond your strength. I felt very much as if my heart was in my mouth when I saw the last of you and the children. I forgot to say good-bye to Jet and Pearl (the dogs). Hilda must do it for me to Jet, and Maudie to Pearl. It is strange how idle and unfit for work I feel; but I suppose the strain of the last few weeks was considerable. I hope you will be as lazy as I am, on the "Rome."'

At Colombo he fixed himself in an hotel on Mount Lavinia, where his family rejoined him. Mrs. Pearson writes:

'Although in such a delicate state of health, he had

thought of every detail likely to make our one day's stay at Colombo pleasant, even to the delicious fruit mangosteen, which he insisted on the children tasting, "as they might never have the opportunity again." We drove to his hotel. It was on a beautiful spot, with a wild, lovely view. Being high, it was breezy and fresh in comparison with the close atmosphere of the town. The attendance by noiseless Portuguese servants was perfect. The cuisine was tempting even to an invalid. Still his health had not benefited by his stay there. As he said to me in one of his letters, "It was Corrowa over again." Once, however, on the sea again, his health began to improve, and he was wonderfully better when we touched England.'

CHAPTER XX

THE BOOK, AND THE END

He rejoiced to be back, yet he was acutely sensible of many sad voids in the circle which he was about to re-enter. At the period of life he had reached, tidings of fresh bereavements, as we have seen, were often arriving; and his nervous system suffered acutely as they came. While away from home he would write to his wife: 'Don't send me English letters if there is any bad news in them.' As it was, such news could not but fall upon him frequently and heavily. His father's death, in 1865, and his mother's, in 1871, had preceded his expatriation, and were to be expected. But Mr. Justice Pearson had died, hardly in the fulness of years, while Charles was at Melbourne. Charles had continually been able to reckon upon John Pearson's thoughtful affection. When his school career disappointed their father, John intervened to encourage and defend. Even on petty questions, as whether the giving of occasional wine parties at college were consistent with a life of study and discipline, John was at hand, with his calm judgment and fraternal sympathy, to temper the domestic spirit of asceticism. After the departure to Australia, he had been scrupulous in keeping his distant brother informed of family affairs. He would add weighty comments on current public topics, as well Victorian as European. Always 'very tired,' but always 'affectionate,' he never failed to snatch leisure

from the business of his Court, in which he confesses he was, while still at the Bar, an 'autocrat,' to confer with his brother by letter on burning colonial questions. He discussed and agreed with him on the urgent need of a reform of old-world systems like the law of primogeniture, and of remedies for constitutional dilemmas, such as that which led to the Victorian deadlock of 1878–79. Pearson heard of the Judge's death by a telegram in the Melbourne papers, shortly after his return from his English holiday in 1885. Mrs. Pearson remembers how terrible was the shock to him: 'John had understood Charles better, perhaps, than anyone else, with the exception of his sister Carlotta. He was the brother to whom he had instinctively turned for advice and sympathy, and never in vain. His love for him was very great. He bore his sorrow with the calm fortitude which was his characteristic, never slacking work, talking little, but, if possible, more thoughtful than ever for those around him.' Of the death, he himself wrote in September, 1886, to Professor Strong: 'My brother's loss is simply irreparable. He was the link that held us all together.'

With a nature like his he would grievously note on his return the narrowing of his family. He would mark as sorrowfully the frequent gaps in relationships, if not of blood, almost as near and dear. Maurice, Brewer, Church, Stanley and Shirley, who all had admired him equally as writer, thinker and friend, were gone, with many besides of high mark and vivid sympathy. Above all, he had lost, in February 1883, three years before the death of the Judge, one who had been little less than a brother to him in soul, Professor Henry J. Smith, of Oxford. At the request of Miss Smith, Pearson penned a sketch of her brother in 1888. Mrs. Pearson recollects how he devoted evening

after evening to the composition, which he regarded as a labour of love. He would allow no call of pleasure to interfere with this sacred duty of friendship. The work was to have been printed within a twelvemonth at farthest. It did not appear till six years later, in 1894, eleven years after Professor Smith's death, and several months after that of its author, though in the same year.

But, happily, not a few links with the English past remained unsevered. Of the Pearson family, one sister, Harriet, who had taken up the vocation of an ordained deaconess, died two months before Charles's return. Another sister, Charlotte, however—his beloved 'Carlotta' —still survived, though away from England, at Cannes, where she for many years had lived the suffering life of an invalid. The letters which passed regularly between them were brimful of interest, as Miss Charlotte Pearson was acknowledged by all who knew her to be a highly gifted woman, of a large and humane nature. It is unfortunate that she should have destroyed her brother's letters before her death, as they would have afforded a rare insight into his character, as well as into her own. There were also three brothers—Francis, Christopher, and Alleyne—to receive him. Little as Charles and Francis had seen of one another after boyhood, as Francis had gone early to India in the Civil Service, in which he rose to be a Judge, they had corresponded regularly, and thus kept the threads of their lives connected. Having resigned his judgeship, Francis was living in England when Charles returned to the old country, and the meeting which both had desired was effected. He did not die till 1899. Of the other two brothers, who are still living, Christopher was for many years Vicar of St. James's at Tunbridge Wells. As a High Church clergyman and Conservative, he held views

generally opposed to those of Charles ; and the same may be said of his brother Alleyne, sometime Vicar of Headington, near Oxford. Still diversity of opinion did not change their mutually affectionate regard, while it made the correspondence, sparkling as it was with good-humoured thrusts and railleries, more lively perhaps than it would otherwise have been. They united with Francis and with Lady Pearson, who has, in many kind and thoughtful ways, well filled her dead husband's place, in welcoming the returned family joyfully home.

A goodly proportion of old friends, not of his blood, also were at hand to enable Pearson to realise that he was at home again. The survivors of his Oxford societies, 'The Wise and Good' and 'The Tugend Bund,' with the many admirers of the Cambridge lecturer and London professor, gathered about him. They were eager, as Thomas Hughes expressed it, to 'take up the stitches of ancient companionship after forty years.' Fully though he had identified himself with his Victorian surroundings, he could not but be agreeably sensible of restoration to a soil really native to him. His spirits revived, and his health is stated by his wife, and was observed by acquaintances, to have exhibited a marked improvement since he reached England.

He had reason to be afraid of too much rather than too little social attention. At first his apparent invalid condition itself shielded him from temptation to an excess of excitement. Necessarily he declined all evening engagements. On account of his cough he seldom even availed himself of the pleasure of lunching with his friends, whom he feared it might trouble. But as his strength grew, London society was certain to make increasing demands, and he would have liked to guard his leisure by

distance. His project had been, as he told Sir Henry Wrixon, to settle in some country town, within a couple of hours' rail of London, which he could visit occasionally for research in its libraries. The plan had to be given up as being incompatible with a post placed at his disposal on his arrival in Europe.

For an honest man colonial statesmanship is less lucrative even than English. Pearson, as Mr. Brodribb, too accurately, mentions, 'quitted Australia a poorer man than he had entered it.' He had not escaped scatheless from the universal money calamities of the period. On May 8, 1893, he wrote to his friend Strong from London with reference to a fresh financial crisis in Victoria. 'Having lost nearly everything a year ago, I have not much to lose,' though of that little he says he lost something. Thus, besides a natural inclination for keeping in touch with the public life and fortunes of the Colony, there were prudential reasons why he should not refuse the London Secretaryship to the Agent-General for Victoria when offered. Before his illness there was, indeed, ground for expectation that the post of Agent-General might itself have been given to him by the Munro Government. His own suspicion was that the thought was abandoned when health compelled his departure from Melbourne, and old enemies and dubious allies were assured of security in any case from a powerful critic. At all events, when the Premier, Mr. Munro, took the office for himself, it had been understood at Melbourne that Pearson was to have the option of the Secretaryship, which was also vacant, and was regarded as a permanent appointment. The anticipation was realised on his arrival in England; and for the sake of his children he accepted.

It was a mistake, as he was doomed to find, though

there was some ground for his self-deception. He believed that he would be working with old associates and colleagues—and, therefore, as he trustfully assumed, friends—both in England and in Australia. He was conscious of abundance of mental and moral, if not physical, energy. His devotion to the interests of his adopted country was as fervent as ever. The Colony was in distress, and he knew he could help it by his counsels and by his pen to live down its difficulties. He was certain of his ability to give an ample return for the modest remuneration which private circumstances required him to earn. The motives for his entry upon duties manifestly below his rank and deserts were all honourable, and were generous also. Yet the step must be pronounced ill-advised. As a historian he should have more shrewdly estimated the durability of party gratitude. As a combatant in the field of politics he might have more accurately gauged the tenacity of personal rancour even in the Arcadia of the Antipodes.

The office necessitated residence in London; and there, after a first temporary distribution of the family between the residence of Mrs. Pearson's father in Queen's Gate Terrace, and Lady Pearson's in Onslow Square, he established himself in a bright little flat in St. Ermin's Mansions, Westminster. To it Mrs. Pearson credits his endurance of the ordeal of a first English winter without a fresh chill.

The duties of the Secretaryship were discharged by him indefatigably. Never, by the ready acknowledgment of Sir Andrew Clarke, the acting Agent-General, had so much, or so thorough, work been accomplished as during his term of office. They were not such, however, as to occupy the whole of his time. He had leisure for literature, and employed it diligently. He would have liked to go to

Switzerland, he told Professor Strong; but it was necessary, for his children's sake, to stay in London and write. His connection with the 'Age' continued. It had never actually ceased throughout his residence at Melbourne. Its editors and proprietor put a just value on his services. At an early period there had been, indeed, a suspicion of such an excess in their appreciation that he was warned they might discountenance his political advancement in order to retain his energies for journalism. When a casual break in his contributions occurred, its conductors, as in August, 1892, expressed the sincerest concern. Its editor was among the warmest in approving a suggestion to reprint a selection from the articles in book-form. After his return to England he went on contributing essays full of learning and thought. The latest, on 'Historic Aims and their Accomplishment,' appeared on May 9, 1894.

In the previous year he had printed his 'National Life and Character: a Forecast.' The first impression produced by the book, with its predictions of a kind of euthanasia of human progress through the contraction, or superannuation, of White supremacy by a gradual but irresistible expansion of the Black and Yellow Belt, when the swarming Negro and Malay races have availed themselves of the mechanical arts and military discipline which the West is trying to teach them, doubtless is a sentiment of gloom. Various casual and temporary causes have been assigned for the characteristic, and, to a certain extent, with reason. The author's view of the future may fairly be supposed to have been coloured by his latter-day Victorian experiences. Possibly the shadows were deepened by the discouragement which, Sir Henry Wrixon thinks, he—not being a convert to Irish Home Rule, and resenting also the treatment of General Gordon—felt at the recent course also

of English Liberalism. The depression due to sickness would be a contributory cause. Critics detected, in the style of the latter part, signs of hurry which well might have been thus occasioned. The concluding chapters, as has been mentioned, had been composed by Pearson towards the close of his residence in Australia, when he was grievously ill. He worked in feverish haste, that they might be forwarded to England for printing while he yet lived. He was, as the 'Westminster Gazette' has recorded, accustomed to say that he wrote the book, 'under sentence of death.'

But it would be no compliment to the work and the writer to defend them against censures for pessimism by pleas of ill-health and ill-temper with the world. The accidents of life might tinge the point of view of a mind like Pearson's; they would not have been allowed to distort it. His conclusions were drawn from a mass of evidence painfully collected, and sifted through years of thought. They constitute a warning not the less profitable that acceptance of it ensures against its accomplishment. It remains to the present day a hypothesis of a contingency which the rise of a second Tamerlane with that Scourge of God's gift for solidifying savage sand into a chain, however short-lived, might convert into a most unpleasant reality.

Over and above the motive, the theme, of the volume, its wealth of information, philosophy, and fancy at once amazed strangers, and satisfied friends. The conception its author's friends had never ceased to retain of his literary brilliancy was fully justified. They applauded, with the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, Dr. Henry Boyd, the perfection of the style of 'the personal friend of his youth,' while deprecating the 'tenor nimis demissus. When, like Mr. Frederic Harrison, they could not be

expected to agree with its menaces, and declined to criticise, they were urgent in directing notice to the importance of its prophecies. With one accord all disclaimed, like another old friend already cited, the least 'surprise, either at the ability, or at the love of paradox.' The reading world at large was startled, as by the apparition of a literary meteor. It would be unfair to accuse it of having forgotten the historian of England during the Early and Middle Ages, and in the Fourteenth Century. His mediæval histories have never ceased to be text-books at the Universities. The 'Historical Maps of England during the First Thirteen Centuries,' remain necessities for every historical library. But, previously, Pearson, as a writer, had ranked as a student and inquirer; now he stood forth as a seer, a brilliant theorist. The general, intelligent public was puzzled—it was frightened and angered; but it was fascinated also. Everybody protested, and read. With the thoughtful the force of the idea outlasted the first shock, whether of idle curiosity, or as idle alarm. Mr. Gladstone only gave voice to the unanimous judgment of all entitled to form one, on the width of knowledge and fairness of mind of a book which, as he declared, 'should be carefully digested by everybody with any interest or influence in public affairs.'

To the many remonstrances against the main doctrine, the author, at the instance of Mr. Frank Harris, replied in the 'Fortnightly Review' of August 1893, with an 'Answer to Some Critics.' He replied, more generally, in the following October, by his 'Causes of Pessimism.' Regretfully he reaffirms and explains the facts, and corrects misapprehensions of the theories he had founded upon them. The pessimistic tone of mind itself he traces, 'not so much to any single cause, as to the despondency

caused by a sense of impending and inevitable doom, or, now and again, to the reaction from over-sanguine hopes.' In some the distrust of the future has been intensified by a feeling that some great past bulwark of society has been overthrown. The 'revivals' of French and German literature by de Maistre and Bonnard, of English theology by Newman and Pusey, with all the good Pearson admits them to have done, have, he holds, by their apparent 'inadequacy' quickened the despair. To take, for instance, the High Church movement, its leaders, 'the best of them, as a rule, only invite us to abjure our virility, to renounce science and all its works, and to reconstitute a system, which has failed conclusively, upon slightly more reasonable lines. Pessimism is the highest attitude a religious mind can take up in the face of such teaching; especially when the pessimism is that of the poet who can see the light flushing the west, though the sun has not yet climbed above the eastern hills.'

He repels indignantly the suggestion that the melancholy of thoughtful and earnest men is a mere surrender to inexorable fate. The Hebrew prophets were for the most part pessimists; and they were the conservators of the spirit of Hebrew nationality. 'Thy sons must be either miserable, or base: choose that they be miserable;' sang Leopardi to Italian patriots. 'Men who follow me,' proclaimed Garibaldi, 'must learn to live without bread, and to fight without ammunition.' 'It has,' concludes Pearson, 'taken generations of men, animated by such teaching as this, and fighting constantly against odds, to restore Italy to her place among the nations. Is it not conceivable that, of the two great inspirations which society needs, and which it is impossible to weigh out evenly in balances, the pessimism which accepts defeat

and death beforehand may be even more desirable as a permanent force than the optimism which sees the first presage of victory, and animates for the charge that decides the fight?'

A second edition was called for in 1894. Pearson was revising the sheets for it in May. The care he bestowed is apparent from correspondence which in the previous autumn passed between him and Mr. George Curzon on the immigration of Chinamen into Cambogia and Cochin China. The fascination of the threats, no less than pleasure in the beauties of the book, promised a fortunate future for its writer. The only impediment which seemed possible was the attraction, still, in spite of all disenchantments, potent with Charles Pearson, of politics. His Victorian friends, mindful of the careers of Robert Lowe and Childers, had anticipated for him a higher position in the public life of the Mother Country than even among themselves. Given health and the opportunity, the result was scarcely to be doubted. But meanwhile he was content with authorship. His teeming brain and picturesque pen were prepared and preparing for a succession of literary triumphs, when, on the evening of May 29, the end came.

Mrs. Pearson describes, with touching simplicity, the abrupt ending of a brilliant, if chequered, career:

'His health continued to improve. The happiness of seeing his friends once more, and the kind congratulations which poured in on him from all parts of the world on the success of his book, seemed to give him new life. In the spring we rented a house in Harrington Gardens. Though too far from his work, otherwise it seemed to suit him, as, for some months, he entirely lost his cough. Unfortunately, our eldest daughter's health

was such that in July the doctor imperatively ordered her away to Switzerland. Mr. Pearson had been working very hard at floating a new Victorian loan, which he had accomplished with great difficulty, as Australian credit did not stand high in England just then. He much needed a change; but no amount of persuasion would induce him to take his daughter himself, as he said that he had been told there was a design to superannuate him. When I begged him to resign, in the circumstances, he answered that, while his health held out, he did not think it would be right. He trusted to Mr. Syme and his Australian friends to see that he was honourably treated. I may say that nothing could shake his faith in Mr. Syme's loyalty and friendship to the day of his death. So he remained in London during the intense heat of the summer of 1892, when he should have been inhaling mountain air. In his spare moments, when he was not working at the office, he wrote for the press. The "Spectator," "Guardian," "Westminster Gazette," "Speaker," "Fortnightly Review," and his old Victorian paper the "Age" had many contributions from his pen. His writings did much towards restoring confidence in the future of Victoria.

'He was working the harder so as to have everything in perfect working order for Mr. Gillies, the new Agent-General, when a telegram arrived from Sir James Patterson to say that he was to be superannuated in June!'

In vain the 'Age' protested when it was too late. In vain Mr. Deakin declaimed against 'a piece of political treachery,' which shocked and shamed colonial opinion. The Premier alleged that the Secretary ought to be, not a man of books and ideas, but one possessed 'of economical and agricultural knowledge, able to act as export agent, and purveyor of Victorian products in London!'

Pearson was content with the testimony of his conscience to the excellence of the work he had performed in the office. He bore the indignity of his dismissal, his wife affirms, with his usual unruffled composure. But he recognised the financial embarrassments which it threatened. 'He took immediate steps to let our house in Harrington Gardens, and we moved into lodgings. The cough, that we hoped had disappeared, returned. Nevertheless, and in spite of all the remonstrances of his family, he refused to intermit his attendance at the Agency. He grew, however, rapidly worse. At length he became so ill that, on being assured that the children would be taken under my father's roof, he yielded to Lady Pearson's and my persuasion, and allowed himself to be moved to her house in Onslow Square. One little instance will show his continual thought for others. "If you take off my great-coat, you will find me lighter," he said to those about to carry him up the stairs in the invalid chair. He was laid in the room in which his beloved brother had passed away ten years before.

'He read a great deal, and to the last he studied the political news in the "Times" and "Westminster Gazette." He even discussed with Dr. Theodore Williams, on his last visit but one, the situation in Matabeleland. "He is a most seductive talker," Dr. Williams said to me. Messrs. Macmillan desired to publish a new edition of "National Life and Character." He was too weak to write himself, but he revised the volume, I writing from his dictation. Sir Henry Wrixon had asked some little service from him, which, although dying, he did not forget. He dictated a few words of explanation to him. Dr. Williams remarked to me that his "beautiful patience and heroic endurance of suffering were a lesson to us all."

The last time I saw him laugh was about a fortnight before his death. We were seated together in the drawing-room in the evening. He said something about his cough. I answered to the effect that I did not see why he should not get well again, as he had done before. "I have read somewhere," he said, "that each person believes most surely that everyone must die, but in his heart he has a secret conviction that somehow he himself will not." He might have been telling again one of his good stories, so heartily did he laugh as he told us this. He never complained, and was only anxious that we who nursed him should not over-tax ourselves. Once he asked to see his little daughter Muriel's last piece of poetry, and he seemed pleased to read it; but generally he lay calm and still. I feared that he might be thinking over troubles. "I hope you are not worrying yourself thinking," I said. "You know, my dear, my power of casting aside thoughts that trouble me," he replied. Once I said something to him that he misunderstood. "I do not want to go back to Australia," he answered. Two days before he passed away, I asked him whether he would like to receive the Holy Communion. "Not yet," was his answer. He had last received it at Easter. After a long, still silence, he murmured, "I am about to solve the great theological question."

'The children—Hilda, Muriel, and Maud—were constantly near him; although he seldom spoke, he liked to see them.

'"My life has been faulty, but God will judge me by my intentions," he said.

'A few short hours more and he passed away very peacefully, with those he loved best around him.'

The cessation of a career so abounding in apparent vitality, in future as well as present vigour, could scarcely be realised by affectionate adoring hearts. A day elapsed before they aroused themselves from their bewilderment to inform the Agency of the event. As soon as it was known, the news was telegraphed to Australia, throughout which it produced grief and sympathy.

In the Victorian Assembly, on June 5, the Premier, Sir James Patterson, uttered the Legislature's sense of a 'national loss.' Mr. Shiels, as Leader of the Opposition, extolled the 'courageous statesman,' and lamented the 'friend' with whom his 'sympathy was bound by hooks of steel.' Sir Graham Berry dilated on the man—the 'extreme goodness of his heart'—and Mr. John Gavan Duffy on the practical ability of the administrator, who 'had not left a single enemy behind him.' The Premier, by direction of the Assembly, cabled to Mrs. Pearson the expression of its sympathy.

The regrets of the great Colony of Victoria were its payment to Charles Pearson for the surrender, possibly, of political honours at home, probably, of literary renown higher even than that he acquired, certainly of ease. They have not been enough to satisfy his admiring friends, who sorrow over a career, in their opinion, not completely fulfilled. He himself, on the whole, had reason to be content. It was his will to assist at the making of a nation, and to use in its accomplishment faculties which only thus could have been fully developed. The question of rewards was not his business. He has laid it down that 'simply to do our work in life, and to abide the issue,' is the noblest training for souls; and he kept his own rule.

NOTES

Note A. Page 65.

Lorenz Oken, 1779–1851, a German naturalist and philosopher, an imaginative and enthusiastic follower of Schelling's, who in 1807 announced, in priority, it is believed, to Goethe, the discovery that the skull is composed of vertebræ.

Note B. Page 74.

The following were the rules of the fraternity. The names signed to the original are omitted in deference to the intimation in the 'Story of my Life.' The document shows the serious view taken of life and its duties, in youth, as ever afterwards, by Charles Pearson:

'As members of a society, we are anxious to put on record the reasons which have induced us to unite together, the obligations to which we have pledged ourselves, and our general principles of action.

'Our object is to impress ourselves more effectually with a sense of the duties entailed upon the educated classes by the present state of society in this country, and by every means in our power to prepare ourselves for combined action, whenever it may seem likely to lead to any useful result. We feel that in a transitional period like the present, intermediate between an old order and a new, the formation of such a society may be of the greatest use to ourselves, and to those whom we may induce to join us, if it lead us to increased thought on the questions of the day, a keener sense of our own duties, and larger and more active sympathies with the interests which surround us. Especially we believe in the possibility of thus turning to good account much of that irresolute energy, and sincere though indefinite desire to do good, which no one acquainted with the Universities can fail to recognise as characteristic of many of our contemporaries there.

'The only condition of membership which our plan imposes is that

all who remain among us shall be actively engaged in some good work, or sincerely seeking to be so. And we leave every member to select that line of action for which he feels himself best fitted, desiring only by this regulation to protect ourselves from the imputation of mere general and aimless philanthropy. But we frame this Society in the hope that, independently of the exertions of individuals, it will before long find some good object on which the common energies of its members may advantageously be employed. Our trust is that we shall thus be able to claim for such a common end the assistance of all our members in a special degree. And allowing, as we do, unlimited liberty of protest against any of our common acts, we shall consider ourselves entitled to regard continuance in the association as assent to the spirit at least of our measures.

'We look for strength rather in the comprehensive nature of our principles than in subscription to carefully worded and precise formulas. And the same spirit we hope to carry into our actions, resting on and appealing to the bond of a common tone of thought and feeling. But to guard against misapprehension from within and from without, we make it a fundamental rule never to interfere with Theology, unless we have with us the great majority of our members. We could not expect, did we wish it, to avoid altogether those religious questions which connect themselves with all the topics of the times and most surely with the most important. But our wish is to guarantee to all who join us that matters so grave shall not be lightly handled, and that the hasty zeal of a few shall not commit the many to a question they would willingly have passed by, or a view which they might have rejected. But from variance and dissension on these points we hope to be preserved by the intimate bond of united action and kindred thought, and by agreement and fellow-feeling on the common truths of Christendom.'

Note C. Page 75.

Mrs. Pearson says: 'When Minister of Education in Melbourne Mr. Pearson habitually took merely a sandwich and a glass of wine for lunch, and, although during the last few months of his life in very weak health, against earnest persuasion he continued the practice.'

Note D. Page 117.

Mr. Meredith Townsend, of the 'Spectator,' writes: 'A sentence of Pearson's which sticks in my mind is about Russia, in which he had recently travelled. He said: "I am convinced of one thing. The Russians are Europeans—pure white people, with no admixture, as a

people, of Mongolian blood. Whatever their qualities or failings, they are White failings or qualities." '

Mr. Townsend adds: 'Pearson's *obiter dicta* on the condition of different countries were always worth remembering.'

Note E. Page 126.

Professor Henry Smith wrote from Oxford, July 28, 1862, to Mr. Pearson: 'The indignation felt and expressed here goes on crescendo. It was, if the conjectures of the wise are right, a job of S. Oxon's.'

Note F. Page 131.

Short Answer to Mr. Freeman.

It would be out of place to reprint here certain sharp sarcasms employed in 'A Short Answer to Mr. Freeman,' dated from Oriel, April 17, 1868. But the pamphlet lays down valuable moral rules for anonymous criticism. Mr. Freeman had apologised in his 'Fortnightly' article for attaching his name to it. Mr. Pearson, not without irony, professes his astonishment that an excuse should have been thought necessary: 'The rules of the Press, as I have always understood them, are three—(1) Never to attack any one with whom you have a private quarrel, except openly; (2) Never to attack anonymously in more than one magazine or periodical; and (3) To write nothing to which you would hesitate to put your name.'

Note G. Page 160.

Mrs. Pearson says: 'Mr. Pearson told me that he was making between four and five hundred a year from the sale of his books and from contributions to the Press before he left England for Australia, in addition to 200*l.* from his Professorship, but that it was hard work.'

Note H. Page 160.

Mr. Pearson distinguishes clearly in his 'Political Opinions on some Subjects of the Day,' of which a summary will be found at pp. 212–13, between a theoretical belief in the principles of Free Trade and the propriety of their immediate practical application in Victoria. 'Personally,' writes Mrs. Pearson, 'he was a convinced Free Trader, and never, either in the Assembly or among his constituents, concealed his views. But a great majority of the people of Victoria had decided in favour of Protection.'

NOTE I. PAGE 215.

The following summary of the 'Report on the State of Public Education in Australia, and Suggestions as to the best Means of Improving it' has been drawn up by Mr. Thomas Brodribb, M.A. (Major Brodribb):

'Published in the form of a Blue Book, the Report contains about one hundred and ninety pages. After some formal matter of introduction, it proceeds to urge that what is mainly wanted is reorganisation; and it points out as a defect that there is no recognised test of private education, so that mere school attendance at some private school, where a pupil may learn next to nothing, is yet sufficient to satisfy the law. A remedy for this is suggested, some simple test examinations being proposed for children of different ages (nine and twelve), so that no child in the community may be wholly beyond the ken of inspection.

'Next, Mr. Pearson urges that the law of school attendance needs reform. At that time it applied to all children between the ages of six and fifteen who were within two miles of a State school, the distance being measured along the nearest public road. He recommends that children of nine be required to travel two and a half miles to school, and children of twelve even three miles if necessary. At the same time the lowering of the maximum age from fifteen, an exceptionally high limit, is urged for reasons elsewhere given; while a third important proposed change is to increase the compulsory days of school attendance from thirty to forty in the quarter, by means of which it was thought the greater regularity of school attendance with its accompanying advantages might save much time in a child's school course, making five or six years of regular school attendance equal to seven or eight years of irregular attendance, while the pupil would be rendered fit to leave school a year or two sooner than hitherto. All these important changes were made with good results on Mr. Pearson's accession to office, when an amending Education Act introduced them, and they were passed without objection.

'In another paragraph he proposed to deal with a difficult problem, "the gutter children"—children who form the nursery of future crime. His plan is to copy recent English legislation by establishing day industrial schools, to which waifs and strays of the streets may be committed. The design is to make such children attend a special school from 9 till 5 o'clock, receiving there a good mid-day meal, and spending four hours on intellectual tasks, two hours on useful manual work, and two hours for dinner and play; while, where practicable, the parent would be liable to contribute towards the cost of keeping the child, until by improved discipline, habits and association, the latter had become fit for the ordinary day school.

'The day industrial school has not yet been embodied in Victorian legislation, but a Bill to establish the system was brought into Parliament by Mr. Pearson and Sir Henry Wrixon, then Attorney-General. Other matters of current interest then received attention, as Result Payments, Boards of Advice, Inspection; and certain changes are recommended in the organisation of the head office, most of which suggestions were subsequently adopted.

'Quoting Professor Huxley's aspiration that the State should provide "a ladder reaching from the gutter to the University, along which every child in the three kingdoms shall have the chance of climbing as far as he is fit to go," he seeks then to link together, in one system, primary and secondary schools, by establishing certain middle-class State schools, called high schools, designed as a link between the primary school and the University. His project was that these shall be mixed schools, boys and girls being taught together in classes. The income of the institution is to come from the pupils' fees, from direct State payments towards the salaries of the head teachers and principal female assistants, and from scholarships and fees paid by the State on behalf of advanced and meritorious pupils from the primary schools. All such schools to be under inspection by competent inspectors; while provision is made for scholarships to the University for high school students of excelling merit. This proposal to establish high schools found no favour in Victoria; but in France, within three years' time, these changes shadowed out by Dr. Pearson, as far as binding the national system together from the elementary school to the University, were made part of the French system of public instruction, doing much to create in that country a complete and connected State system of education.

'The Report contains further a list of proposed amendments in the compulsory clauses of the Education Act, also a draft Bill for the reorganisation of the Melbourne University, and for the extension of its work, it being in this draft specially provided that the benefits of the institution are to be wholly open to women, as is now actually the case.

'In dealing with the subject of high schools, Mr. Pearson urges the great advantages to be derived from the teaching of physical science and the formation of school museums. No notice of these matters was taken at the time; but, as an instance how the seeds of good suggestions do ultimately germinate, it should be mentioned that, in the last alteration of the State school programme of instruction, elementary science was added to the school course, and for several years the formation of school museums has been encouraged.

'Under the Victorian Education Act of 1872—the Act which first introduced compulsory education into any part of the British Empire—boards of advice were provided throughout the country for the purpose of giving some oversight to the State schools, and for working the

compulsory part of the Act. These boards had very little power, and occasionally took little interest in their duties; but many proposals are here given to extend their powers and widen their interest; while some of these suggestions were ultimately adopted with advantage in the regulations of the Education Department.

'Perhaps no part of this Report is of more interest than that which deals with technical instruction—a very able sketch of what is being done being followed up by suggestions for promoting art and industrial education. Some twelve years later, Mr. Pearson, as Minister of Education, was able to make a beginning in this direction, by promoting and encouraging the establishment of technical colleges in the chief centres of population; but, unfortunately, he retired from office with the Ministry in which he filled so important a position before he could build up the structure of which he had laboriously and anxiously laid the foundation.

'The Report bore fruit in other colonies. Sir William Jervois, who was Governor of South Australia from 1877 to 1883, in a lecture he gave at the University of Adelaide, recommended that the suggestions contained in it should be carried out in that Colony; whilst Sir Robert Hamilton, the Governor of Tasmania, constantly corresponded with Mr. Pearson on the subject of State Education, and on the means of improving it.'

Note J. Pages 221, 248, 253, 256.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, now in his eighty-fourth year, has furnished, at Mrs. Pearson's request, the following important memorandum on Mr. Pearson's Victorian career:—

'Mr. Pearson began public life in Australia when I was preparing to retire from it, but I sat for two or three years in the Victorian Parliament with him at the beginning of his political career. I watched it without party prejudice or prepossession, as I was Speaker at the time, and therefore necessarily neutral. I was somewhat acquainted with his life at home, and with much he had written and spoken while he was a professor at the Melbourne University, and I wondered what sort of a reception the democratic party and Government then in power would give to a democratic philosopher. Parliaments don't love philosophers. I recalled the manner in which Edmund Burke's speeches were received by the House of Commons, and how in recent years John Stuart Mill had fared in that assembly; and I had served there with Sir Cornewall Lewis, whose political axioms and his clumsy deliverance of them were the subject of secret banter and contempt

among his *confrères*. Mr. Pearson spoke rarely, but spoke well; or perhaps I should say that when the subject kindled him he spoke well, for he was often languid or *insouciant*. He spoke like a man whose opinions were carefully considered and deliberately adopted, and who knew where he was going or wanted to go. His sentiments were always generous and lofty, but it seemed to me that he yielded at times to the populace where he ought to have instructed or rebuked them, but when principles came to be debated he was a plain head and shoulders above them all.

'When the House was in Committee he sometimes came into the Speaker's room for a talk, but he rarely spoke of the current politics of the hour; rather of problems of literature or philosophy. His talk was not lightened by epigrams, but sometimes with axioms, and I could not but conclude that, though he shared the ambition of most capable and cultivated Englishmen for a parliamentary career, his mind still lingered among his books. In the party struggles which constitute parliamentary government we are apt to estimate a man's success by the time he obtains political office. Office came very slowly to Mr. Pearson, and when it did come it was in the shape of a portfolio without a department or salary, a method which is not ordinarily considered applicable to a notably able man, or one still in the vigour of his manhood. It may be said that all the offices of Government were already filled, and no doubt they were; but an Administration which existed over several sessions would be at no difficulty to find approved methods of overcoming that impediment.

'At length he became Minister of Education, a post for which he was pre-eminently fitted; but by that time I had returned to Europe, and know nothing of my own knowledge of his services. I was living in France, and engrossed in writing a book, and I only noted the larger facts of Australian politics. A few years after, on visiting London, I learned that he had returned there in an official capacity, and called on him at the Agent-General's office. I had no special knowledge of his relations to the party with whom he had acted so long; but I found, with amazement, that a man who had been a Cabinet Minister, and what was much more, had written a book which competent critics everywhere recognised as a work of high original power and research, was not the Agent-General, but the Agent-General's Secretary, and it was not a year afterwards, I think, when I read that the democratic party in Victoria had brought his official career to an abrupt termination by abolishing the office which he held. I cannot explain these facts, but I fear they furnish another illustration of the theory that democracies are ungrateful to those who serve them best. No one who reads the "Life of Lord Macaulay" can fail to regret that he sacrificed so much of his precious time to serving in a feeble administration; and though Mr. Pearson, like Gibbon, learned many things in

Parliament useful to him as a writer, it would probably have been better for his fame and usefulness if he had never abandoned the true field of reproductive labour—his study. His untimely death brought to a premature close a career which promised to be distinguished by eminent services, and he has left a name which, at any rate among his own class, men of thought and culture, will always hold a foremost place.'

Mrs. Pearson is able to supply an explanation of some circumstances which appear to have puzzled Sir Charles:

'With regard to the facts mentioned in your deeply interesting letter, viz. that Mr. Pearson did not obtain office earlier, and finally was only appointed to the Secretaryship of the Agent-General, when his services had been so long and tried, it must be remembered that the "Argus," backed by the moneyed class, left no stone unturned to keep him out of a Ministry, and that the "Age" was nothing loth, as it was thus able to retain him on the paper. When the Berry Ministry of 1880 was formed, he was offered a portfolio or the Agent-Generalship, which was then vacant. Mr. Patterson keenly desired to be in the Cabinet, but if Mr. Pearson accepted the portfolio he would be out of it. Mr. Patterson undertook the negotiations for Mr. Berry, with the result that Mr. Pearson accepted the office of Agent-General, and Mr. Patterson accordingly stepped into the Ministry. His colleagues, whilst fully acknowledging his services, kept Mr. Pearson in the Cabinet without salary, on the pretext that his vote and counsel were very necessary. It was not until a year had elapsed, and when a vote of want of confidence had been passed against the Government, that the post of Agent-General was actually offered him. He declared that he could not then accept it with honour, and declined it. It was offered to and accepted by Mr. Murray Smith.

'As to your observation that he did not always rebuke his party when he should have done so, I may say that Mr. Pearson always held strongly that a man should, if possible, vote with his party. People generally, however, may not be aware that when the Government wished to give a dinner at the expense of the country, Mr. Pearson wrote, offering a considerable sum out of his private purse towards defraying the expenses of this dinner, but declined to be a party towards its being given at the expense of the country. The Premier accordingly wrote, saying that he would give up the idea of it. I have both these letters in my possession. Then, again, he remonstrated strongly with the Government and Sir George Bowen against the dismissal of the public civil servants without due notice and compensation. He was not even a private member of the House when they were dismissed. Later, too, when acting Chief Secretary for Mr. Deakin, who

was in England, he would not allow open-air mass meetings to be held in the time of the great strike, holding that they were calculated to promote disorder and could do no good. For this step he received many threatening letters from the democratic party.

'It had generally been supposed that he would be appointed Agent-General when he left Australia for England; but Mr. Munro, the Premier, gave the appointment to himself. On account of pecuniary losses, but against the advice of many friends, who regarded the post as unworthy of him and of his status in the Colony, Mr. Pearson accepted the office of Secretary, which had always been regarded as a permanent office. When Mr. Patterson, however, whose relations to Mr. Pearson had since 1880 been notoriously unfriendly, became Premier, with colleagues none of whom were personally known to Mr. Pearson, I urgently begged him to resign the appointment. He answered that he could safely leave his fate in the hands of his friends in Melbourne. He reckoned however without his host, for Mr. Patterson annulled the office during the Prorogation of Parliament, thus depriving the House of a voice in the matter. Probably, if death had not intervened, Mr. Pearson's friends would have justified his faith in them. They would have been able to show that, as Sir Andrew Clarke testified, "never had so much work been accomplished, or more efficiently, than during the past year." Mr. Pearson had not been content with working for his adopted country in the office only. At home, when he should have been resting, he wrote for the Press. The "Spectator," "Guardian," "Westminster Gazette," "Speaker," "Daily Chronicle," and "Fortnightly Review," always welcomed his contributions. With brain and pen he strove to restore public confidence in the Colony's credit, which at that time was terribly shaken, and to a great extent he succeeded. By dint of unceasing work and unflagging energy, he actually floated another Victorian loan, which many business men at that time, in view of the recent collapses, thought would be impossible.

'Mr. Patterson waited until Parliament was dissolved, when he wired to Mr. Pearson to tell him that his appointment would be cancelled at the end of June. The reason he gave was that the Colony required for that position a business man who understood about the importation of butter and frozen meat! It ought to be noted that such a Secretary never was appointed.

'Mr. Deakin, who, as you know, is in London now (April, 1900), as the Victorian delegate for Australian Federation, remarked to me a day or two ago, "Gillies has said to me more than once, 'I never had such a valuable colleague as Pearson. I felt reluctant to include him in the Ministry, thinking he might be a theorist; and instead it was wonderful the grip he had on business matters, and amazing the ability with which he handled them.' This," added Mr. Deakin,

"says a great deal, coming from a cold, hard-headed man like Gillies."

'Mr. Pearson had taken no rest during the previous year, with the exception of an occasional day. In May his health was so broken that we implored him to take his long-deferred holiday, and to go to the South of France and rest. "Not yet," he answered; "I won't take my holiday yet. I want to have everything thoroughly in order for Gillies, and won't give up until he is well in harness." Mr. Gillies, the new Agent-General, was travelling in Europe, and Mr. Pearson gladly did the double work, looking forward to welcoming his old colleague, for whom he held a high regard. The interview with Mr. Gillies over, and the new Agent-General installed, "I am about finished now," he said; and he fell back almost fainting on his return home.

'We all hoped that he would rally sufficiently to go to some sunny climate in June, but the long last rest came to him in May.'

Note K. Page 240.

The Ten Commandments put into verse, by Mr. Pearson, 'for the use of unfashionable people who may wish to use them':—

'Heir of all thought, no God but truth have thou!
To no dead creeds, to no conventions bow.
Be thy yea yea, and all thy mind confessed.
Live not all labour, pause at times for rest.
Honour thy fathers, in thyself they live.
If wronged, revenge not; if thou canst, forgive.
Keep fixed thy loves; these tarnish if they range:
Eschew the practice of the Stock Exchange.
Forbear the words that as they scatter sting:
With thine own pittance, count thyself a king.'

PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
LONDON

A Classified Catalogue

OF WORKS IN

GENERAL LITERATURE

PUBLISHED BY

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

91 AND 93 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK. AND 32 HORNBY ROAD, BOMBAY.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
BADMINTON LIBRARY (THE)	10
BIOGRAPHY, PERSONAL MEMOIRS, &c.	7
CHILDREN'S BOOKS	26
CLASSICAL LITERATURE, TRANSLATIONS, ETC.	18
COOKERY, DOMESTIC MANAGEMENT, &c.	28
EVOLUTION, ANTHROPOLOGY, &c.	17
FICTION, HUMOUR, &c.	21
FUR, FEATHER AND FIN SERIES	12
HISTORY, POLITICS, POLITY, POLITICAL MEMOIRS, &c.	3
LANGUAGE, HISTORY AND SCIENCE OF	16
MANUALS OF CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHY	16
MENTAL, MORAL, AND POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY	14
MISCELLANEOUS AND CRITICAL WORKS	29
MISCELLANEOUS THEOLOGICAL WORKS	32
POETRY AND THE DRAMA	19
POLITICAL ECONOMY AND ECONOMICS	16
POPULAR SCIENCE	24
SILVER LIBRARY (THE)	27
SPORT AND PASTIME	10
STUDIES IN ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE	17
TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE, THE COLONIES, &c.	8
VETERINARY MEDICINE, &c.	10
WORKS OF REFERENCE	25

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND EDITORS.

	Page
Abbott (Evelyn)	3, 18
—— (T. K.)	14
—— (E. A.)	14
Acland (A. H. D.)	3
Acton (Eliza)	28
Adeane (J. H.)	7
Æschylus	18
Ainger (A. C.)	11
Albemarle (Earl of)	10
Allen (Grant)	24
Amos (S.)	3
André (R.)	12
Anstey (F.)	21
Aristophanes	18
Aristotle	14, 18
Armstrong (G. F. Savage)	19
—— (E. J. Savage)	7, 19, 29
Arnold (Sir Edwin)	8, 19
—— (Dr. T.)	3
Ashbourne (Lord)	3
Ashby (H.)	28
Ashley (W. J.)	16
Atkinson (C. T.)	7
Ayre (Rev. J.)	25
Bacon	7, 14
Baden-Powell (B. H.)	3
Bagehot (W.)	7, 16, 29
Bagwell (R.)	3
Bain (Alexander)	14
Baker (Sir S. W.)	8, 10
Balfour (A. J.)	11, 32
—— (Lady Betty)	5
Ball (John)	8
Baring-Gould (Rev. S.)	27, 29
Barraud (C. W.)	19
Baynes (T. S.)	29
Beaconsfield (Earl of)	21
Beaufort (Duke of)	10, 11
Becker (W. A.)	18
Beddard (F. E.)	24
Beesly (A. H.)	7
Bell (Mrs. Hugh)	19
Bent (J. Theodore)	8
Besant (Sir Walter)	3
Bickerdyke (J.)	11
Bicknell (A. C.)	8
Birt (A.)	21
Blackburne (J. H.)	12
Bland (Mrs. Hubert)	20
Boase (Rev. C. W.)	4
Boedder (Rev. B.)	16
Boevey (A. W. Crawley-)	7
Bosanquet (B.)	14
Boyd (Rev. A. K. H.)	29, 32
Brassey (Lady)	9
—— (Lord)	3, 8, 11, 16
Bray (C.)	14
Bright (Rev. J. F.)	3
Broadfoot (Major W.)	10
Browning (H. Ellen)	9
Buck (H. A.)	11
Buckland (Jas.)	26
Buckle (H. T.)	3
Buckton (C. M.)	28
Bull (T.)	28
Burke (U. R.)	3
Burrows (Montagu)	4
Butler (E. A.)	24
—— (Samuel)	18, 20, 29
Calder (J.)	30
Cameron of Lochiel	12
Campbell (Rev. Lewis)	32
Camperdown (Earl of)	7
Cannan (E.)	17
Channing (F. A.)	16
Chesney (Sir G.)	3
'Chola'	21
Cholmondeley-Pennell (H.)	11
Churchill (W. Spencer)	3, 9, 21
Cicero	18
Clarke (Rev. R. F.)	16
Climenson (Emily J.)	8
Clodd (Edward)	17
Clutterbuck (W. J.)	9
Coleridge (S. T.)	19
Comparetti (D.)	30
Conington (John)	18
Conway (Sir W. M.)	11
Conybeare (Rev. W. J.) & Howson (Dean)	27
Coolidge (W. A. B.)	8
Corbett (Julian S.)	3
Corder (Annie)	19
Coutts (W.)	18
Coventry (A.)	11
Cox (Harding)	10
Crake (Rev. A. D.)	26
Creighton (Bishop)	3, 4
Crozier (J. B.)	7, 14
Curzon of Kedleston (Lord)	4
Custance (Col. H.)	12
Cutts (Rev. E. L.)	4
Dallinger (F. W.)	4
Davidson (W. L.)	14, 16, 32
Davies (J. F.)	18
Dent (C. T.)	11
Deploige (S.)	17
De Salis (Mrs.)	28, 29
De Tocqueville (A.)	4
Devas (C. S.)	16
Dickinson (G. L.)	4
Diderot	21
Dougall (L.)	21
Dowden (E.)	31
Doyle (A. Conan)	21
Du Bois (W. E. B.)	4
Dufferin (Marquis of)	11
Dunbar (Mary F.)	20
Eardley-Wilmot (Capt. S.)	8

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND EDITORS—*continued.*

Page

Ebrington (Viscount) 12
Ellis (J. H.) - - 12
—— (R. L.) - - 14
Evans (Sir John) - 30

Farrar (Dean) - - 16, 21
Fitzwygram (Sir F.) 10
Folkard (H. C.) - 12
Ford (H.) - - - 12
Fowler (Edith H.) - 21
Foxcroft (H. C.) - 7
Francis (Francis) - 12
Francis (M. E.) - 21
Freeman (Edward A.) 4
Freshfield (D. W.) - 11
Frothingham (A. L.) 30
Froude (James A.) 4, 7, 9, 21
Furneaux (W.) - 24

Galton (W. F.) - 17
Gardiner (Samuel R.) 4
Gathorne-Hardy (Hon. A. E.) - - 12
Gibbons (J. S.) - 12
Gibson (Hon. H.) - 13
—— (C. H.) - - 14
—— (Hon. W.) - 32
Gleig (Rev. G. R.) - 8
Goethe - - - 19
Gore-Booth (Eva) - 19
—— (Sir H. W.) - 11
Graham (P. A.) - 12, 13
—— (G. F.) - - 16
Granby (Marquis of) 12
Grant (Sir A.) - - 14
Graves (R. P.) - - 7
Green (T. Hill) - 14
Greene (E. B.) - - 4
Greville (C. C. F.) - 4
Grose (T. H.) - - 14
Gross (C.) - - 4
Grove (F. C.) - - 11
—— (Mrs. Lilly) - 10
Gurdon (Lady Camilla) 21
Gwilt (J.) - - - 25

Haggard (H. Rider) - 21, 30
Hake (O.) - - - 11
Halliwell-Phillipps (J.) 8
Hamlin (A. D. F.) - 30
Hammond (Mrs. J. H.) 4
Harding (S. B.) - 4
Harte (Bret) - - 22
Harting (J. E.) - - 12
Hartwig (G.) - - 24
Hassall (A.) - - 6
Haweis (H. R.) - 7, 30
Heath (D. D.) - - 14
Heathcote (J. M. and C. G.) - - 11
Helmholtz (Hermann von) - - - 24
Henderson (Lieut-Col. G. F.) - 7
Henry (W.) - - 11
Henty (G. A.) - - 26
Herbert (Col. Kenney) 12
Hiley (R. W.) - - 7
Hill (Sylvia M.) - 21
Hillier (G. Lacy) - 10
Hime (H. W. L.) - 18
Hodgson (Shadworth) 14, 30
Hoenig (F.) - - 30
Hogan (J. F.) - - 7
Homer - - - 18
Hope (Anthony) - 22
Horace - - - 18
Houston (D. F.) - 4
Howell (G.) - - 16
Howitt (W.) - - 9
Hudson (W. H.) - 24
Hullah (J.) - - 30
Hume (David) - - 14
Hunt (Rev. W.) - 4
Hunter (Sir W.) - 5
Hutchinson (Horace G.) 11, 13

Ingelow (Jean) - 19

Page

James (W.) - - 14
Jefferies (Richard) - 30
Jekyll (Gertrude) - 30
Jerome (Jerome K.) - 22
Johnson (J. & J. H.) 30
Jones (H. Bence) - 25
Jordan (W. L.) - 16
Jowett (Dr. B.) - 17
Joyce (P. W.) - 5, 22, 30
Justinian : - - 14

Kant (I.) - - - 14
Kaye (Sir J. W.) - 5
Kent (C. B. R.) - 5
Kerr (Rev. J.) - - 11
Killick (Rev. A. H.) - 14
Kingsley (Rose G.) - 30
Kitchin (Dr. G. W.) 4
Knight (E. F.) - - 9, 11
Köstlin (J.) - - 7

Ladd (G. T.) - - 15
Lang (Andrew) 5, 10, 11, 13, 17, 18, 19, 20, 22, 26, 30, 32
Lascelles (Hon. G.) 10, 11, 12
Laughton (J. K.) - 8
Lawley (Hon. F.) - 11
Lawrence (F. W.) - 17
Layard (Nina F.) - 19
Lear (H. L. Sidney) - 29
Lecky (W. E. H.) 5, 15, 19
Lees (J. A.) - - 9
Leslie (T. E. Cliffe) - 16
Levett-Yeats (S.) - 22
Lillie (A.) - - - 13
Lindley (J.) - - 25
Lodge (H. C.) - - 4
Loftie (Rev. W. J.) - 4
Longman (C. J.) 10, 12, 30
—— (F. W.) - - 13
—— (G. H.) - - 11, 12
Lowell (A. L.) - - 5
Lubbock (Sir John) - 17
Lucan - - - 18
Lutoslawski (W.) - 15
Lyall (Edna) - - 22
Lyttelton (Hon. R. H.) 10
—— (Hon. A.) - - 11
Lytton (Earl of) - 5, 19

Macaulay (Lord) 5, 6, 19
Macdonald (G.) - 9
—— (Dr. G.) - - 20, 32
Macfarren (Sir G. A.) 30
Mackail (J. W.) - 8, 18
Macleod (H. D.) - 16
Macpherson (Rev. H. A.) 12
Madden (D. H.) - 13
Maher (Rev. M.) - 16
Malleson (Col. G. B.) 5
Mann (E. E.) - - 29
Marbot (Baron de) - 7
Marquand (A.) - - 30
Marshman (J. C.) - 7
Martineau (Dr. James) 32
Mason (A. E. W.) - 22
Maskelyne (J. N.) - 13
Maunder (S.) - - 25
Max Müller (F.) 7, 8, 15, 16, 22, 31, 32
May (Sir T. Erskine) 6
Meade (L. T.) - - 26
Melville (G. J. Whyte) 22
Merivale (Dean) - 6
Merriman (H. S.) - 22
Mill (James) - - 15
—— (John Stuart) - 15, 16
Milner (G.) - - 31
Moffat (D.) - - 13
Monck (W. H. S.) - 15
Montague (F. C.) - 6
Montagu (Hon. John Scott) - - 12
Moon (G. W.) - - 20
Moore (T.) - - 25
—— (Rev. Edward) - 14
Morgan (C. Lloyd) - 17
Morris (W.) 18, 20, 22, 31

Page

Morris (Mowbray) - 11
Mulhall (M. G.) - 17

Nansen (F.) - - 9
Nesbit (E.) - - 20
Nettleship (R. L.) - 14
Newman (Cardinal) - 22

Ogle (W.) - - - 18
Onslow (Earl of) - 11
Orchard (T. N.) - 18
Osbourne (L) - - 23

Palgrave (Gwenllian F.) 8
Park (W.) - - 13
Payne-Gallwey (Sir R.) - - - 11, 13
Peek (Hedley) - - 11
Pembroke (Earl of) - 11
Phillipps-Wolley (C.) 10, 22
Phillips (Mrs. Lionel) 6
Pitman (C. M.) - 11
Pleydell-Bouverie (E. O.) 11
Pole (W.) - - - 13
Pollock (W. H.) - 11, 31
Poole (W. H. and Mrs.) 29
Poore (G. V.) - - 31
Potter (J.) - - 16
Powell (E.) - - 6
Powys (Mrs. P. L.) - 8
Praeger (S. Rosamond) 26
Prevost (C.) - - 11
Pritchett (R. T.) - 11
Proctor (R. A.) 13, 24, 28

Raine (Rev. James) - 4
Rankin (R.) - - 20
Ransome (Cyril) - 3, 6
Raymond (W.) - 22
Reader (Emily E.) - 22
Rhoades (J.) - - 18
Ribblesdale (Lord) - 13
Rich (A.) - - - 18
Richardson (C.) - 10
Richmond (Ennis) - 31
Richter (J. Paul) - 31
Rickaby (Rev. John) 16
—— (Rev. Joseph) - 16
Ridley (Sir E.) - - 18
Riley (J. W.) - - 20
Roget (Peter M.) - 16, 25
Romanes (G. J.) 8, 15, 17, 20, 32
—— (Mrs. G. J.) - 8
Ronalds (A.) - - 13
Roosevelt (T.) - - 4
Rossetti (Maria Francesca) - - - 31
Rowe (R. P. P.) - 11
Russell (Bertrand) - 17
—— (Alys) - - 17
—— (Rev. M.) - - 20

Saintsbury (G.) - 12
Samuels (E.) - - 20
Sandars (T. C.) - 14
Sargent (A. J.) - - 17
Schreiner (S. C. Cronwright) - - 10
Seebohm (F.) - - 6, 8
Selous (F. C.) - - 10
Sewell (Elizabeth M.) 23
Shakespeare - - 20
Shand (A I.) - - 12
Sharpe (R. R.) - - 6
Shaw (W. A.) - - 6
Shearman (M.) - 10, 11
Sinclair (A.) - - 11
Smith (R. Bosworth) 6
—— (T. C.) - - 4
—— (W. P. Haskett) 9
Somerville (E.) - 23
Sophocles - - 18
Soulsby (Lucy H.) - 31
Southey (R.) - - 31
Spedding (J.) - - 7, 14
Sprigge (S. Squire) - 8
Stanley (Bishop) - 24
Stanley (Lady) - 7

Page

Statham (S. P. H.) - 6
Stebbing (W.) - - 23
Steel (A. G.) - - 10
—— (J. H.) - - 10
Stephen (Leslie) - 9
Stephens (H. Morse) 6
—— (W. W.) - - 8, 17
Stevens (R. W.) - 31
Stevenson (R. L.) - 23, 26
Stock (St. George) - 15
'Stonehenge' - - 10
Storr (F.) - - - 14
Stuart-Wortley (A. J.) 11, 12
Stubbs (J. W.) - - 6
Suffolk & Berkshire (Earl of) - - 11
Sullivan (Sir E.) - 11
Sully (James) - - 15
Sutherland (A. and G.) 6
—— (Alex.) - - 15, 31
Suttner (B. von) - 23
Swinburne (A. J.) - 15
Symes (J. E.) - - 17

Taylor (Meadows) - 6
—— (Una) - - 23
Tebbutt (C. G.) - 11
Terry (C. S.) - - 7
Thornhill (W. J.) - 18
Todd (A.) - - - 6
Toynbee (A.) - - 17
Trevelyan (Sir G. O.) 6, 7
—— (C. P.) - - 17
—— (G. M.) - - 6
Trollope (Anthony) - 23
Turner (H. G.) - 31
Tyndall (J.) - - 7, 9
Tyrrell (R. Y.) - - 18

Upton (F. K. and Bertha) 26

Van Dyke (J. C.) - 31
Verney (Frances P. and Margaret M.) 8
Virgil - - - 18
Vivekananda (Swami) 32
Vivian (Herbert) - 9

Wagner (R.) - - 20
Wakeman (H. O.) - 6
Walford (L. B.) - 23
Walker (Jane H.) - 29
Wallas (Graham) - 8
Walpole (Sir Spencer) 6
Walrond (Col. H.) - 10
Walsingham (Lord) - 11
Walter (J.) - - 8
Ward (Mrs. W.) - 23
Warwick (Countess of) 31
Watson (A. E. T.) 10, 11, 12, 13, 23
Webb (Mr. and Mrs. Sidney) - - 17
—— (T. E.) - - 15, 19
Weber (A.) - - 15
Weir (Capt. R.) - 11
Weyman (Stanley) - 23
Whately (Archbishop) 14, 15
—— (E. Jane) - - 16
White (W. Hale) - 20, 31
Whitelaw (R.) - - 18
Wilcocks (J. C.) - 13
Wilkins (G.) - - 18
Willard (A. R.) - 31
Williamson (W.) - 32
Willich (C. M.) - 25
Witham (T. M.) - 11
Wood (Rev. J. G.) - 25
Wood-Martin (W. G.) 6
Wordsworth (William) 20
Wright (C. D.) - 17
Wylie (J. H. - - 6

Youatt (W - 10

Zeller (E.) - - 15

History, Politics, Polity, Political Memoirs, &c.

Abbott.—*A History of Greece.* By Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D.
Part I.—From the Earliest Times to the Ionian Revolt. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*
Part II.—500-445 B.C. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*
Part III.—From the Thirty Years' Peace to the Fall of the Thirty at Athens, 445-403 B.C. Crown 8vo.

Acland and Ransome.—*A Handbook in Outline of the Political History of England to* 1896. Chronologically Arranged. By the Right Hon. A. H. Dyke Acland, and Cyril Ransome, M.A. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Amos.—*Primer of the English Constitution and Government.* For the Use of Colleges, Schools, and Private Students. By Sheldon Amos, M.A. Cr. 8vo., 6*s.*

Annual Register (The). A Review of Public Events at Home and Abroad, for the year 1898. 8vo., 18*s.*
Volumes of the *Annual Register* for the years 1863-1897 can still be had. 18*s.* each.

Arnold.—*Introductory Lectures on Modern History.* By Thomas Arnold, D.D., formerly Head Master of Rugby School. 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

Ashbourne.—*Pitt: Some Chapters on His Life and Times.* By the Right Hon. Edward Gibson, Lord Ashbourne, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. With 11 Portraits. 8vo., 21*s.*

Baden-Powell.—*The Indian Village Community.* Examined with Reference to the Physical, Ethnographic, and Historical Conditions of the Provinces; chiefly on the Basis of the Revenue-Settlement Records and District Manuals. By B. H. Baden-Powell, M.A., C.I.E. With Map. 8vo., 16*s.*

Bagwell.—*Ireland under the Tudors.* By Richard Bagwell, LL.D. (3 vols.) Vols. I. and II. From the first invasion of the Northmen to the year 1578. 8vo., 32*s.* Vol. III. 1578-1603. 8vo., 18*s.*

Besant.—*The History of London.* By Sir Walter Besant. With 74 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 1*s.* 9*d.* Or bound as a School Prize Book, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Brassey (Lord).—Papers and Addresses.

Naval and Maritime. 1872-1893. 2 vols. Crown 8vo., 10*s.*

Brassey (Lord) Papers and Addresses—*continued.*

Mercantile Marine and Navigation, from 1871-1894. Crown8vo., 5*s.*

Imperial Federation and Colonisation from 1880-1894. Cr. 8vo., 5*s.*

Political and Miscellaneous. 1861-1894. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

Bright.—*A History of England.* By the Rev. J. Franck Bright, D.D.
Period I. *Mediæval Monarchy*: A.D. 449-1485. Crown 8vo., 4*s.* 6*d.*
Period II. *Personal Monarchy.* 1485-1688. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*
Period III. *Constitutional Monarchy.* 1689-1837. Crown 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*
Period IV. *The Growth of Democracy.* 1837-1880. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Buckle.—*History of Civilisation in England, France, Spain, and Scotland.* By Henry Thomas Buckle. 3 vols. Crown 8vo., 24*s.*

Burke.—*A History of Spain, From the Earliest Times to the Death of Ferdinand the Catholic.* By Ulick Ralph Burke, M.A. Edited by Major Martin A. S Hume. 2 vols. Crown 8vo., 16*s.* net.

Chesney.—*Indian Polity:* a View of the System of Administration in India. By General Sir George Chesney, K.C.B. With Map showing all the Administrative Divisions of British India. 8vo., 21*s.*

Churchill.—*The River War:* an Historical Account of the Reconquest of the Soudan. By Winston Spencer Churchill. Edited by Colonel F. Rhodes, D.S.O. With 34 Maps and 51 Illustrations from Drawings by Angus McNeill, also 7 Photogravure Portraits of Generals, etc. 2 vols. Medium 8vo., 36*s.*

Corbett.—*Drake and the Tudor Navy*, with a History of the Rise of England as a Maritime Power. By Julian S. Corbett. With Portraits, Illustrations and Maps. 2 vols. Crown 8vo., 16*s.*

Creighton (M., D.D., Lord Bishop of London).

A History of the Papacy from the Great Schism to the Sack of Rome, 1378-1527. 6 vols. Crown 8vo., 6*s.* each.

Queen Elizabeth. With Portrait. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

History, Politics, Polity, Political Memoirs, &c —*continued.*

Curzon.—*Persia and the Persian Question.* By the Right Hon. Lord Curzon of Kedleston. With 9 Maps, 96 Illustrations, Appendices, and an Index. 2 vols. 8vo., 42*s.*

De Tocqueville.—*Democracy in America.* By Alexis de Tocqueville. Translated by Henry Reeve, C.B., D.C.L. 2 vols. Crown 8vo., 16*s.*

Dickinson.—*The Development of Parliament during the Nineteenth Century.* By G. Lowes Dickinson, M.A. 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

Froude (James A.).

The History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada.

Popular Edition. 12 vols. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

'Silver Library' Edition. 12 vols. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

The Divorce of Catherine of Aragon. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Spanish Story of the Armada, and other Essays. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century. Cr. 8vo., 6*s.*

The Council of Trent. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Short Studies on Great Subjects. 4 vols. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Cæsar: a Sketch. Cr. 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Gardiner (Samuel Rawson, D.C.L., LL.D.).

History of England, from the Accession of James I. to the Outbreak of the Civil War, 1603-1642. 10 vols. Crown 8vo., 6*s.* each.

A History of the Great Civil War, 1642-1649. 4 vols. Cr. 8vo., 6*s.* each.

A History of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate. 1649-1660. Vol. I. 1649-1651. With 14 Maps. 8vo., 21*s.* Vol. II. 1651-1654. With 7 Maps. 8vo., 21*s.*

What Gunpowder Plot Was. With 8 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

Cromwell's Place in History. Founded on Six Lectures delivered in the University of Oxford. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Gardiner (Samuel Rawson, D.C.L., LL.D.)—*continued.*

The Student's History of England. With 378 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 12*s.*

Also in Three Volumes, price 4*s.* each.

Vol. I. B.C. 55—A.D. 1509. 173 Illustrations.

Vol. II. 1509-1689. 96 Illustrations.

Vol. III. 1689-1885. 109 Illustrations.

Greville.—*A Journal of the Reigns of King George IV., King William IV., and Queen Victoria.* By Charles C. F. Greville, formerly Clerk of the Council. 8 vols. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

HARVARD HISTORICAL STUDIES.

The Suppression of the African Slave Trade to the United States of America, 1638-1870. By W. E. B. Du Bois, Ph.D. 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Contest over the Ratificaton of the Federal Constitution in Massachusetts. By S. B. Harding, A.M. 8vo., 6*s.*

A Critical Study of Nullification in South Carolina. By D. F. Houston, A.M. 8vo., 6*s.*

Nominations for Elective Office in the United States. By Frederick W. Dallinger, A.M. 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

A Bibliography of British Municipal History, including Gilds and Parliamentary Representation. By Charles Gross, Ph.D. 8vo., 12*s.*

The Liberty and Free Soil Parties in the North West. By Theodore C. Smith, Ph.D. 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Provincial Governor in the English Colonies of North America. By Evarts Boutell Greene. 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

*** *Other Volumes are in preparation.*

Hammond.—*A Woman's Part in a Revolution.* By Mrs. John Hays Hammond. Crown 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Historic Towns.—Edited by E. A. Freeman, D.C.L., and Rev. William Hunt, M.A. With Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Bristol. By Rev. W. Hunt.
Carlisle. By Mandell Creighton, D.D.
Cinque Ports. By Montagu Burrows.
Colchester. By Rev. E. L. Cutts.
Exeter. By E. A. Freeman.
London. By Rev. W. J. Loftie.
Oxford. By Rev. C. W. Boase.
Winchester. By G. W. Kitchin, D.D.
York. By Rev. James Raine.
New York. By Theodore Roosevelt.
Boston (U.S.) By Henry Cabot Lodge.

History, Politics, Polity, Political Memoirs, &c.—*continued.*

Hunter.—*A History of British India.* By Sir William Wilson Hunter, K.C.S.I., M.A., LL.D.; a Vice-President of the Royal Asiatic Society. In 5 vols. Vol. I.—Introductory to the Overthrow of the English in the Spice Archipelago, 1623. With 4 Maps. 8vo., 18*s.*

Joyce (P. W., LL.D.).

A Short History of Ireland, from the Earliest Times to 1603. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

A Child's History of Ireland. From the Earliest Times to the Death of O'Connell. With specially constructed Map and 160 Illustrations, including Facsimile in full colours of an illuminated page of the Gospel Book of Mac-Durnan, A.D. 850. Fcp. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Kaye and Malleson.—*History of the Indian Mutiny*, 1857-1858. By Sir John W. Kaye and Colonel G. B. Malleson. With Analytical Index and Maps and Plans. 6 vols. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Kent.—*The English Radicals:* an Historical Sketch. By C. B. Roylance Kent. Crown 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

Lang.—*The Companions of Pickle:* Being a Sequel to 'Pickle the Spy'. By Andrew Lang. With 4 Plates. 8vo., 16*s.*

Lecky (The Rt. Hon. William E. H.)

History of England in the Eighteenth Century.

Library Edition. 8 vols. 8vo. Vols. I. and II., 1700-1760, 36*s.*; Vols. III. and IV., 1760-1784, 36*s.*; Vols. V. and VI., 1784-1793, 36*s.*; Vols. VII. and VIII., 1793-1800, 36*s.*

Cabinet Edition. England. 7 vols. Crown 8vo., 6*s.* each. Ireland. 5 vols. Crown 8vo., 6*s.* each.

History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne. 2 vols. Crown 8vo., 12*s.*

History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe. 2 vols. Crown 8vo., 12*s.*

Democracy and Liberty.

Library Edition. 2 vols. 8vo., 36*s.*

Cabinet Edition. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 12*s.*

Lowell.—*Governments and Parties in Continental Europe.* By A. Lawrence Lowell. 2 vols. 8vo., 21*s.*

Lytton.—*The History of Lord Lytton's Indian Administration, from* 1876-1880. Compiled from Letters and Official Papers. Edited by Lady Betty Balfour. With Portrait and Map 8vo., 18*s.*

Macaulay (Lord).

The Life and Works of Lord Macaulay. 'Edinburgh' Edition. 10 vols. 8vo., 6*s.* each.

Complete Works.

'Albany' Edition. With 12 Portraits. 12 vols. Large Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Vols. I.-VI. *History of England, from the Accession of James the Second.*

Vols. VII.-X. *Essays and Biographies.*

Vols. XI.-XII. *Speeches, Lays of Ancient Rome, etc., and Index.*

Library Edition. 8 vols. 8vo., £5 5*s.*

'Edinburgh' Edition. 8 vols. 8vo., 6*s.* each.

Cabinet Edition. 16 vols. Post 8vo., £4 16*s.*

History of England from the Accession of James the Second.

Popular Edition. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 5*s.*

Student's Edition. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 12*s.*

People's Edition. 4 vols. Cr. 8vo., 16*s.*

'Albany' Edition. With 6 Portraits. 6 vols. Large Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Cabinet Edition. 8 vols. Post 8vo., 48*s.*

'Edinburgh' Edition. 4 vols. 8vo., 6*s.* each.

Library Edition. 5 vols. 8vo., £4.

Critical and Historical Essays, with Lays of Ancient Rome, etc., in 1 volume.

Popular Edition. Crown 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Authorised Edition. Crown 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*, or gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.*

'Silver Library' Edition. With Portrait and 4 Illustrations to the 'Lays'. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Critical and Historical Essays.

Student's Edition. 1 vol. Cr. 8vo., 6*s.*

People's Edition. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 8*s.*

'Trevelyan' Edition. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 9*s.*

Cabinet Edition. 4 vols. Post 8vo., 24*s.*

'Edinburgh' Edition. 3 vols. 8vo., 6*s.* each.

Library Edition. 3 vols. 8vo., 36*s.*

Essays, which may be had separately, sewed, 6*d.* each; cloth, 1*s.* each.

Addison and Walpole.
Croker's Boswell's Johnson.
Hallam's Constitutional History.
Warren Hastings.
The Earl of Chatham (Two Essays).
Frederick the Great.
Ranke and Gladstone.
Milton and Machiavelli.
Lord Byron.
Lord Clive.
Lord Byron, and The Comic Dramatists of the Restoration.

Miscellaneous Writings

People's Edition. 1 vol. Cr. 8vo., 4*s.* 6*d.*

Library Edition. 2 vols. 8vo., 21*s.*

History, Politics, Polity, Political Memoirs, &c.—*continued.*

Macaulay (Lord)—*continued.*

Miscellaneous Writings, Speeches and Poems.
Popular Edition. Crown 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*
Cabinet Edition. 4 vols. Post 8vo., 24*s.*

Selections from the Writings of Lord Macaulay. Edited, with Occasional Notes, by the Right Hon. Sir G. O. Trevelyan, Bart. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

May.—*The Constitutional History of England* since the Accession of George III. 1760-1870. By Sir Thomas Erskine May, K.C.B. (Lord Farnborough). 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., 18*s.*

Merivale (Charles, D.D.).

History of the Romans under the Empire. 8 vols. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

The Fall of the Roman Republic: a Short History of the Last Century of the Commonwealth. 12mo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

General History of Rome, from the Foundation of the City to the Fall of Augustulus, B.C. 753-A.D. 476. With 5 Maps. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Montague. — *The Elements of English Constitutional History.* By F. C. Montague, M.A. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Phillips.—*South African Recollections.* By Florence Phillips (Mrs. Lionel Phillips). With 37 Illustrations from Photographs. 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

*** In this book Mrs. Lionel Phillips gives a record of her recent experiences of life in Johannesburg, and also her recollections of the events connected with the Jameson Raid.

Powell and Trevelyan. — *The Peasants' Rising and the Lollards:* a Collection of Unpublished Documents, forming an Appendix to 'England in the Age of Wycliffe'. Edited by Edgar Powell and G. M. Trevelyan. 8vo., 6*s.* net.

Ransome.—*The Rise of Constitutional Government in England.* By Cyril Ransome, M.A. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Seebohm.—*The English Village Community* Examined in its Relations to the Manorial and Tribal Systems, etc. By Frederic Seebohm, LL.D., F.S.A. With 13 Maps and Plates. 8vo., 16*s.*

Sharpe.—*London and the Kingdom:* a History derived mainly from the Archives at Guildhall in the custody of the Corporation of the City of London. By Reginald R. Sharpe, D.C.L., Records Clerk in the Office of the Town Clerk of the City of London. 3 vols. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* each.

Shaw.—*The Church under the Commonwealth.* By W. A. Shaw. 2 vols. 8vo.

Smith.—*Carthage and the Carthaginians.* By R. Bosworth Smith, M.A., With Maps, Plans, etc. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Statham.—*The History of the Castle, Town and Port of Dover.* By the Rev. S. P. H. Statham. With 4 Plates and 13 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

Stephens. — *A History of the French Revolution.* By H. Morse Stephens. 8vo. Vols. I. and II. 18*s.* each.

Stubbs.—*History of the University of Dublin,* from its Foundation to the End of the Eighteenth Century. By J. W. Stubbs. 8vo., 12*s.* 6*d.*

Sutherland.—*The History of Australia and New Zealand,* from 1606-1890. By Alexander Sutherland, M.A., and George Sutherland, M.A. Crown 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Taylor.—*A Student's Manual of the History of India.* By Colonel Meadows Taylor, C.S.I., etc. Cr. 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

Todd. — *Parliamentary Government in the British Colonies.* By Alpheus Todd, LL.D. 8vo., 30*s.* net.

Trevelyan.—*The American Revolution.* Part I. 1766-1776. By the Rt. Hon. Sir G. O. Trevelyan, Bart. 8vo., 16*s.*

Trevelyan.—*England in the Age of Wycliffe.* By George Macaulay Trevelyan. 8vo., 15*s.*

Wakeman and Hassall.—*Essays Introductory to the Study of English Constitutional History.* Edited by Henry Offley Wakeman, M.A., and Arthur Hassall, M.A. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Walpole.—*History of England from the Conclusion of the Great War in* 1815 *to* 1858. By Sir Spencer Walpole, K.C.B. 6 vols. Cr. 8vo., 6*s.* each.

Wood-Martin.—*Pagan Ireland: an Archæological Sketch.* A Handbook of Irish Pre-Christian Antiquities. By W. G. Wood-Martin, M.R.I.A. With 512 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 15*s.*

Wylie. — *History of England under Henry IV.* By James Hamilton Wylie, M.A. 4 vols. Crown 8vo. Vol. I., 1399-1404, 10*s.* 6*d.* Vol. II., 1405-1406, 15*s.* Vol. III., 1407-1411, 15*s.* Vol. IV., 1411-1413, 21*s.*

Biography, Personal Memoirs, &c.

Armstrong.—*The Life and Letters of Edmund J. Armstrong.* Edited by G. F. Savage Armstrong. Fcp. 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

Bacon.—*The Letters and Life of Francis Bacon, including all his Occasional Works.* Edited by James Spedding. 7 vols. 8vo., £4 4*s.*

Bagehot.—*Biographical Studies.* By Walter Bagehot. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Boevey.—*'The Perverse Widow':* being passages from the Life of Catharina, wife of William Boevey, Esq., of Flaxley Abbey, in the County of Gloucester. Compiled by Arthur W. Crawley-Boevey, M.A. With Portraits. 4to., 42*s.* net.

Carlyle.—*Thomas Carlyle:* A History of his Life. By James Anthony Froude.
1795-1835. 2 vols. Crown 8vo., 7*s.*
1834-1881. 2 vols. Crown 8vo., 7*s.*

Cellini.—*Chisel, Pen, and Poignard;* or, Benvenuto Cellini, his Times and his Contemporaries. By the Author of 'The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby,' 'The Life of a Prig,' etc. With 19 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

Crozier.—*My Inner Life:* being a Chapter in Personal Evolution and Autobiography. By John Beattie Crozier, Author of 'Civilisation and Progress,' etc. 8vo., 14*s.*

Dante.—*The Life and Works of Dante Allighieri:* being an Introduction to the Study of the 'Divina Commedia'. By the Rev. J. F. Hogan, D.D., Professor, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. With Portrait. 8vo., 12*s.* 6*d.*

Danton.—*Life of Danton.* By A. H. Beesly. With Portraits of Danton, his Mother, and an Illustration of the Home of his family at Arcis. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Duncan.—*Admiral Duncan.* By The Earl of Camperdown. With 3 Portraits. 8vo., 16*s.*

Erasmus.—*Life and Letters of Erasmus.* By James Anthony Froude. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Faraday.—*Faraday as a Discoverer.* By John Tyndall. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Foreign Courts and Foreign Homes. By A. M. F. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Fox.—*The Early History of Charles James Fox.* By the Right Hon. Sir G. O. Trevelyan, Bart.
Library Edition. 8vo., 18*s.*
Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Halifax.—*The Life and Letters of Sir George Savile, Baronet, First Marquis of Halifax.* By H. C. Foxcroft. 2 vols. 8vo., 36*s.*

Hamilton.—*Life of Sir William Hamilton.* By R. P. Graves. 8vo. 3 vols. 15*s.* each. Addendum. 8vo., 6*d.* sewed.

Havelock.—*Memoirs of Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.* By John Clark Marshman. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Haweis.—*My Musical Life:* By the Rev. H. R. Haweis. With Portrait of Richard Wagner and 3 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6*s.* net.

Hiley.—*Memories of Half a Century.* By the Rev. R. W. Hiley, D.D., Vicar of Wighill, Tadcaster. With Portrait. 8vo., 15*s.*

Hospital.—*Michel de l'Hospital:* being the Lothian Prize Essay, 1899. By C. T. Atkinson, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford; late Demy of Magdalen College.

Jackson.—*Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War.* By Lieut.-Col. G. F. R. Henderson. With 2 Portraits and 33 Maps and Plans. 2 vols. 8vo., 42*s.*

Leslie.—*The Life and Campaigns of Alexander Leslie, First Earl of Leven.* By Charles Sanford Terry, M.A. With Maps and Plans. 8vo., 16s.

Luther.—*Life of Luther.* By Julius Köstlin. With 62 Illustrations and 4 Facsimilies of MSS. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Macaulay.—*The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay.* By the Right Hon. Sir G. O. Trevelyan, Bart.
Popular Edition. 1 vol. Cr. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*
Student's Edition 1 vol. Cr. 8vo., 6*s.*
Cabinet Edition. 2 vols. Post 8vo., 12*s.*
'Edinburgh' Edition. 2 vols. 8vo.,6*s.* each.
Library Edition. 2 vols. 8vo., 36*s.*

Marbot.—*The Memoirs of the Baron de Marbot.* Translated from the French. 2 vols. Crown 8vo., 7*s.*

Max Müller.—*Auld Lang Syne.* By the Right Hon. F. Max Müller. First Series. With Portrait. 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*
Contents.—Musical Recollections—Literary Recollections—Recollections of Royalties—Beggars.
Second Series. *My Indian Friends.* 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Biography, Personal Memoirs, &c.—*continued.*

Morris. — *The Life of William Morris.* By J. W. Mackail. With 6 Portraits and 16 Illustrations by E. H. New, etc. 2 vols. 8vo., 32*s.*

Palgrave.—*Francis Turner Palgrave:* His Journals, and Memories of his Life. By Gwenllian F. Palgrave. With Portrait and Illustration. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

Place.—*The Life of Francis Place,* 1771-1854. By Graham Wallas, M.A. With 2 Portraits. 8vo., 12*s.*

Powys. — *Passages from the Diaries of Mrs. Philip Lybbe Powys,* of Hardwick House, Oxon., 1756-1808. Edited by Emily J. Climenson, of Shiplake Vicarage, Oxon. With 2 Pedigrees (Lybbe and Powys) and Photogravure Portrait. 8vo., 16*s.*

Râmakrishna: *His Life and Sayings.* By the Right Hon. F. Max Müller. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

Reeve.—*Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Henry Reeve, C.B.,* late Editor of the 'Edinburgh Review,' and Registrar of the Privy Council. By John Knox Laughton, M.A. With 2 Portraits. 2 vols. 8vo., 28*s.*

Romanes.—*The Life and Letters of George John Romanes, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.* Written and Edited by his Wife. With Portrait and 2 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 6*s.*

Seebohm.—*The Oxford Reformers—John Colet, Erasmus and Thomas More:* a History of their Fellow-Work. By Frederic Seebohm. 8vo., 14*s.*

Shakespeare. — *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare.* By J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps. With Illustrations and Fac-similes. 2 vols. Royal 8vo., 21*s.*

Shakespeare's *True Life.* By James Walter With 500 Illustrations by Gerald E. Moira. Imp. 8vo., 21*s.* net.

Stanley (Lady).

The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd (*Lady Stanley of Alderley*). Recorded in Letters of a Hundred Years Ago, from 1776-1796. Edited by J. H. Adeane. With 6 Portraits. 8vo., 18*s.*

The Early Married Life of Maria Josepha, Lady Stanley, from 1796. Edited by J. H. Adeane. With 10 Portraits and 3 Illustrations. 8vo., 18*s.*

Turgot—*The Life and Writings of Turgot,* Comptroller-General of France, 1774-1776. Edited for English Readers by W. Walker Stephens. With Portrait. 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Verney. —*Memoirs of the Verney Family.* Compiled from the Letters and Illustrated by the Portraits at Clayden House.

Vols. I. & II., *During the Civil War.* By Frances Parthenope Verney. With 38 Portraits, Woodcuts and Fac-simile. Royal 8vo., 42*s.*

Vol. III., *During the Commonwealth.* 1650-1660. By Margaret M. Verney. With 10 Portraits, etc. Royal 8vo., 21*s.*

Vol. IV., *From the Restoration to the Revolution.* 1660 to 1696. By Margaret M. Verney. With Ports. Royal 8vo., 21*s.*

Wellington.—*Life of the Duke of Wellington.* By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Travel and Adventure, the Colonies, &c.

Arnold.—*Seas and Lands.* By Sir Edwin Arnold. With 71 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Ball (John).

The Alpine Guide. Reconstructed and Revised on behalf of the Alpine Club, by W. A. B. Coolidge.

Vol. I., *The Western Alps:* the Alpine Region, South of the Rhone Valley, from the Col de Tenda to the Simplon Pass. With 9 New and Revised Maps. Crown 8vo., 12*s.* net.

Hints and Notes, Practical and Scientific, for Travellers in the Alps: being a Revision of the General Introduction to the 'Alpine Guide'. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* net.

Baker (Sir S. W.).

Eight Years in Ceylon. With 6 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon. With 6 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Bent.—*The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland:* being a Record of Excavation and Exploration in 1891. By J. Theodore Bent. With 117 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Bicknell.—*Travel and Adventure in Northern Queensland.* By Arthur C. Bicknell. With 24 Plates and 22 Illustrations in the Text. 8vo., 15*s.*

Brassey.—*Voyages and Travels of Lord Brassey, K.C.B., D.C.L.,* 1862-1894. Arranged and Edited by Captain S. Eardley-Wilmot. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 10*s.*

Travel and Adventure, the Colonies, &c.—*continued.*

Brassey (THE LATE LADY).

A VOYAGE IN THE 'SUNBEAM'; OUR HOME ON THE OCEAN FOR ELEVEN MONTHS.
Cabinet Edition. With Map and 66 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*
'Silver Library' Edition. With 66 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*
Popular Edition. With 60 Illustrations. 4to., 6*d.* sewed, 1*s.* cloth.
School Edition. With 37 Illustrations. Fcp., 2*s.* cloth, or 3*s.* white parchment.

SUNSHINE AND STORM IN THE EAST.
Cabinet Edition. With 2 Maps and 114 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*
Popular Edition. With 103 Illustrations. 4to., 6*d.* sewed, 1*s.* cloth.

IN THE TRADES, THE TROPICS, AND THE 'ROARING FORTIES'.
Cabinet Edition. With Map and 220 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

Browning.—*A GIRL'S WANDERINGS IN HUNGARY.* By H. ELLEN BROWNING. With Map and 20 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Churchill.—*THE STORY OF THE MALAKAND FIELD FORCE*, 1897. By WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL. With 6 Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Froude (JAMES A.).

OCEANA: or England and her Colonies. With 9 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

THE ENGLISH IN THE WEST INDIES: or, the Bow of Ulysses. With 9 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 2*s.* boards, 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

Howitt.—*VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES.* Old Halls, Battle-Fields, Scenes, illustrative of Striking Passages in English History and Poetry. By WILLIAM HOWITT. With 80 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Knight (E. F.).

THE CRUISE OF THE 'ALERTE': the Narrative of a Search for Treasure on the Desert Island of Trinidad. With 2 Maps and 23 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

WHERE THREE EMPIRES MEET: a Narrative of Recent Travel in Kashmir, Western Tibet, Baltistan, Ladak, Gilgit, and the adjoining Countries. With a Map and 54 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.

THE 'FALCON' ON THE BALTIC: a Voyage from London to Copenhagen in a Three-Tonner. With 10 Full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Lees.—*PEAKS AND PINES:* another Norway Book. By J. A. LEES. With 63 Illustrations and Photographs by the Author. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Lees and Clutterbuck.—B.C. 1887: *A RAMBLE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.* By J. A. LEES and W. J. CLUTTERBUCK. With Map and 75 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Macdonald.—*THE GOLD COAST: PAST AND PRESENT.* By GEORGE MACDONALD, Director of Education and H.M. Inspector of Schools for the Gold Coast Colony and the Protectorate. With 32 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

Nansen.—*THE FIRST CROSSING OF GREENLAND.* By FRIDTJOF NANSEN. With 143 Illustrations and a Map. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Smith.—*CLIMBING IN THE BRITISH ISLES.* By W. P. HASKETT SMITH. With Illustrations by ELLIS CARR, and Numerous Plans.

Part I. *ENGLAND.* 16mo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Part II. *WALES AND IRELAND.* 16mo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Stephen.—*THE PLAY-GROUND OF EUROPE* (The Alps). By LESLIE STEPHEN. With 4 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Three in Norway. By Two of Them. With a Map and 59 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 2*s.* boards, 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

Tyndall.—(JOHN).

THE GLACIERS OF THE ALPS: being a Narrative of Excursions and Ascents. An Account of the Origin and Phenomena of Glaciers, and an Exposition of the Physical Principles to which they are related. With 61 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6*s.* 6*d.* net.

HOURS OF EXERCISE IN THE ALPS. With 7 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 6*s.* 6*d.* net.

Vivian.—*SERVIA:* the Poor Man's Paradise. By HERBERT VIVIAN, M.A., Officer of the Royal Order of Takovo. With Map and Portrait of King Alexander. 8vo., 15*s.*

Veterinary Medicine, &c.

Steel (JOHN HENRY, F.R.C.V.S., F.Z.S., A.V.D.), late Professor of Veterinary Science and Principal of Bombay Veterinary College.

A TREATISE ON THE DISEASES OF THE DOG; being a Manual of Canine Pathology. Especially adapted for the use of Veterinary Practitioners and Students. With 88 Illustrations. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

A TREATISE ON THE DISEASES OF THE OX; being a Manual of Bovine Pathology. Especially adapted for the use of Veterinary Practitioners and Students. With 2 Plates and 117 Woodcuts. 8vo., 15*s.*

A TREATISE ON THE DISEASES OF THE SHEEP; being a Manual of Ovine Pathology for the use of Veterinary Practitioners and Students. With Coloured Plate and 99 Woodcuts. 8vo., 12*s.*

OUTLINES OF EQUINE ANATOMY; a Manual for the use of Veterinary Students in the Dissecting Room. Cr. 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

Fitzwygram. — *HORSES AND STABLES.* By Major-General Sir F. FITZWYGRAM, Bart. With 56 pages of Illustrations. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Schreiner. — *THE ANGORA GOAT* (published under the auspices of the South African Angora Goat Breeders' Association), and a Paper on the Ostrich (reprinted from the *Zoologist* for March, 1897). With 26 Illustrations. By S. C. CRONWRIGHT SCHREINER. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

'Stonehenge.' — *THE DOG IN HEALTH AND DISEASE.* By 'STONEHENGE'. With 78 Wood Engravings. 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

Youatt (WILLIAM).

THE HORSE. Revised and Enlarged by W. WATSON, M.R.C.V.S. With 52 Wood Engravings. 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE DOG. Revised and Enlarged. With 33 Wood Engravings. 8vo., 6*s.*

Sport and Pastime.

THE BADMINTON LIBRARY.

Edited by HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G., and A. E. T. WATSON.

Complete in 29 Volumes. Crown 8vo., Price 10*s.* 6*d.* each Volume, Cloth.

*** *The Volumes are also issued half-bound in Leather, with gilt top. The price can be had from all Booksellers.*

ARCHERY. By C. J. LONGMAN and Col. H. WALROND. With Contributions by Miss LEGH, Viscount DILLON, etc. With 2 Maps, 23 Plates and 172 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

ATHLETICS. By MONTAGUE SHEARMAN. With Chapters on Athletics at School by W. BEACHER THOMAS; Athletic Sports in America by C. H. SHERRILL; a Contribution on Paper-chasing by W. RYE, and an Introduction by Sir RICHARD WEBSTER, Q.C., M.P. With 12 Plates and 37 Illustrations in the Text. Cr. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

BIG GAME SHOOTING. By CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY.

Vol. I. AFRICA AND AMERICA. With Contributions by Sir SAMUEL W. BAKER, W. C. OSWELL, F. C. SELOUS, etc. With 20 Plates and 57 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

Vol. II. EUROPE, ASIA, AND THE ARCTIC REGIONS. With Contributions by Lieut.-Colonel R. HEBER PERCY, Major ALGERNON C. HEBER PERCY, etc. With 17 Plates and 56 Illustrations in the Text. Cr. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

BILLIARDS. By Major W. BROADFOOT, R.E. With Contributions by A. H. BOYD, SYDENHAM DIXON, W. J. FORD, etc. With 11 Plates, 19 Illustrations in the Text, and numerous Diagrams. Cr. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

COURSING AND FALCONRY. By HARDING COX, CHARLES RICHARDSON, and the Hon. GERALD LASCELLES. With 20 Plates and 55 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

CRICKET. By A. G. STEEL and the Hon. R. H. LYTTELTON. With Contributions by ANDREW LANG, W. G. GRACE, F. GALE, etc. With 13 Plates and 52 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

CYCLING. By the EARL OF ALBEMARLE and G. LACY HILLIER. With 19 Plates and 44 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

DANCING. By Mrs. LILLY GROVE, F.R.G.S. With Contributions by Miss MIDDLETON, The Hon. Mrs. ARMYTAGE, etc. With Musical Examples, and 38 Full-page Plates and 93 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

DRIVING. By His Grace the DUKE of BEAUFORT, K.G. With Contributions by A. E. T. WATSON the EARL OF ONSLOW, etc. With 12 Plates and 54 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

Sport and Pastime—*continued.*

THE BADMINTON LIBRARY—*continued.*

FENCING, BOXING, AND WRESTLING. By WALTER H. POLLOCK, F. C. GROVE, C. PREVOST, E. B. MITCHELL, and WALTER ARMSTRONG. With 18 Plates and 24 Illust. in the Text. Cr. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

FISHING. By H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL.

Vol. I. SALMON AND TROUT. With Contributions by H. R. FRANCIS, Major JOHN P. TRAHERNE, etc. With 9 Plates and numerous Illustrations of Tackle, etc. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

Vol. II. PIKE AND OTHER COARSE FISH. With Contributions by the MARQUIS OF EXETER, WILLIAM SENIOR, G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIS, etc. With 7 Plates and numerous Illustrations of Tackle, etc. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

FOOTBALL. By MONTAGUE SHEARMAN, W. J. OAKLEY, G. O. SMITH, FRANK MITCHELL, etc. With 19 Plates and 35 Illustrations in the Text. Cr. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

GOLF. By HORACE G. HUTCHINSON. With Contributions by the Rt. Hon. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P., Sir WALTER SIMPSON, Bart., ANDREW LANG, etc. With 32 Plates and 57 Illustrations in the Text. Cr. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

HUNTING. By His Grace the DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G., and MOWBRAY MORRIS. With Contributions by the EARL OF SUFFOLK AND BERKSHIRE, Rev. E. W. L. DAVIES, G. H. LONGMAN, etc. With 5 Plates and 54 Illustrations in the Text. Cr. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

MOUNTAINEERING. By C. T. DENT. With Contributions by Sir W. M. CONWAY, D. W. FRESHFIELD, C. E. MATTHEWS, etc. With 13 Plates and 95 Illustrations in the Text. Cr. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

POETRY OF SPORT (THE).—Selected by HEDLEY PEEK. With a Chapter on Classical Allusions to Sport by ANDREW LANG, and a Special Preface to the BADMINTON LIBRARY by A. E. T. WATSON. With 32 Plates and 74 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

RACING AND STEEPLE-CHASING. By the EARL OF SUFFOLK AND BERKSHIRE, W. G. CRAVEN, the Hon. F. LAWLEY, ARTHUR COVENTRY, and A. E. T. WATSON. With Frontispiece and 56 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

RIDING AND POLO. By Captain ROBERT WEIR, J. MORAY BROWN, T. F. DALE, THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, THE EARL OF SUFFOLK AND BERKSHIRE, etc. With 18 Plates and 41 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

ROWING. By R. P. P. ROWE and C. M. PITMAN. With Chapters on Steering by C. P. SEROCOLD and F. C. BEGG; Metropolitan Rowing by S. LE BLANC SMITH; and on PUNTING by P. W. SQUIRE. With 75 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

SEA FISHING. By JOHN BICKERDYKE, Sir H. W. GORE-BOOTH, ALFRED C. HARMSWORTH, and W. SENIOR. With 22 Full-page Plates and 175 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

SHOOTING.

Vol. I. FIELD AND COVERT. By LORD WALSINGHAM and Sir RALPH PAYNE-GALLWEY, Bart. With Contributions by the Hon. GERALD LASCELLES and A. J. STUART-WORTLEY. With 11 Plates and 94 Illusts. in the Text. Cr. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

Vol. II. MOOR AND MARSH. By LORD WALSINGHAM and Sir RALPH PAYNE-GALLWEY, Bart. With Contributions by LORD LOVAT and Lord CHARLES LENNOX KERR. With 8 Plates and 57 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

SKATING, CURLING, TOBOGGANING. By J. M. HEATHCOTE, C. G. TEBBUTT, T. MAXWELL WITHAM, Rev. JOHN KERR, ORMOND HAKE, HENRY A. BUCK, etc. With 12 Plates and 272 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

SWIMMING. By ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR and WILLIAM HENRY, Hon. Secs. of the Life-Saving Society. With 13 Plates and 106 Illustrations in the Text. Cr. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

TENNIS, LAWN TENNIS, RACKETS AND FIVES. By J. M. and C. G. HEATHCOTE, E. O. PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE, and A. C. AINGER. With Contributions by the Hon. A. LYTTELTON, W. C. MARSHALL, Miss L. DOD, etc. With 12 Plates and 67 Illustrations in the Text. Cr. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

YACHTING.

Vol. I. CRUISING, CONSTRUCTION OF YACHTS, YACHT RACING RULES, FITTING-OUT, etc. By Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN, Bart., THE EARL OF PEMBROKE, LORD BRASSEY, K.C.B., C. E. SETH-SMITH, C.B., G. L. WATSON, R. T. PRITCHETT, E. F. KNIGHT, etc. With 21 Plates and 93 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

Vol. II. YACHT CLUBS, YACHTING IN AMERICA AND THE COLONIES, YACHT RACING, etc. By R. T. PRITCHETT, THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA, K.P., THE EARL OF ONSLOW, JAMES MCFERRAN, etc. With 35 Plates and 160 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

Sport and Pastime—*continued.*

FUR, FEATHER, AND FIN SERIES.

Edited by A. E. T. WATSON.

Crown 8vo., price 5*s.* each Volume, cloth.

*** *The Volumes are also issued half-bound in Leather, with gilt top. The price can be had from all Booksellers.*

THE PARTRIDGE. Natural History, by the Rev. H. A. MACPHERSON; Shooting, by A. J. STUART-WORTLEY; Cookery, by GEORGE SAINTSBURY. With 11 Illustrations and various Diagrams in the Text. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

THE GROUSE. Natural History, by the Rev. H. A. MACPHERSON; Shooting, by A. J. STUART-WORTLEY; Cookery, by GEORGE SAINTSBURY. With 13 Illustrations and various Diagrams in the Text. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

THE PHEASANT. Natural History, by the Rev. H. A. MACPHERSON; Shooting, by A. J. STUART-WORTLEY; Cookery, by ALEXANDER INNES SHAND. With 10 Illustrations and various Diagrams. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

THE HARE. Natural History, by the Rev. H. A. MACPHERSON; Shooting, by the Hon. GERALD LASCELLES; Coursing, by CHARLES RICHARDSON; Hunting, by J. S. GIBBONS and G. H. LONGMAN; Cookery, by Col. KENNEY HERBERT. With 9 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5*s.*

RED DEER.—Natural History, by the Rev. H. A. MACPHERSON; Deer Stalking, by CAMERON OF LOCHIEL; Stag Hunting, by Viscount EBRINGTON; Cookery, by ALEXANDER INNES SHAND. With 10 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

THE SALMON. By the Hon. A. E. GATHORNE-HARDY. With Chapters on the Law of Salmon Fishing by CLAUD DOUGLAS PENNANT; Cookery, by ALEXANDER INNES SHAND. With 8 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 5*s.*

THE TROUT. By the MARQUESS OF GRANBY. With Chapters on the Breeding of Trout by Col. H. CUSTANCE; and Cookery, by ALEXANDER INNES SHAND. With 12 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

THE RABBIT. By JAMES EDMUND HARTING. With a Chapter on Cookery by ALEXANDER INNES SHAND. With 10 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

WILDFOWL. By the Hon. JOHN SCOTT MONTAGU. etc. With Illustrations, etc. [*In preparation.*

André.—*COLONEL BOGEY'S SKETCH-BOOK.* Comprising an Eccentric Collection of Scribbles and Scratches found in disused Lockers and swept up in the Pavilion, together with sundry After-Dinner Sayings of the Colonel. By R. ANDRÉ, West Herts Golf Club. Oblong 4to., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Blackburne.—*MR. BLACKBURNE'S GAMES AT CHESS.* Selected, Annotated and Arranged by Himself. Edited, with a Biographical Sketch and a brief History of Blindfold Chess, by P. ANDERSON GRAHAM. 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Dead Shot (The): or, Sportsman's Complete Guide. Being a Treatise on the Use of the Gun, with Rudimentary and Finishing Lessons in the Art of Shooting Game of all kinds. Also Game-driving, Wildfowl and Pigeon-shooting, Dog-breaking, etc. By MARKSMAN. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

Ellis.—*CHESS SPARKS;* or, Short and Bright Games of Chess. Collected and Arranged by J. H. ELLIS, M.A. 8vo., 4*s.* 6*d.*

Folkard.—*THE WILD-FOWLER:* A Treatise on Fowling, Ancient and Modern, descriptive also of Decoys and Flight-ponds, Wild-fowl Shooting, Gunning-punts, Shooting-yachts, etc. Also Fowling in the Fens and in Foreign Countries, Rock-fowling, etc., etc., by H. C. FOLKARD. With 13 Engravings on Steel, and several Woodcuts. 8vo., 12*s.* 6*d.*

Ford.—*THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF ARCHERY.* By HORACE FORD. New Edition, thoroughly Revised and Re-written by W. BUTT, M.A. With a Preface by C. J. LONGMAN, M.A. 8vo., 14*s.*

Francis.—*A BOOK ON ANGLING:* or, Treatise on the Art of Fishing in every Branch; including full Illustrated List of Salmon Flies. By FRANCIS FRANCIS. With Portrait and Coloured Plates. Crown 8vo., 15*s.*

Sport and Pastime—*continued.*

Gibson.—*Tobogganing on Crooked Runs.* By the Hon. Harry Gibson. With Contributions by F. de B. Strickland and 'Lady-Toboganner'. With 40 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6*s*.

Graham.—*Country Pastimes for Boys.* By P. Anderson Graham. With 252 Illustrations from Drawings and Photographs. Crown 8vo., 3*s*. 6*d*.

Hutchinson.—*The Book of Golf and Golfers.* By Horace G. Hutchinson. With Contributions by Miss Amy Pascoe, H. H. Hilton, J. H. Taylor, H. J. Whigham, and Messrs. Sutton & Sons. With 71 Portraits, etc. Medium 8vo., 18*s*. net.

Lang.—*Angling Sketches.* By Andrew Lang. With 20 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s*. 6*d*.

Lillie.—*Croquet:* its History, Rules and Secrets. By Arthur Lillie, Champion, Grand National Croquet Club, 1872; Winner of the 'All-Comers' Championship,' Maidstone, 1896. With 4 Full-page Illustrations by Lucien Davis, 15 Illustrations in the Text, and 27 Diagrams. Crown 8vo., 6*s*.

Longman.—*Chess Openings.* By Frederick W. Longman. Fcp. 8vo., 2*s*. 6*d*.

Madden.—*The Diary of Master William Silence:* a Study of Shakespeare and of Elizabethan Sport. By the Right Hon. D. H. Madden, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin. 8vo., 16*s*.

Maskelyne.—*Sharps and Flats:* a Complete Revelation of the Secrets of Cheating at Games of Chance and Skill. By John Nevil Maskelyne, of the Egyptian Hall. With 62 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6*s*.

Moffat.—*Crickety Cricket:* Rhymes and Parodies. By Douglas Moffat, with Frontispiece by Sir Frank Lockwood, Q.C., M.P., and 53 Illustrations by the Author. Crown 8vo, 2*s*. 6*d*.

Park.—*The Game of Golf.* By William Park, Jun., Champion Golfer, 1887-89. With 17 Plates and 26 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo., 7*s*. 6*d*.

Payne-Gallwey (Sir Ralph, Bart.).

Letters to Young Shooters (First Series). On the Choice and use of a Gun With 41 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 7*s*. 6*d*.

Letters to Young Shooters (Second Series). On the Production, Preservation, and Killing of Game. With Directions in Shooting Wood-Pigeons and Breaking-in Retrievers. With Portrait and 103 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 12*s*. 6*d*.

Letters to Young Shooters. (Third Series.) Comprising a Short Natural History of the Wildfowl that are Rare or Common to the British Islands, with complete directions in Shooting Wildfowl on the Coast and Inland. With 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 18*s*.

Pole—*The Theory of the Modern Scientific Game of Whist.* By William Pole, F.R.S. Fcp. 8vo., 2*s*. 6*d*.

Proctor.—*How to Play Whist: with the Laws and Etiquette of Whist.* By Richard A. Proctor. Crown 8vo., 3*s*. 6*d*.

Ribblesdale.—*The Queen's Hounds and Stag-Hunting Recollections.* By Lord Ribblesdale, Master of the Buckhounds, 1892-95. With Introductory Chapter on the Hereditary Mastership by E. Burrows. With 24 Plates and 35 Illustrations in the Text. 8vo., 25*s*.

Ronalds.—*The Fly-Fisher's Entomology.* By Alfred Ronalds. With 20 coloured Plates. 8vo., 14*s*.

Watson.—*Racing and 'Chasing:* a Collection of Sporting Stories. By Alfred E. T. Watson, Editor of the 'Badminton Magazine'. With 16 Plates and 36 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo, 7*s*. 6*d*.

Wilcocks.—*The Sea Fisherman:* Comprising the Chief Methods of Hook and Line Fishing in the British and other Seas, and Remarks on Nets, Boats, and Boating. By J. C. Wilcocks. Illustrated. Cr. 8vo., 6*s*.

Mental, Moral, and Political Philosophy.

LOGIC, RHETORIC, PSYCHOLOGY, &c.

Abbott.—*The Elements of Logic.* By T. K. Abbott, B.D. 12mo., 3*s*.

Aristotle.

The Ethics: Greek Text, Illustrated with Essay and Notes. By Sir Alexander Grant, Bart. 2 vols. 8vo., 32*s*.

An Introduction to Aristotle's Ethics. Books I.-IV. (Book X. c. vi.-ix. in an Appendix). With a continuous Analysis and Notes. By the Rev. E. Moore, D.D. Crown 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Bacon (Francis).

Complete Works. Edited by R. L. Ellis, James Spedding and D. D. Heath. 7 vols. 8vo., £3 13*s*. 6*d*.

Letters and Life, including all his occasional Works. Edited by James Spedding. 7 vols. 8vo., £4 4*s*.

The Essays: with Annotations. By Richard Whately, D.D. 8vo., 10*s*. 6*d*.

The Essays: with Notes. By F. Storr and C. H. Gibson. Cr. 8vo, 3*s*. 6*d*.

The Essays: with Introduction, Notes, and Index. By E. A. Abbott, D.D. 2 Vols. Fcp. 8vo., 6*s*. The Text and Index only, without Introduction and Notes, in One Volume. Fcp. 8vo., 2*s*. 6*d*.

Bain (Alexander).

Mental Science. Cr. 8vo., 6*s*. 6*d*.

Moral Science. Cr. 8vo., 4*s*. 6*d*.

The two works as above can be had in one volume, price 10*s*. 6*d*.

Senses and the Intellect. 8vo., 15*s*.

Emotions and the Will. 8vo., 15*s*.

Logic, Deductive and Inductive. Part I. 4*s*. Part II. 6*s*. 6*d*.

Practical Essays. Cr. 8vo., 2*s*.

Bray.—*The Philosophy of Necessity:* or, Law in Mind as in Matter. By Charles Bray. Crown 8vo., 5*s*.

Crozier (John Beattie).

Civilisation and Progress: being the Outlines of a New System of Political, Religious and Social Philosophy. 8vo., 14*s*.

History of Intellectual Development: on the Lines of Modern Evolution.

Vol. I. Greek and Hindoo Thought; Græco-Roman Paganism; Judaism; and Christianity down to the Closing of the Schools of Athens by Justinian, 529 A.D. 8vo., 14*s*.

Davidson.—*The Logic of Definition*, Explained and Applied. By William L. Davidson, M.A. Crown 8vo., 6*s*.

Green (Thomas Hill).—The Works of. Edited by R. L. Nettleship.

Vols. I. and II. Philosophical Works. 8vo., 16*s*. each.

Vol. III. Miscellanies. With Index to the three Volumes, and Memoir. 8vo., 21*s*.

Lectures on the Principles of Political Obligation. With Preface by Bernard Bosanquet. 8vo., 5*s*.

Hodgson (Shadworth H.).

Time and Space: A Metaphysical Essay. 8vo., 16*s*.

The Theory of Practice: an Ethical Inquiry. 2 vols. 8vo., 24*s*.

The Philosophy of Reflection. 2 vols. 8vo., 21*s*.

The Metaphysic of Experience. Book I. General Analysis of Experience; Book II. Positive Science; Book III. Analysis of Conscious Action; Book IV. The Real Universe. 4 vols. 8vo., 36*s*. net.

Hume.—*The Philosophical Works of David Hume.* Edited by T. H. Green and T. H. Grose. 4 vols. 8vo., 28*s*. Or separately, Essays. 2 vols. 14*s*. Treatise of Human Nature. 2 vols. 14*s*.

James.—*The Will to Believe*, and Other Essays in Popular Philosophy. By William James, M.D., LL.D., etc. Crown 8vo., 7*s*. 6*d*.

Justinian.—*The Institutes of Justinian:* Latin Text, chiefly that of Huschke, with English Introduction, Translation, Notes, and Summary. By Thomas C. Sandars, M.A. 8vo., 18*s*.

Kant (Immanuel).

Critique of Practical Reason, and Other Works on the Theory of Ethics. Translated by T. K. Abbott, B.D. With Memoir. 8vo., 12*s*. 6*d*.

Fundamental Principles of the Metaphysic of Ethics. Translated by T. K. Abbott, B.D. Crown 8vo, 3*s*.

Introduction to Logic, and his Essay on the Mistaken Subtilty of the Four Figures.. Translated by T. K. Abbott. 8vo., 6*s*.

Killick.—*Handbook to Mill's System of Logic.* By Rev. A. H. Killick, M.A. Crown 8vo., 3*s*. 6*d*.

Mental, Moral and Political Philosophy—*continued.*

LOGIC, RHETORIC, PSYCHOLOGY, &C.

Ladd (GEORGE TRUMBULL).

A THEORY OF REALITY: an Essay in Metaphysical System upon the Basis of Human Cognitive Experience. 8vo., 18*s.*

ELEMENTS OF PHYSIOLOGICAL PSYCHOLOGY. 8vo., 21*s.*

OUTLINES OF DESCRIPTIVE PSYCHOLOGY: a Text-Book of Mental Science for Colleges and Normal Schools. 8vo., 12*s.*

OUTLINES OF PHYSIOLOGICAL PSYCHOLOGY. 8vo., 12*s.*

PRIMER OF PSYCHOLOGY. Cr. 8vo., 5*s.* 6*d.*

Lecky.—*THE MAP OF LIFE:* Conduct and Character. By WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

Lutoslawski.—*THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF PLATO'S LOGIC.* With an Account of Plato's Style and of the Chronology of his Writings. By WINCENTY LUTOSLAWSKI. 8vo., 21*s.*

Max Müller (F.).

THE SCIENCE OF THOUGHT. 8vo., 21*s.*

THE SIX SYSTEMS OF INDIAN PHILOSOPHY. 8vo., 18*s.*

Mill.—*ANALYSIS OF THE PHENOMENA OF THE HUMAN MIND.* By JAMES MILL. 2 vols. 8vo., 28*s.*

Mill (JOHN STUART).

A SYSTEM OF LOGIC. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

ON LIBERTY. Crown 8vo., 1*s.* 4*d.*

CONSIDERATIONS ON REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT. Crown 8vo., 2*s.*

UTILITARIANISM. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

EXAMINATION OF SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON'S PHILOSOPHY. 8vo., 16*s.*

NATURE, THE UTILITY OF RELIGION, AND THEISM. Three Essays. 8vo., 5*s.*

Monck. — *AN INTRODUCTION TO LOGIC.* By WILLIAM HENRY S. MONCK, M.A. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

Romanes.—*MIND AND MOTION AND MONISM.* By GEORGE JOHN ROMANES, LL.D., F.R.S. Cr. 8vo., 4*s.* 6*d.*

Stock.—*LECTURES IN THE LYCEUM;* or, Aristotle's Ethics for English Readers. Edited by ST. GEORGE STOCK. Crown 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

Sully (JAMES).

THE HUMAN MIND: a Text-book of Psychology. 2 vols. 8vo., 21*s.*

OUTLINES OF PSYCHOLOGY. Crown 8vo., 9*s.*

THE TEACHER'S HANDBOOK OF PSYCHOLOGY. Crown 8vo., 6*s.* 6*d.*

STUDIES OF CHILDHOOD. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

CHILDREN'S WAYS: being Selections from the Author's 'Studies of Childhood'. With 25 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 4*s.* 6*d.*

Sutherland. — *THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF THE MORAL INSTINCT.* By ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo, 28*s.*

Swinburne. — *PICTURE LOGIC:* an Attempt to Popularise the Science of Reasoning. By ALFRED JAMES SWINBURNE, M.A. With 23 Woodcuts. Cr. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Webb.—*THE VEIL OF ISIS:* a Series of Essays on Idealism. By THOMAS E. WEBB, LL.D., Q.C. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

Weber.—*HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.* By ALFRED WEBER, Professor in the University of Strasburg. Translated by FRANK THILLY, Ph.D. 8vo., 16*s.*

Whately (ARCHBISHOP).

BACON'S ESSAYS. With Annotations. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

ELEMENTS OF LOGIC. Cr. 8vo., 4*s.* 6*d.*

ELEMENTS OF RHETORIC. Cr. 8vo., 4*s.* 6*d.*

Zeller (Dr. EDWARD).

THE STOICS, EPICUREANS, AND SCEPTICS. Translated by the Rev. O. J. REICHEL, M.A. Crown 8vo., 15*s.*

OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF GREEK PHILOSOPHY. Translated by SARAH F. ALLEYNE and EVELYN ABBOTT, M.A., LL.D. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

PLATO AND THE OLDER ACADEMY. Translated by SARAH F. ALLEYNE and ALFRED GOODWIN, B.A. Crown 8vo., 18*s.*

SOCRATES AND THE SOCRATIC SCHOOLS. Translated by the Rev. O. J. REICHEL, M.A. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

ARISTOTLE AND THE EARLIER PERIPATETICS. Translated by B. F. C. COSTELLOE, M.A., and J. H. MUIRHEAD, M.A. 2 vols. Crown 8vo., 24*s.*

Mental, Moral, and Political Philosophy—*continued.*

MANUALS OF CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHY.

(*Stonyhurst Series.*)

A MANUAL OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By C. S. DEVAS, M.A. Crown 8vo., 6*s.* 6*d.*

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF KNOWLEDGE. By JOHN RICKABY, S.J. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

GENERAL METAPHYSICS. By JOHN RICKABY, S.J. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

LOGIC. By RICHARD F. CLARKE, S.J. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

MORAL PHILOSOPHY (*ETHICS AND NATURAL LAW*). By JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

NATURAL THEOLOGY. By BERNARD BOEDDER, S.J. Crown 8vo., 6*s.* 6*d.*

PSYCHOLOGY. By MICHAEL MAHER, S.J. Crown 8vo., 6*s.* 6*d.*

History and Science of Language, &c.

Davidson.—*LEADING AND IMPORTANT ENGLISH WORDS:* Explained and Exemplified. By WILLIAM L. DAVIDSON, M.A. Fcp. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Farrar.—*LANGUAGE AND LANGUAGES.* By F. W. FARRAR, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Graham.—*ENGLISH SYNONYMS,* Classified and Explained: with Practical Exercises. By G. F. GRAHAM. Fcp. 8vo., 6*s.*

Max Muller (F.).

THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.—Founded on Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution in 1861 and 1863. 2 vols. Crown 8vo., 10*s.*

BIOGRAPHIES OF WORDS, AND THE HOME OF THE ARYAS. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

Roget.—*THESAURUS OF ENGLISH WORDS AND PHRASES.* Classified and Arranged so as to Facilitate the Expression of Ideas and assist in Literary Composition. By PETER MARK ROGET, M.D., F.R.S. With full Index. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

Whately.—*ENGLISH SYNONYMS.* By E. JANE WHATELY. Fcp. 8vo., 3*s.*

Political Economy and Economics.

Ashley.—*ENGLISH ECONOMIC HISTORY AND THEORY.* By W. J. ASHLEY, M.A. Cr. 8vo., Part I., 5*s.* Part II., 10*s.* 6*d.*

Bagehot.—*ECONOMIC STUDIES.* By WALTER BAGEHOT. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Brassey.—*PAPERS AND ADDRESSES ON WORK AND WAGES.* By Lord BRASSEY. Edited by J. POTTER, and with Introduction by GEORGE HOWELL, M.P. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

Channing.—*THE TRUTH ABOUT AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION:* an Economic Study of the Evidence of the Royal Commission. By FRANCIS ALLSTON CHANNING, M.P., One of the Commission. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Devas.—*A MANUAL OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.* By C. S. DEVAS, M.A. Cr. 8vo., 6*s.* 6*d.* (*Manuals of Catholic Philosophy.*)

Jordan.—*THE STANDARD OF VALUE.* By WILLIAM LEIGHTON JORDAN. Cr. 8vo., 6*s.*

Leslie.—*ESSAYS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.* By T. E. CLIFFE LESLIE, Hon. LL.D., Dubl. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

Macleod (HENRY DUNNING).

ECONOMICS FOR BEGINNERS. Crown 8vo., 2*s.*

THE ELEMENTS OF ECONOMICS. 2 vols. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

BIMETALISM. 8vo., 5*s.* net.

THE ELEMENTS OF BANKING. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF BANKING. Vol. I. 8vo., 12*s.* Vol. II. 14*s.*

THE THEORY OF CREDIT. 8vo. In 1 Vol., 30*s.* net; or separately, Vol. I., 10*s.* net. Vol. II., Part I., 10*s.* net. Vol II., Part II. 10*s.* net.

Mill.—*POLITICAL ECONOMY.* By JOHN STUART MILL.

Popular Edition. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Library Edition. 2 vols. 8vo., 30*s.*

Political Economy and Economics—*continued.*

Mulhall.—*Industries and Wealth of Nations.* By Michael G. Mulhall, F.S.S. With 32 Diagrams. Cr. 8vo., 8*s.* 6*d.*

Stephens.—*Higher Life for Working People:* its Hindrances Discussed. An attempt to solve some pressing Social Problems, without injustice to Capital or Labour. By W. Walker Stephens. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Symes.—*Political Economy.* With a Supplementary Chapter on Socialism. By J. E. Symes, M.A. Crown 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Toynbee.—*Lectures on the Industrial Revolution of the 18th Century in England.* By Arnold Toynbee. With a Memoir of the Author by Benjamin Jowett, D.D. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

Webb (Sidney and Beatrice).

The History of Trade Unionism. With Map and full Bibliography of the Subject. 8vo., 18*s.*

Industrial Democracy: a Study in Trade Unionism. 2 vols. 8vo., 25*s.* net.

Problems of Modern Industry: Essays. 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

Wright.—*Outline of Practical Sociology.* With Special Reference to American Conditions. By Carroll D. Wright, LL.D. With 12 Maps and Diagrams. Crown 8vo., 9*s.*

STUDIES IN ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE.

Issued under the auspices of the London School of Economics and Political Science.

German Social Democracy. By Bertrand Russell, B.A. With an Appendix on Social Democracy and the Woman Question in Germany by Alys Russell, B.A. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Referendum in Switzerland. By Simon Deploige, Advocate. Translated by C. P. Trevelyan, M.P. Edited, with Notes, Introduction and Appendices, by Lilian Tomn. Crown 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

The History of Local Rates in England: Five Lectures. By Edwin Cannan, M.A. Crown 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Local Variations in Wages. By F. W. Lawrence, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Medium 4to., 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Economic Policy of Colbert. By A. J. Sargent, B.A., Senior Hulme Exhibitioner of Brasenose College, Oxford. Crown 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Select Documents Illustrating the History of Trade Unionism.

1. The Tailoring Trade. Edited by W. F. Galton. With a Preface by Sidney Webb, LL.B. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

Evolution, Anthropology, &c.

Clodd (Edward).

The Story of Creation: a Plain Account of Evolution. With 77 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

A Primer of Evolution: being a Popular Abridged Edition of 'The Story of Creation'. With Illustrations. Fcp. 8vo., 1*s.* 6*d.*

Lang (Andrew).

Custom and Myth: Studies of Early Usage and Belief. With 15 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Myth, Ritual, and Religion. 2 vols. Crown 8vo., 7*s.*

Lubbock.—*The Origin of Civilisation,* and the Primitive Condition of Man. By Sir J. Lubbock, Bart., M.P. With 5 Plates and 20 Illustrations. 8vo., 18*s.*

Romanes (George John).

Darwin, and after Darwin: an Exposition of the Darwinian Theory, and a Discussion on Post-Darwinian Questions.

Part I. The Darwinian Theory. With Portrait of Darwin and 125 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

Part II. Post-Darwinian Questions: Heredity and Utility. With Portrait of the Author and 5 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

Part III. Post-Darwinian Questions: Isolation and Physiological Selection. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

An Examination of Weismannism. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Essays. Edited by C. Lloyd Morgan, Principal of University College, Bristol. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Classical Literature, Translations, &c.

Abbott.—*Hellenica.* A Collection of Essays on Greek Poetry, Philosophy, History, and Religion. Edited by Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D. Crown 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

Æschylus.—*Eumenides of Æschylus.* With Metrical English Translation. By J. F. Davies. 8vo., 7*s.*

Aristophanes.—*The Acharnians of Aristophanes*, translated into English Verse. By R. Y. Tyrrell. Crown 8vo., 1*s.*

Aristotle.—*Youth and Old Age, Life and Death, and Respiration.* Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by W. Ogle, M.A., M.D. 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

Becker (W. A.), Translated by the Rev. F. Metcalfe, B.D.

Gallus: or, Roman Scenes in the Time of Augustus. With Notes and Excursuses. With 26 Illustrations. Post 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Charicles: or, Illustrations of the Private Life of the Ancient Greeks. With Notes and Excursuses. With 26 Illustrations. Post 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Butler—*The Authoress of the Odyssey, where and when She wrote, who She was, the Use She made of the Iliad, and how the Poem grew under Her hands.* By Samuel Butler, Author of 'Erewhon,' etc. With Illustrations and 4 Maps. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

Cicero.—*Cicero's Correspondence.* By R. Y. Tyrrell. Vols. I., II., III., 8vo., each 12*s.* Vol. IV., 15*s.* Vol. V., 14*s.* Vol. VI., 12*s.*

Hime.—*Lucian, the Syrian Satirist.* By Lieut.-Col. Henry W. L. Hime, (late) Royal Artillery. 8vo.

Contents.—1. Life of Lucian—2. Classification of Lucian's Works—3. The Limits of Satire—4. Lucian's Philosophy and Religion—5. Characteristics. Appendix: Lucian's Knowledge of Latin.

Homer.

The Iliad of Homer. Rendered into English Prose for the use of those who cannot read the original. By Samuel Butler, Author of 'Erewhon,' etc. Crown 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Odyssey of Homer. Done into English Verse. By William Morris. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Horace.—*The Works of Horace, rendered into English Prose.* With Life, Introduction and Notes. By William Coutts, M.A. Crown 8vo., 5*s.* net.

Lang.—*Homer and the Epic.* By Andrew Lang. Crown 8vo., 9*s.* net.

Lucan.—*The Pharsalia of Lucan.* Translated into Blank Verse. By Sir Edward Ridley. 8vo., 14*s.*

Mackail.—*Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology.* By J. W. Mackail. Edited with a Revised Text, Introduction, Translation, and Notes. 8vo., 16*s.*

Rich.—*A Dictionary of Roman and Greek Antiquities.* By A. Rich, B.A. With 2000 Woodcuts. Crown 8vo., 6*s.* net.

Sophocles.—Translated into English Verse. By Robert Whitelaw, M.A., Assistant Master in Rugby School. Cr. 8vo., 8*s.* 6*d.*

Tyrrell.—*Dublin Translations into Greek and Latin Verse.* Edited by R. Y. Tyrrell. 8vo., 6*s.*

Virgil.

The Æneid of Virgil. Translated into English Verse by John Conington. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

The Poems of Virgil. Translated into English Prose by John Conington. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

The Æneids of Virgil. Done into English Verse. By William Morris. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

The Æneid of Virgil, freely translated into English Blank Verse. By W. J. Thornhill. Crown 8vo., 6*s.* net.

The Æneid of Virgil. Translated into English Verse by James Rhoades.

Books I.-VI. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

Books VII.-XII. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

The Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil. Translated into English Prose by J. W. Mackail, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. 16mo., 5*s.*

Wilkins.—*The Growth of the Homeric Poems.* By G. Wilkins. 8vo., 6*s.*

Poetry and the Drama.

Armstrong (G. F. SAVAGE).

POEMS: Lyrical and Dramatic. Fcp. 8vo., 6*s*.

KING SAUL. (The Tragedy of Israel, Part I.) Fcp. 8vo., 5*s*.

KING DAVID. (The Tragedy of Israel, Part II.) Fcp. 8vo., 6*s*.

KING SOLOMON. (The Tragedy of Israel, Part III.) Fcp. 8vo., 6*s*.

UGONE: a Tragedy. Fcp. 8vo., 6*s*.

A GARLAND FROM GREECE: Poems. Fcp. 8vo., 7*s*. 6*d*.

STORIES OF WICKLOW: Poems. Fcp. 8vo., 7*s*. 6*d*.

MEPHISTOPHELES IN BROADCLOTH: a Satire. Fcp. 8vo., 4*s*.

ONE IN THE INFINITE: a Poem. Crown 8vo., 7*s*. 6*d*.

Armstrong.—*THE POETICAL WORKS OF EDMUND J. ARMSTRONG.* Fcp. 8vo., 5*s*.

Arnold.—*THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD:* or, The Great Consummation. By Sir EDWIN ARNOLD. With 14 Illustrations after HOLMAN HUNT. Crown 8vo., 6*s*.

Barraud.—*THE LAY OF THE KNIGHTS.* By the Rev. C. W. BARRAUD, S.J., Author of 'St. Thomas of Canterbury, and other Poems'. Crown 8vo., 4*s*.

Bell (MRS. HUGH).

CHAMBER COMEDIES: a Collection of Plays and Monologues for the Drawing Room. Crown 8vo., 6*s*

FAIRY TALE PLAYS, AND HOW TO ACT THEM. With 91 Diagrams and 52 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s*. 6*d*.

Coleridge.—*SELECTIONS FROM.* With Introduction by ANDREW LANG. With 18 Illustrations by PATTEN WILSON. Crown 8vo., 3*s*. 6*d*.

Goethe.

THE FIRST PART OF THE TRAGEDY OF FAUST IN ENGLISH. By THOS. E. WEBB, LL.D., sometime Fellow of Trinity College; Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin, etc. New and Cheaper Edition, with *THE DEATH OF FAUST*, from the Second Part. Crown 8vo., 6*s*.

Gore-Booth.—*POEMS.* By EVA GORE-BOOTH. Fcp. 8vo., 5*s*.

Ingelow (JEAN).

POETICAL WORKS. Complete in One Volume. Crown 8vo., 6*s*. net.

LYRICAL AND OTHER POEMS. Selected from the Writings of JEAN INGELOW. Fcp. 8vo., 2*s*. 6*d*. cloth plain, 3*s*. cloth gilt.

Lang (ANDREW).

GRASS OF PARNASSUS. Fcp. 8vo., 2*s*. 6*d*. net.

THE BLUE POETRY BOOK. Edited by ANDREW LANG. With 100 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6*s*.

Layard and Corder.—*SONGS IN MANY MOODS.* By NINA F. LAYARD; *THE WANDERING ALBATROSS*, etc. By ANNIE CORDER. In One Volume. Crown 8vo., 5*s*.

Lecky.—*POEMS.* By the Right Hon. W. E. H. LECKY. Fcp. 8vo., 5*s*.

Lytton (THE EARL OF), (OWEN MEREDITH).

THE WANDERER. Cr. 8vo., 10*s*. 6*d*.

LUCILE. Crown 8vo., 10*s*. 6*d*.

SELECTED POEMS. Cr. 8vo., 10*s*. 6*d*.

Macaulay.—*LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME, WITH 'IVRY' AND 'THE ARMADA'.* By Lord MACAULAY.
Illustrated by G. SCHARF. Fcp. 4to., 10*s*. 6*d*.
———— Bijou Edition. 18mo., 2*s*. 6*d*. gilt top.
———— Popular Edition. Fcp. 4to., 6*d*. sewed, 1*s*. cloth.
Illustrated by J. R. WEGUELIN. Crown 8vo., 3*s*. 6*d*.
Annotated Edition. Fcp. 8vo., 1*s*. sewed, 1*s*. 6*d*. cloth.

Poetry and the Drama—*continued.*

MacDonald (GEORGE, LL.D.).

A BOOK OF STRIFE, IN THE FORM OF THE DIARY OF AN OLD SOUL: Poems. 18mo., 6*s.*

RAMPOLLI: GROWTHS FROM A LONG-PLANTED ROOT: being Translations, New and Old (mainly in verse), chiefly from the German; along with 'A Year's Diary of an Old Soul'. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Moffat.—*CRICKETY CRICKET:* Rhymes and Parodies. By DOUGLAS MOFFAT. With Frontispiece by Sir FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., and 53 Illustrations by the Author. Crown 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Moon.—*POEMS OF LOVE AND HOME*, etc. By GEORGE WASHINGTON MOON, Hon. F.R.S.L., Author of 'Elijah,' etc. 16mo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Morris (WILLIAM).

POETICAL WORKS—LIBRARY EDITION. Complete in Eleven Volumes. Crown 8vo., price 6*s.* each.

THE EARTHLY PARADISE. 4 vols. 6*s.* each.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JASON. 6*s.*

THE DEFENCE OF GUENEVERE, and other Poems. 6*s.*

THE STORY OF SIGURD THE VOLSUNG, AND THE FALL OF THE NIBLUNGS. 6*s.*

LOVE IS ENOUGH; or, the Freeing of Pharamond: A Morality; and *POEMS BY THE WAY.* 6*s.*

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER. Done into English Verse. 6*s.*

THE ÆNEIDS OF VIRGIL. Done into English Verse. 6*s.*

THE TALE OF BEOWULF, SOMETIME KING OF THE FOLK OF THE WEDERGEATS. Translated by WILLIAM MORRIS and A. J. WYATT. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Certain of the POETICAL WORKS may also be had in the following Editions:—

THE EARTHLY PARADISE.

Popular Edition. 5 vols. 12mo., 25*s.*; or 5*s.* each, sold separately.

The same in Ten Parts, 25*s.*; or 2*s.* 6*d.* each, sold separately.

Cheap Edition, in 1 vol. Crown 8vo., 6*s.* net.

POEMS BY THE WAY. Square crown 8vo., 6*s.*

*** For Mr. William Morris's Prose Works, see pp. 22 and 31.

Nesbit.—*LAYS AND LEGENDS.* By E. NESBIT (Mrs. HUBERT BLAND). First Series. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.* Second Series. With Portrait. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

Riley (JAMES WHITCOMB).

OLD FASHIONED ROSES: Poems. 12mo., 5*s.*

THE GOLDEN YEAR. From the Verse and Prose of JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY. Compiled by CLARA E. LAUGHLIN. Fcp. 8vo., 5*s.*

Romanes.—*A SELECTION FROM THE POEMS OF GEORGE JOHN ROMANES, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.* With an Introduction by T. HERBERT WARREN, President of Magdalen College, Oxford. Crown 8vo., 4*s.* 6*d.*

Russell.—*SONNETS ON THE SONNET:* an Anthology. Compiled by the Rev. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Samuels.—*SHADOWS, AND OTHER POEMS.* By E. SAMUELS. With 7 Illustrations by W. FITZGERALD, M.A. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Shakespeare.

BOWDLER'S FAMILY SHAKESPEARE. With 36 Woodcuts. 1 vol. 8vo., 14*s.* Or in 6 vols. Fcp. 8vo., 21*s.*

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS. Reconsidered, and in part Rearranged, with Introductory Chapters and a Reprint of the Original 1609 Edition, by SAMUEL BUTLER, Author of 'Erewhon'. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE SHAKESPEARE BIRTHDAY BOOK. By MARY F. DUNBAR. 32mo., 1*s.* 6*d.*

Wagner.—*THE NIBELUNGEN RING.* Done into English Verse by REGINALD RANKIN, B.A. of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Vol. I. Rhine Gold and Valkyrie. Fcp. 8vo., 4*s.* 6*d.*

Wordsworth. — *SELECTED POEMS.* By ANDREW LANG. With Photogravure Frontispiece of Rydal Mount. With 16 Illustrations and numerous Initial Letters. By ALFRED PARSONS, A.R.A. Crown 8vo., gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Wordsworth and Coleridge.—*A DESCRIPTION OF THE WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE MANUSCRIPTS IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. T. NORTON LONGMAN.* Edited, with Notes, by W. HALE WHITE. With 3 Facsimile Reproductions. 4to., 10*s.* 6*d.*

Fiction, Humour, &c.

Anstey.—*Voces Populi.* Reprinted from 'Punch'. By F. Anstey, Author of 'Vice Versâ'. First Series. With 20 Illustrations by J. Bernard Partridge. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Beaconsfield (The Earl of).

Novels and Tales. Complete in 11 vols. Crown 8vo., 1*s.* 6*d.* each.

Vivian Grey.	Sybil.
The Young Duke, etc.	Henrietta Temple.
Alroy, Ixion, etc.	Venetia.
Contarini Fleming, etc.	Coningsby.
Tancred.	Lothair.
	Endymion.

Birt.—*Castle Czvargas:* a Romance. Being a Plain Story of the Romantic Adventures of Two Brothers, Told by the Younger of Them. Edited by Archibald Birt. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

'Chola.'—*A New Divinity, and other Stories of Hindu Life.* By 'Chola'. Crown 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Churchill.—*Savrola:* a Tale of the Revolution in Laurania. By Winston Spencer Churchill. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Diderot. — *Rameau's Nephew:* a Translation from Diderot's Autographic Text. By Sylvia Margaret Hill. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Dougall.—*Beggars All.* By L. Dougall. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Doyle (A. Conan).

Micah Clarke: A Tale of Monmouth's Rebellion. With 10 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Captain of the Polestar, and other Tales. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Refugees: A Tale of the Huguenots. With 25 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Stark Munro Letters. Cr. 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Farrar (F. W., Dean of Canterbury).

Darkness and Dawn: or, Scenes in the Days of Nero. An Historic Tale. Cr. 8vo., 6*s.* net.

Gathering Clouds: a Tale of the Days of St. Chrysostom. Cr. 8vo., 6*s.* net.

Fowler (Edith H.).

The Young Pretenders. A Story of Child Life. With 12 Illustrations by Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Bart. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

The Professor's Children. With 24 Illustrations by Ethel Kate Burgess. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Francis.—*Yeoman Fleetwood.* By M. E. Francis, Author of 'In a North-country Village,' etc. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Froude.—*The Two Chiefs of Dunboy:* an Irish Romance of the Last Century. By James A. Froude. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Gurdon.—*Memories and Fancies:* Suffolk Tales and other Stories; Fairy Legends; Poems; Miscellaneous Articles. By the late Lady Camilla Gurdon, Author of 'Suffolk Folk-Lore'. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

Haggard (H. Rider).

Swallow: a Tale of the Great Trek. With 8 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Dr. Therne. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Heart of the World. With 15 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Joan Haste. With 20 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

The People of the Mist. With 16 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Montezuma's Daughter. With 24 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

She. With 32 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Allan Quatermain. With 31 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Maiwa's Revenge. Cr. 8vo., 1*s.* 6*d.*

Colonel Quaritch, V.C. With Frontispiece and Vignette. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Cleopatra. With 29 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Beatrice. With Frontispiece and Vignette. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Eric Brighteyes. With 51 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Nada the Lily. With 23 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Allan's Wife. With 34 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Witch's Head. With 16 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Meeson's Will. With 16 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Dawn. With 16 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Haggard and Lang.—*The World's Desire.* By H. Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang. With 27 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Fiction, Humour, &c.—*continued.*

Harte.—*In the Carquinez Woods.* By Bret Harte. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Hope.—*The Heart of Princess Osra.* By Anthony Hope. With 9 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Jerome.—*Sketches in Lavender: Blue and Green.* By Jerome K. Jerome. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Joyce.—*Old Celtic Romances.* Twelve of the most beautiful of the Ancient Irish Romantic Tales. Translated from the Gaelic. By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Lang.—*A Monk of Fife;* a Story of the Days of Joan of Arc. By Andrew Lang. With 13 Illustrations by Selwyn Image. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Levett-Yeats (S.).

The Chevalier D'Auriac. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Heart of Denise, and other Tales. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Lyall (Edna).

The Autobiography of a Slander. Fcp. 8vo., 1*s.*, sewed.

Presentation Edition. With 20 Illustrations by Lancelot Speed. Crown 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

The Autobiography of a Truth. Fcp. 8vo., 1*s.*, sewed; 1*s.* 6*d.*, cloth.

Doreen. The Story of a Singer. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Wayfaring Men. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Hope the Hermit: a Romance of Borrowdale. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Mason and Lang.—*Parson Kelly.* By A. E. W. Mason and Andrew Lang. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Max Müller.—*Deutsche Liebe* (*German Love*): Fragments from the Papers of an Alien. Collected by F. Max Müller. Translated from the German by G. A. M. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

Melville (G. J. Whyte).

The Gladiators.	Holmby House.
The Interpreter.	Kate Coventry.
Good for Nothing.	Digby Grand.
The Queen's Maries.	General Bounce.

Crown 8vo., 1*s.* 6*d.* each.

Merriman.—*Flotsam:* A Story of the Indian Mutiny. By Henry Seton Merriman. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Morris (William).

The Sundering Flood. Cr. 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Water of the Wondrous Isles. Crown 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Well at the World's End. 2 vols. 8vo., 28*s.*

The Story of the Glittering Plain, which has been also called The Land of the Living Men, or The Acre of the Undying. Square post 8vo., 5*s.* net.

The Roots of the Mountains, wherein is told somewhat of the Lives of the Men of Burgdale, their Friends, their Neighbours, their Foemen, and their Fellows-in-Arms. Written in Prose and Verse. Square crown 8vo., 8*s.*

A Tale of the House of the Wolfings, and all the Kindreds of the Mark. Written in Prose and Verse. Square crown 8vo., 6*s.*

A Dream of John Ball, and a King's Lesson. 12mo., 1*s.* 6*d.*

News from Nowhere; or, An Epoch of Rest. Being some Chapters from an Utopian Romance. Post 8vo., 1*s.* 6*d.*

*** For Mr. William Morris's Poetical Works, see p. 20.

Newman (Cardinal).

Loss and Gain: The Story of a Convert. Crown 8vo. Cabinet Edition, 6*s.*; Popular Edition, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Callista: A Tale of the Third Century. Crown 8vo. Cabinet Edition, 6*s.*; Popular Edition, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Phillipps-Wolley.—*Snap:* a Legend of the Lone Mountain. By C. Phillipps-Wolley. With 13 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Raymond (Walter).

Two Men o' Mendip. Cr. 8vo., 6*s.*

No Soul Above Money. Cr. 8vo., 6*s.*

Reader.—*Priestess and Queen:* a Tale of the White Race of Mexico; being the Adventures of Ignigene and her Twenty-six Fair Maidens. By Emily E. Reader. Illustrated by Emily K. Reader. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Fiction, Humour, &c.—*continued.*

Sewell (Elizabeth M.).

A Glimpse of the World.	Amy Herbert.
Laneton Parsonage.	Cleve Hall.
Margaret Percival.	Gertrude.
Katharine Ashton.	Home Life.
The Earl's Daughter.	After Life.
The Experience of Life.	Ursula. Ivors.

Cr. 8vo., 1*s.* 6*d.* each cloth plain. 2*s.* 6*d.* each cloth extra, gilt edges.

Somerville and Ross.—*Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.* By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. With 31 Illustrations by E. Œ. Somerville. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Stebbing.—*Probable Tales.* Edited by William Stebbing. Crown 8vo., 4*s.* 6*d.*

Stevenson (Robert Louis).

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Fcp. 8vo., 1*s.* sewed. 1*s.* 6*d.* cloth.

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; with other Fables. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

More New Arabian Nights—The Dynamiter. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Fanny van de Grift Stevenson. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Wrong Box. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Suttner.—*Lay Down Your Arms* (*Die Waffen Nieder*): The Autobiography of Martha von Tilling. By Bertha von Suttner. Translated by T. Holmes. Cr. 8vo., 1*s.* 6*d.*

Taylor.—*Early Italian Love-Stories.* Taken from the Originals by Una Taylor. With 13 Illustrations by Henry J. Ford. Crown 4to., 15*s.* net.

Trollope (Anthony).

The Warden. Cr. 8vo., 1*s.* 6*d.*

Barchester Towers. Cr. 8vo., 1*s.* 6*d.*

Walford (L. B.).

The Intruders. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Leddy Marget. Crown 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Iva Kildare: a Matrimonial Problem. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Mr. Smith: a Part of his Life. Crown 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Walford (L. B.)—*continued.*

The Baby's Grandmother. Cr. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Cousins. Crown 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Troublesome Daughters. Cr. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Pauline. Crown 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Dick Netherby. Cr. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

The History of a Week. Cr. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

A Stiff-necked Generation. Cr. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Nan, and other Stories. Cr. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Mischief of Monica. Cr. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

The One Good Guest. Cr. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

'*Ploughed*,' and other Stories. Crown 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Matchmaker. Cr. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Ward.—*One Poor Scruple.* By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Watson.—*Racing and 'Chasing:* a Collection of Sporting Stories. By Alfred E. T. Watson, Editor of the 'Badminton Magazine'. With 16 Plates and 36 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

Weyman (Stanley).

The House of the Wolf. With Frontispiece and Vignette. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

A Gentleman of France. With Frontispiece and Vignette. Cr. 8vo., 6*s.*

The Red Cockade. With Frontispiece and Vignette. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Shrewsbury. With 24 Illustrations by Claude A. Shepperson. Cr. 8vo., 6*s.*

Popular Science (Natural History, &c.).

Beddard. — *The Structure and Classification of Birds.* By Frank E. Beddard, M.A., F.R.S., Prosector and Vice-Secretary of the Zoological Society of London. With 252 Illustrations. 8vo., 21*s.* net.

Butler.—*Our Household Insects.* An Account of the Insect-Pests found in Dwelling-Houses. By Edward A. Butler, B.A., B.Sc. (Lond.). With 113 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Furneaux (W.).

The Outdoor World; or The Young Collector's Handbook. With 18 Plates (16 of which are coloured), and 549 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo., 6*s.* net.

Butterflies and Moths (British). With 12 coloured Plates and 241 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo., 6*s.* net.

Life in Ponds and Streams. With 8 coloured Plates and 331 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo., 6*s.* net.

Hartwig (Dr. George).

The Sea and its Living Wonders. With 12 Plates and 303 Woodcuts. 8vo., 7*s.* net.

The Tropical World. With 8 Plates and 172 Woodcuts. 8vo., 7*s.* net.

The Polar World. With 3 Maps, 8 Plates and 85 Woodcuts. 8vo., 7*s.* net.

The Subterranean World. With 3 Maps and 80 Woodcuts. 8vo., 7*s.* net.

The Aerial World. With Map, 8 Plates and 60 Woodcuts. 8vo., 7*s.* net.

Heroes of the Polar World. With 19 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 2*s.*

Wonders of the Tropical Forests. With 40 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 2*s.*

Workers under the Ground. With 29 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 2*s.*

Marvels Over our Heads. With 29 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 2*s.*

Sea Monsters and Sea Birds. With 75 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Denizens of the Deep. With 117 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Hartwig (Dr. George)—*continued.*

Volcanoes and Earthquakes. With 30 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Wild Animals of the Tropics. With 66 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Helmholtz.—*Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects.* By Hermann von Helmholtz. With 68 Woodcuts. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Hudson (W. H.).

British Birds. With a Chapter on Structure and Classification by Frank E. Beddard, F.R.S. With 16 Plates (8 of which are Coloured), and over 100 Illustrations in the Text. Cr. 8vo., 6*s.* net.

Birds in London. With 17 Plates and 15 Illustrations in the Text, by Bryan Hook, A. D. McCormick, and from Photographs from Nature, by R. B. Lodge. 8vo., 12*s.*

Proctor (Richard A.).

Light Science for Leisure Hours. Familiar Essays on Scientific Subjects. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., 5*s.* each. Vol. I., Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Rough Ways made Smooth. Familiar Essays on Scientific Subjects. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Pleasant Ways in Science. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Nature Studies. By R. A. Proctor, Grant Allen, A. Wilson, T. Foster and E. Clodd. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Leisure Readings. By R. A. Proctor, E. Clodd, A. Wilson, T. Foster and A. C. Ranyard. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

*** *For Mr. Proctor's other books see pp.* 13, 28 *and* 31, *and Messrs. Longmans & Co.'s Catalogue of Scientific Works.*

Stanley.—*A Familiar History of Birds.* By E. Stanley, D.D., formerly Bishop of Norwich. With 160 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Popular Science (Natural History, &c.)—*continued.*

Wood (Rev. J. G.).

Homes without Hands: A Description of the Habitations of Animals, classed according to the Principle of Construction. With 140 Illustrations. 8vo., 7*s.* net.

Insects at Home: A Popular Account of British Insects, their Structure, Habits and Transformations. With 700 Illustrations. 8vo., 7*s.* net.

Out of Doors; a Selection of Original Articles on Practical Natural History. With 11 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Strange Dwellings: a Description of the Habitations of Animals, abridged from 'Homes without Hands'. With 60 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Wood (Rev. J. G.)—*continued.*

Petland Revisited. With 33 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Bird Life of the Bible. With 32 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Wonderful Nests. With 30 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Homes under the Ground. With 28 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Wild Animals of the Bible. With 29 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Domestic Animals of the Bible. With 23 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Branch Builders. With 28 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Social Habitations and Parasitic Nests. With 18 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 2*s.*

Works of Reference.

Gwilt.—*An Encyclopædia of Architecture.* By Joseph Gwilt, F.S.A. Illustrated with more than 1100 Engravings on Wood. Revised (1888), with Alterations and Considerable Additions by Wyatt Papworth. 8vo, 21*s.* net.

Maunder (Samuel).

Biographical Treasury. With Supplement brought down to 1889. By Rev. James Wood. Fcp. 8vo., 6*s.*

Treasury of Geography, Physical, Historical, Descriptive, and Political. With 7 Maps and 16 Plates. Fcp. 8vo., 6*s.*

The Treasury of Bible Knowledge. By the Rev. J. Ayre, M.A. With 5 Maps, 15 Plates, and 300 Woodcuts. Fcp. 8vo., 6*s.*

Treasury of Knowledge and Library of Reference. Fcp. 8vo., 6*s.*

Historical Treasury. Fcp. 8vo., 6*s.*

Maunder (Samuel)—*continued.*

Scientific and Literary Treasury. Fcp. 8vo., 6*s.*

The Treasury of Botany. Edited by J. Lindley, F.R.S., and T. Moore, F.L.S. With 274 Woodcuts and 20 Steel Plates. 2 vols. Fcp. 8vo., 12*s.*

Roget. — *Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases.* Classified and Arranged so as to Facilitate the Expression of Ideas and assist in Literary Composition. By Peter Mark Roget, M.D., F.R.S. Recomposed throughout, enlarged and improved, partly from the Author's Notes, and with a full Index, by the Author's Son, John Lewis Roget. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

Willich.—*Popular Tables* for giving information for ascertaining the value of Lifehold, Leasehold, and Church Property, the Public Funds, etc. By Charles M. Willich. Edited by H. Bence Jones. Crown 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

Children's Books.

Buckland.—*Two Little Runaways.* Adapted from the French of Louis Desnoyers. By James Buckland. With 110 Illustrations by Cecil Aldin. Cr. 8vo., 6*s.*

Crake (Rev. A. D.).

Edwy the Fair; or, The First Chronicle of Æscendune. Cr. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Alfgar the Dane; or, The Second Chronicle of Æscendune. Cr. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Rival Heirs: being the Third and Last Chronicle of Æscendune. Cr. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

The House of Walderne. A Tale of the Cloister and the Forest in the Days of the Barons' Wars. Crown 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Brian Fitz-Count. A Story of Wallingford Castle and Dorchester Abbey. Cr. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Henty (G.A.).—Edited by.

Yule Logs: A Story-Book for Boys. With 61 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Yule Tide Yarns. With 45 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Lang (Andrew).—Edited by.

The Blue Fairy Book. With 138 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

The Red Fairy Book. With 100 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

The Green Fairy Book. With 99 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

The Yellow Fairy Book. With 104 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

The Pink Fairy Book. With 67 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

The Blue Poetry Book. With 100 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

The Blue Poetry Book. School Edition, without Illustrations. Fcp. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

The True Story Book. With 66 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

The Red True Story Book. With 100 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

The Animal Story Book. With 67 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

The Red Book of Animal Stories. With 65 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

The Arabian Nights Entertainments. With 66 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo., 6*s.*

Meade (L. T.).

Daddy's Boy. With 8 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Deb and the Duchess. With 7 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Beresford Prize. With 7 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

The House of Surprises. With 6 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Praeger (Rosamond).

The Adventures of the Three Bold Babes: Hector, Honoria and Alisander. A Story in Pictures. With 24 Coloured Plates and 24 Outline Pictures. Oblong 4to., 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Further Doings of the Three Bold Babies. With 24 Coloured Pictures and 24 Outline Pictures. Oblong 4to., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Stevenson.—*A Child's Garden of Verses.* By Robert Louis Stevenson. Fcp. 8vo., 5*s.*

Upton (Florence K. and Bertha).

The Adventures of Two Dutch Dolls and a 'Golliwogg'. With 31 Coloured Plates and numerous Illustrations in the Text. Oblong 4to., 6*s.*

The Golliwogg's Bicycle Club. With 31 Coloured Plates and numerous Illustrations in the Text. Oblong 4to., 6*s.*

The Golliwogg at the Seaside. With 31 Coloured Plates and numerous Illustrations in the Text. Oblong 4to., 6*s.*

The Golliwogg in War. With 31 Coloured Plates. Oblong 4to., 6*s.*

The Vege-Men's Revenge. With 31 Coloured Plates and numerous Illustrations in the Text. Oblong 4to., 6*s.*

The Silver Library.

CROWN 8VO. 3*s.* 6*d.* EACH VOLUME.

Arnold's (Sir Edwin) Seas and Lands. With 71 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Bagehot's (W.) Biographical Studies. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Bagehot's (W.) Economic Studies. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Bagehot's (W.) Literary Studies. With Portrait. 3 vols, 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Baker's (Sir S. W.) Eight Years in Ceylon. With 6 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Baker's (Sir S. W.) Rifle and Hound in Ceylon. With 6 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Baring-Gould's (Rev. S.) Curious Myths of the Middle Ages. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Baring-Gould's (Rev. S.) Origin and Development of Religious Belief. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Becker's (W. A.) Gallus: or, Roman Scenes in the Time of Augustus. With 26 Illus. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Becker's (W. A.) Charicles: or, Illustrations of the Private Life of the Ancient Greeks. With 26 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Bent's (J. T.) The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland. With 117 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Brassey's (Lady) A Voyage in the 'Sunbeam'. With 66 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Churchill's (W. S.) The Story of the Malakand Field Force, 1897. With 6 Maps and Plans. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Clodd's (E.) Story of Creation: a Plain Account of Evolution. With 77 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Conybeare (Rev. W. J.) and Howson's (Very Rev. J. S.) Life and Epistles of St. Paul. With 46 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Dougall's (L.) Beggars All: a Novel. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Doyle's (A. Conan) Micah Clarke. A Tale of Monmouth's Rebellion. With 10 Illusts. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Doyle's (A. Conan) The Captain of the Polestar, and other Tales. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Doyle's (A. Conan) The Refugees: A Tale of the Huguenots. With 25 Illustrations. 3*s* 6*d.*

Doyle's (A. Conan) The Stark Munro Letters. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Froude's (J. A.) The History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada. 12 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Froude's (J. A.) The English in Ireland. 3 vols. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Froude's (J. A.) The Divorce of Catherine of Aragon. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Froude's (J. A.) The Spanish Story of the Armada, and other Essays. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Froude's (J. A.) Short Studies on Great Subjects. 4 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Froude's (J. A.) Oceana, or England and Her Colonies. With 9 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Froude's (J. A.) The Council of Trent. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Froude's (J. A.) The Life and Letters of Erasmus. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Froude's (J. A.) Thomas Carlyle: a History of his Life.
1795-1835. 2 vols. 7*s.* 1834-1881. 2 vols. 7*s.*

Froude's (J. A.) Cæsar: a Sketch. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Froude's (J. A.) The Two Chiefs of Dunboy: an Irish Romance of the Last Century. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Gleig's (Rev. G. R.) Life of the Duke of Wellington. With Portrait. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Greville's (C. C. F.) Journal of the Reigns f King George IV., King William IV., and Queen Victoria. 8 vols., 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Haggard's (H. R.) She: A History of Adventure. With 32 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Haggard's (H. R.) Allan Quatermain With 20 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Haggard's (H. R.) Colonel Quaritch, V.C.: a Tale of Country Life. With Frontispiece and Vignette. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Haggard's (H. R.) Cleopatra. With 29 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Haggard's (H. R.) Eric Brighteyes. With 51 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Haggard's (H. R.) Beatrice. With Frontispiece and Vignette. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Haggard's (H. R.) Allan's Wife. With 34 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Haggard (H. R.) Heart of the World. With 15 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Haggard's (H. R.) Montezuma's Daughter. With 25 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Haggard's (H. R.) The Witch's Head. With 16 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Haggard's (H. R.) Mr. Meeson's Will. With 16 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Haggard's (H. R.) Nada the Lily. With 23 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Haggard's (H. R.) Dawn. With 16 Illusts. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Haggard's (H. R.) The People of the Mist. With 16 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Haggard's (H. R.) Joan Haste. With 20 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Haggard (H. R.) and Lang's (A.) The World's Desire. With 27 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Harte's (Bret) In the Carquinez Woods and other Stories. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Helmholtz's (Hermann von) Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects. With 68 Illustrations. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Hornung's (E. W.) The Unbidden Guest. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Howitt's (W.) Visits to Remarkable Places. With 80 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Jefferies' (R.) The Story of My Heart: My Autobiography. With Portrait. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Jefferies' (R.) Field and Hedgerow. With Portrait. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Jefferies' (R.) Red Deer. With 17 Illusts. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Jefferies' (R.) Wood Magic: a Fable. With Frontispiece and Vignette by E. V. B. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Jefferies (R.) The Toilers of the Field. With Portrait from the Bust in Salisbury Cathedral. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Kaye (Sir J.) and Malleson's (Colonel) History of the Indian Mutiny of 1857-8. 6 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Knight's (E. F.) The Cruise of the 'Alerte': the Narrative of a Search for Treasure on the Desert Island of Trinidad. With 2 Maps and 23 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Knight's (E. F.) Where Three Empires Meet: a Narrative of Recent Travel in Kashmir, Western Tibet, Baltistan, Gilgit. With a Map and 54 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Knight's (E. F.) The 'Falcon' on the Baltic: a Coasting Voyage from Hammersmith to Copenhagen in a Three-Ton Yacht. With Map and 11 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Köstlin's (J.) Life of Luther. With 62 Illustrations and 4 Facsimiles of MSS. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Lang's (A.) Angling Sketches. With 20 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Lang's (A.) Custom and Myth: Studies of Early Usage and Belief. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Lang's (A.) Cock Lane and Common-Sense. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Lang's (A.) The Book of Dreams and Ghosts, 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Silver Library—*continued.*

Lang's (A.) A Monk of Fife: a Story of the Days of Joan of Arc. With 13 Illusts. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Lang's (A.) Myth, Ritual, and Religion. 2 vols. 7*s.*

Lees (J. A.) and Clutterbuck's (W. J.) B. C. 1887, A Ramble in British Columbia. With Maps and 75 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d*

Levett-Yeats' (S.) The Chevalier D'Auriac. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Macaulay's (Lord) Complete Works. 'Albany' Edition. With 12 Portraits. 12 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Macaulay's (Lord) Essays and Lays of Ancient Rome, etc. With Portrait and 4 Illustrations to the 'Lays'. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Macleod's (H. D.) Elements of Banking. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Marbot's (Baron de) Memoirs. Translated. 2 vols. 7*s.*

Marshman's (J. C.) Memoirs of Sir Henry Havelock. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Merivale's (Dean) History of the Romans under the Empire. 8 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Merriman's (H. S.) Flotsam: A Tale of the Indian Mutiny. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mill's (J. S.) Political Economy. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mill's (J. S.) System of Logic. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Milner's (Geo.) Country Pleasures: the Chronicle of a Year chiefly in a Garden. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Nansen's (F.) The First Crossing of Greenland. With 142 Illustrations and a Map. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Phillipps-Wolley's (C.) Snap: a Legend of the Lone Mountain With 13 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Proctor's (R. A.) The Orbs Around Us. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Proctor's (R. A.) The Expanse of Heaven. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Proctor's (R. A.) Light Science for Leisure Hours. First Series. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Proctor's (R. A.) The Moon. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Proctor's (R. A.) Other Worlds than Ours. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Proctor's (R. A.) Our Place among Infinities: a Series of Essays contrasting our Little Abode in Space and Time with the Infinities around us. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Proctor's (R. A.) Other Suns than Ours. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Proctor's (R. A.) Rough Ways made Smooth. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Proctor's (R. A.) Pleasant Ways in Science. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Proctor's (R. A.) Myths and Marvels of Astronomy. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Proctor's (R. A.) Nature Studies. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Proctor's (R. A.) Leisure Readings. By R. A. PROCTOR, EDWARD CLODD, ANDREW WILSON, THOMAS FOSTER, and A. C. RANYARD. With Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Rossetti's (Maria F.) A Shadow of Dante. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Smith's (R. Bosworth) Carthage and the Carthaginians. With Maps, Plans, etc. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Stanley's (Bishop) Familiar History of Birds. With 160 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Stephen's (L.) The Playground of Europe (The Alps). With 4 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Stevenson's (R. L.) The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; with other Fables. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Stevenson (R. L.) and Osbourne's (Ll.) The Wrong Box. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Stevenson (Robert Louis) and Stevenson's (Fanny van de Grift) More New Arabian Nights.—The Dynamiter. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Trevelyan's (Sir G. O.) The Early History of Charles James Fox. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Weyman's (Stanley J.) The House of the Wolf: a Romance. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Wood's (Rev. J. G.) Petland Revisited. With 33 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Wood's (Rev. J. G.) Strange Dwellings. With 60 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Wood's (Rev. J. G.) Out of Doors. With 11 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Cookery, Domestic Management, &c.

Acton. — *MODERN COOKERY.* By ELIZA ACTON. With 150 Woodcuts. Fcp. 8vo., 4*s.* 6*d.*

Ashby.—*HEALTH IN THE NURSERY.* By HENRY ASHBY, M.D., F.R.C.P., Physician to the Manchester Children's Hospital, and Lecturer on the Diseases of Children at the Owens College. With 25 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Buckton.—*COMFORT AND CLEANLINESS:* The Servant and Mistress Question. By Mrs. CATHERINE M. BUCKTON. With 14 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 2*s.*

Bull (THOMAS, M.D.).

HINTS TO MOTHERS ON THE MANAGEMENT OF THEIR HEALTH DURING THE PERIOD OF PREGNANCY. Fcp. 8vo., 1*s.* 6*d.*

THE MATERNAL MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN IN HEALTH AND DISEASE. Fcp. 8vo., 1*s.* 6*d.*

De Salis (MRS.).

CAKES AND CONFECTIONS À LA MODE. Fcp. 8vo., 1*s.* 6*d.*

De Salis (MRS.).—*continued.*

DOGS: A Manual for Amateurs. Fcp. 8vo., 1*s.* 6*d.*

DRESSED GAME AND POULTRY À LA MODE. Fcp. 8vo., 1*s.* 6*d.*

DRESSED VEGETABLES À LA MODE. Fcp. 8vo., 1*s* 6*d.*

DRINKS À LA MODE. Fcp. 8vo., 1*s.* 6*d.*

ENTRÉES À LA MODE. Fcp. 8vo., 1*s.* 6*d.*

FLORAL DECORATIONS. Fcp. 8vo., 1*s.* 6*d.*

GARDENING À LA MODE. Fcp. 8vo. Part I., Vegetables, 1*s.* 6*d.* Part II., Fruits, 1*s.* 6*d.*

NATIONAL VIANDS À LA MODE. Fcp. 8vo., 1*s.* 6*d.*

NEW-LAID EGGS. Fcp. 8vo., 1*s.* 6*d.*

OYSTERS À LA MODE. Fcp. 8vo., 1*s.* 6*d.*

SOUPS AND DRESSED FISH À LA MODE. Fcp. 8vo., 1*s.* 6*d.*

Cookery, Domestic Management, &c.—*continued.*

De Salis (MRS.)—*continued.*

SAVOURIES À LA MODE. Fcp. 8vo., 1s. 6d.

PUDDINGS AND PASTRY À LA MODE. Fcp. 8vo., 1s. 6d.

SWEETS AND SUPPER DISHES À LA MODE. Fcp. 8vo., 1s. 6d.

TEMPTING DISHES FOR SMALL INCOMES. Fcp. 8vo., 1s. 6d.

WRINKLES AND NOTIONS FOR EVERY HOUSEHOLD. Crown 8vo., 1s. 6d.

Lear.—*MAIGRE COOKERY.* By H. L. SIDNEY LEAR. 16mo., 2s.

Mann.—*MANUAL OF THE PRINCIPLES OF PRACTICAL COOKERY.* By E. E. MANN. Crown 8vo. 1s.

Poole.—*COOKERY FOR THE DIABETIC.* By W. H. and Mrs. POOLE. With Preface by Dr. PAVY. Fcp. 8vo., 2s. 6d.

Walker (JANE H.).

A BOOK FOR EVERY WOMAN. Part I., The Management of Children in Health and out of Health. Crown 8vo., 2s. 6d.

Part II. Woman in Health and out of Health. Crown 8vo., 2s. 6d.

A HANDBOOK FOR MOTHERS: being Simple Hints to Women on the Management of their Health during Pregnancy and Confinement, together with Plain Directions as to the Care of Infants. Crown 8vo., 2s. 6d.

Miscellaneous and Critical Works.

Armstrong.—*ESSAYS AND SKETCHES.* By EDMUND J. ARMSTRONG. Fcp. 8vo., 5s.

Bagehot.—*LITERARY STUDIES.* By WALTER BAGEHOT. With Portrait. 3 vols. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d. each.

Baring-Gould.—*CURIOUS MYTHS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.* By Rev. S. BARING-GOULD. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

Baynes. — *SHAKESPEARE STUDIES,* and other Essays. By the late THOMAS SPENCER BAYNES, LL.B., LL.D. With a Biographical Preface by Professor LEWIS CAMPBELL. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

Boyd (A. K. H.) ('A.K.H.B.').

And see MISCELLANEOUS THEOLOGICAL WORKS, p. 32.

AUTUMN HOLIDAYS OF A COUNTRY PARSON. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

COMMONPLACE PHILOSOPHER. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.

CRITICAL ESSAYS OF A COUNTRY PARSON. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

EAST COAST DAYS AND MEMORIES. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

LANDSCAPES, CHURCHES, AND MORALITIES. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

LEISURE HOURS IN TOWN. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

LESSONS OF MIDDLE AGE. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

OUR LITTLE LIFE. [illegible] Series. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d. each.

OUR HOMELY COMEDY AND TRAGEDY. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON. Three Series. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d. each.

Butler (SAMUEL).

EREWHON. Crown 8vo., 5s.

THE FAIR HAVEN. A Work in Defence of the Miraculous Element in our Lord's Ministry. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.

LIFE AND HABIT. An Essay after a Completer View of Evolution. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.

EVOLUTION, OLD AND NEW. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.

ALPS AND SANCTUARIES OF PIEDMONT AND CANTON TICINO. Illustrated. Pott 4to., 10s. 6d.

LUCK, OR CUNNING, AS THE MAIN MEANS OF ORGANIC MODIFICATION? Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.

EX VOTO. An Account of the Sacro Monte or New Jerusalem at Varallo-Sesia. Crown 8vo., 10s. 6d.

SELECTIONS FROM WORKS, with Remarks on Mr. G. J. Romanes' 'Mental Evolution in Animals,' and a Psalm of Montreal. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

THE AUTHORESS OF THE ODYSSEY, WHERE AND WHEN SHE WROTE, WHO SHE WAS, THE USE SHE MADE OF THE ILIAD, AND HOW THE POEM GREW UNDER HER HANDS. With 14 Illustrations. 8vo., 10s. 6d.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER. Rendered into English Prose for the use of those who cannot read the original. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS. Reconsidered, and in part Rearranged, with Introductory Chapters and a Reprint of the Original 1609 Edition. 8vo.

Miscellaneous and Critical Works—*continued.*

Calder.—*Accident in Factories:* its Distribution, Causation, Compensation, and Prevention. A Practical Guide to the Law and to the Safe-Guarding, Safe-Working, and Safe-Construction of Factory Machinery, Plant, and Premises. With 20 Tables and 124 Illustrations. By John Calder. Crown 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Charities Register, The Annual, *and Digest:* being a Classified Register of Charities in or available in the Metropolis. With an Introduction by C. S. Loch, Secretary to the Council of the Charity Organisation Society, London. 8vo., 4*s.*

Comparetti. — *The Traditional Poetry of the Finns.* By Domenico Comparetti. Translated by Isabella M. Anderton. With Introduction by Andrew Lang. 8vo., 16*s.*

Evans.—*The Ancient Stone Implements, Weapons and Ornaments of Great Britain.* By Sir John Evans, K.C.B., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., etc. With 537 Illustrations. Medium 8vo., 28*s.*

Haggard. — *A Farmer's Year:* being 'his Commonplace Book for 1898'. By H. Rider Haggard. With 36 Illustrations by G. Leon Little. Crown 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Hamlin.—*A Text-Book of the History of Architecture.* By A. D. F. Hamlin, A.M. With 229 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

Haweis.—*Music and Morals.* By the Rev. H. R. Haweis. With Portrait of the Author, and numerous Illustrations, Facsimiles, and Diagrams. Cr. 8vo., 6*s.* net.

Hodgson.—*Outcast Essays and Verse Translations.* By Shadworth H. Hodgson, LL.D. Crown 8vo., 8*s.* 6*d.*

Hoenig. — *Inquiries concerning the Tactics of the Future.* Fourth Edition, 1894, of the 'Two Brigades'. By Fritz Hoenig. With 1 Sketch in the Text and 5 Maps. Translated by Captain H. M. Bower. 8vo., 15*s.* net.

Hullah.—*The History of Modern Music.* By John Hullah. 8vo., 8*s.* 6*d.*

Jefferies (Richard).

Field and Hedgerow: With Portrait. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Story of My Heart: my Autobiography. With Portrait and New Preface by C. J. Longman. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Jefferies (Richard)—*continued.*

Red Deer. With 17 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Toilers of the Field. With Portrait from the Bust in Salisbury Cathedral. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Wood Magic: a Fable. With Frontispiece and Vignette by E. V. B. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Jekyll.—*Wood and Garden:* Notes and Thoughts, Practical and Critical, of a Working Amateur. By Gertrude Jekyll. With 71 Illustrations from Photographs by the Author. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

Johnson.—*The Patentee's Manual:* a Treatise on the Law and Practice of Letters Patent. By J. & J. H. Johnson, Patent Agents, etc. 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

Joyce.—*The Origin and History of Irish Names of Places.* By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. 2 vols. Crown 8vo., 5*s.* each.

Kingsley.—*A History of French Art,* 1100-1899. By Rose G. Kingsley. 8vo., 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

Lang (Andrew).

Letters to Dead Authors. Fcp. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Books and Bookmen. With 2 Coloured Plates and 17 Illustrations. Fcp. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Old Friends. Fcp. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Letters on Literature. Fcp. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Essays in Little. With Portrait of the Author. Crown 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Cock Lane and Common-Sense. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Book of Dreams and Ghosts. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Macfarren. — *Lectures on Harmony.* By Sir George A. Macfarren. 8vo., 12*s.*

Marquand and Frothingham.—*A Text-Book of the History of Sculpture.* By Allan Marquand, Ph.D., and Arthur L. Frothingham, Junr., Ph.D., Professors of Archæology and the History of Art in Princetown University. With 113 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6*s.*

Miscellaneous and Critical Works—*continued.*

Max Müller (The Right Hon. F.).

India: What can it Teach Us? Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

Chips from a German Workshop.
Vol. I. Recent Essays and Addresses. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*
Vol. II. Biographical Essays. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*
Vol. III. Essays on Language and Literature. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*
Vol. IV. Essays on Mythology and Folk Lore. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

Contributions to the Science of Mythology. 2 vols. 8vo., 32*s.*

Milner.—*Country Pleasures:* the Chronicle of a Year chiefly in a Garden. By George Milner. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Morris (William).

Signs of Change. Seven Lectures delivered on various Occasions. Post 8vo., 4*s.* 6*d.*

Hopes and Fears for Art. Five Lectures delivered in Birmingham, London, etc., in 1878-1881. Cr 8vo., 4*s.* 6*d.*

An Address delivered at the Distribution of Prizes to Students of the Birmingham Municipal School of Art on 21st February, 1894. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Art and the Beauty of the Earth: a Lecture delivered at Burslem Town Hall, on October 13, 1881. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Some Hints on Pattern-Designing: a Lecture delivered at the Working Men's College, London, on 10th December, 1881. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Arts and Crafts Essays. By Members of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society. With a Preface by William Morris. Crown 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Orchard. — *The Astronomy of Milton's 'Paradise Lost'.* By Thomas N. Orchard, M.D., Member of the British Astronomical Association. With 13 Illustrations. 8vo., 6*s.* net.

Pollock.—*Jane Austen:* her Contemporaries and Herself. An Essay in Criticism. By Walter Herries Pollock. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

Poore (George Vivian), M.D., F.R.C.P.

Essays on Rural Hygiene. With 13 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6*s.* 6*d.*

The Dwelling House. With 36 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Richmond.—*Boyhood:* a Plea for Continuity in Education. By Ennis Richmond. Crown 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.*

Richter. — *Lectures on the National Gallery.* By J. P. Richter. With 20 Plates and 7 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 4to., 9*s.*

Rossetti.—*A Shadow of Dante:* being an Essay towards studying Himself, his World and his Pilgrimage. By Maria Francesca Rossetti. With Frontispiece by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Soulsby (Lucy H. M.).

Stray Thoughts on Reading. Small 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Stray Thoughts for Girls. 16mo., 1*s.* 6*d.* net.

Stray Thoughts for Mothers and Teachers. Fcp. 8vo., 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Stray Thoughts for Invalids. 16mo., 2*s.* net.

Southey.—*The Correspondence of Robert Southey with Caroline Bowles.* Edited, with an Introduction, by Edward Dowden, LL.D. 8vo., 14*s.*

Stevens.—*On the Stowage of Ships and their Cargoes.* With Information regarding Freights, Charter-Parties, etc. By Robert White Stevens, Associate-Member of the Institute of Naval Architects. 8vo., 21*s.*

Turner and Sutherland.—*The Development of Australian Literature.* By Henry Gyles Turner and Alexander Sutherland. With Portraits and Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

Van Dyke.—*A Text-Book on the History of Painting.* By John C. Van Dyke, Professor of the History of Art in Rutgers College, U.S. With 110 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6*s.*

Warwick.—*Progress in Women's Education in the British Empire:* being the Report of Conferences and a Congress held in connection with the Educational Section, Victorian Era Exhibition. Edited by the Countess of Warwick. Cr. 8vo. 6*s.*

White.—*An Examination of the Charge of Apostacy against Wordsworth.* By W. Hale White, Editor of the 'Description of the Wordsworth and Coleridge MSS. in the Possession of Mr. T. Norton Longman'. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Willard. — *History of Modern Italian Art.* By Ashton Rollins Willard. With Photogravure Frontispiece and 28 Full-page Illustrations. 8vo., 18*s.* net.

Miscellaneous Theological Works.

*** For Church of England and Roman Catholic Works see* MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO.'s *Special Catalogues.*

Balfour. — *THE FOUNDATIONS OF BELIEF*: being Notes Introductory to the Study of Theology. By the Right Hon. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, M.P. 8vo., 12*s.* 6*d.*

Boyd (A. K. H.) ('**A.K.H.B.**').

COUNSEL AND COMFORT FROM A CITY PULPIT. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF A SCOTTISH UNIVERSITY CITY. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

CHANGED ASPECTS OF UNCHANGED TRUTHS. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

GRAVER THOUGHTS OF A COUNTRY PARSON. Three Series. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

PRESENT DAY THOUGHTS. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

SEASIDE MUSINGS. Cr. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

'*TO MEET THE DAY*' through the Christian Year: being a Text of Scripture, with an Original Meditation and a Short Selection in Verse for Every Day. Crown 8vo., 4*s.* 6*d.*

Campbell.—*RELIGION IN GREEK LITERATURE.* By the Rev. LEWIS CAMPBELL, M.A., LL.D., Emeritus Professor of Greek, University of St. Andrews. 8vo., 15*s.*

Davidson.—*THEISM*, as Grounded in Human Nature, Historically and Critically Handled. Being the Burnett Lectures for 1892 and 1893, delivered at Aberdeen. By W. L. DAVIDSON, M.A., LL.D. 8vo., 15*s.*

Gibson.—*THE ABBÉ DE LAMENNAIS. AND THE LIBERAL CATHOLIC MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.* By the Hon. W. GIBSON. With Portrait. 8vo., 12*s.* 6*d.*

Lang (ANDREW).

THE MAKING OF RELIGION. 8vo., 12*s.*

MODERN MYTHOLOGY: a Reply to Professor Max Müller. 8vo., 9*s.*

MacDonald (GEORGE).

UNSPOKEN SERMONS. Three Series. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

5000/12/99.

Martineau (JAMES).

HOURS OF THOUGHT ON SACRED THINGS: Sermons, 2 vols. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

ENDEAVOURS AFTER THE CHRISTIAN LIFE. Discourses. Crown 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE SEAT OF AUTHORITY IN RELIGION. 8vo., 14*s.*

ESSAYS, REVIEWS, AND ADDRESSES. 4 Vols. Crown 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.* each.

HOME PRAYERS, with *TWO SERVICES* for Public Worship. Crown 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Max Müller (F.).

THE SIX SYSTEMS OF INDIAN PHILOSOPHY. 8vo., 18*s.*

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SCIENCE OF MYTHOLOGY. 2 vols. 8vo., 32*s.*

THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF RELIGION, as illustrated by the Religions of India. The Hibbert Lectures, delivered at the Chapter House, Westminster Abbey, in 1878. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

INTRODUCTION TO THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION: Four Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

NATURAL RELIGION. The Gifford Lectures, delivered before the University of Glasgow in 1888. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

PHYSICAL RELIGION. The Gifford Lectures, delivered before the University of Glasgow in 1890. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

ANTHROPOLOGICAL RELIGION. The Gifford Lectures, delivered before the University of Glasgow in 1891. Cr. 8vo., 5*s.*

THEOSOPHY, OR PSYCHOLOGICAL RELIGION. The Gifford Lectures, delivered before the University of Glasgow in 1892. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

THREE LECTURES ON THE VEDÂNTA PHILOSOPHY, delivered at the Royal Institution in March, 1894. 8vo., 5*s.*

RÀMAKRISHNA: HIS LIFE AND SAYINGS. Crown 8vo., 5*s.*

Romanes.—*THOUGHTS ON RELIGION.* By GEORGE J. ROMANES, LL.D., F.R.S. Crown 8vo., 4*s.* 6*d.*

Vivekananda.—*YOGA PHILOSOPHY*: Lectures delivered in New York, Winter of 1895-96, by the SWAMI VIVEKANANDA, on Raja Yoga; or, Conquering the Internal Nature; also Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms, with Commentaries. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Williamson. — *THE GREAT LAW*: A Study of Religious Origins and of the Unity underlying them. By WILLIAM WILLIAMSON. 8vo., 14*s.*

RETURN TO ⟶ **CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT**
202 Main Library

LOAN PERIOD 1 **HOME USE**	2	3
4	5	6

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS
1-month loans may be renewed by calling 642-3405
6-month loans may be recharged by bringing books to Circulation Desk
Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

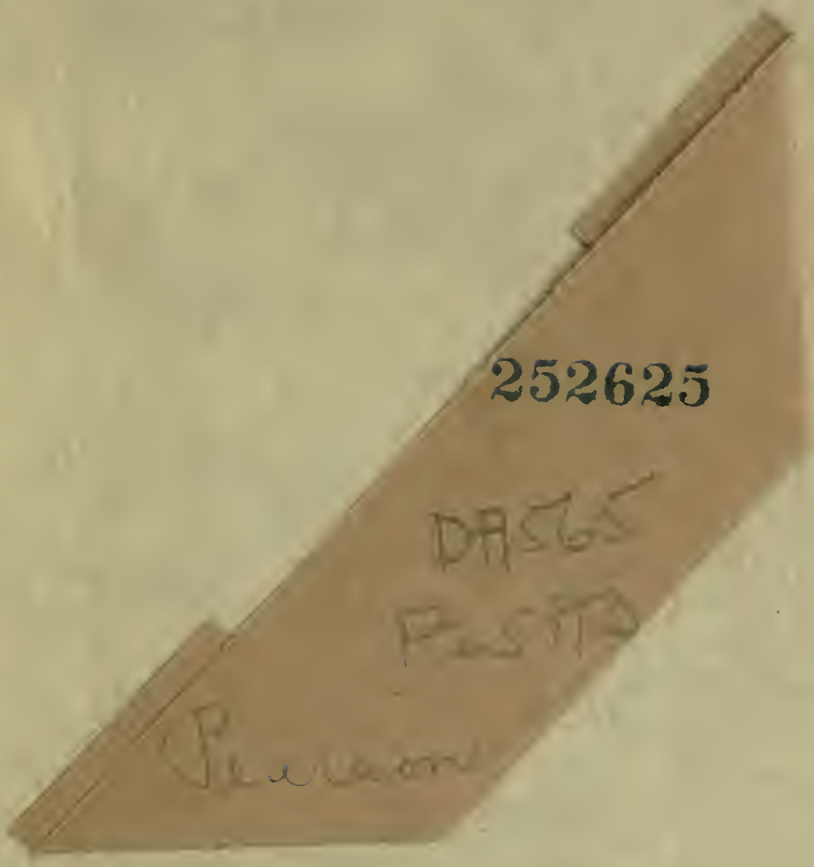
INTERLIBRARY LOAN
[illegible] 1 1991
UNIV. OF CALIF., BERK.

JAN 10 2006

JAN 09 2006

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY
FORM NO. DD6, 60m, 12/80 BERKELEY, CA 94720
℗s

YC 29161


252625

DA565
P4S7D

De Wolfe & Fiske Co
The Archway Bookstore
BOOKS NEW and OLD